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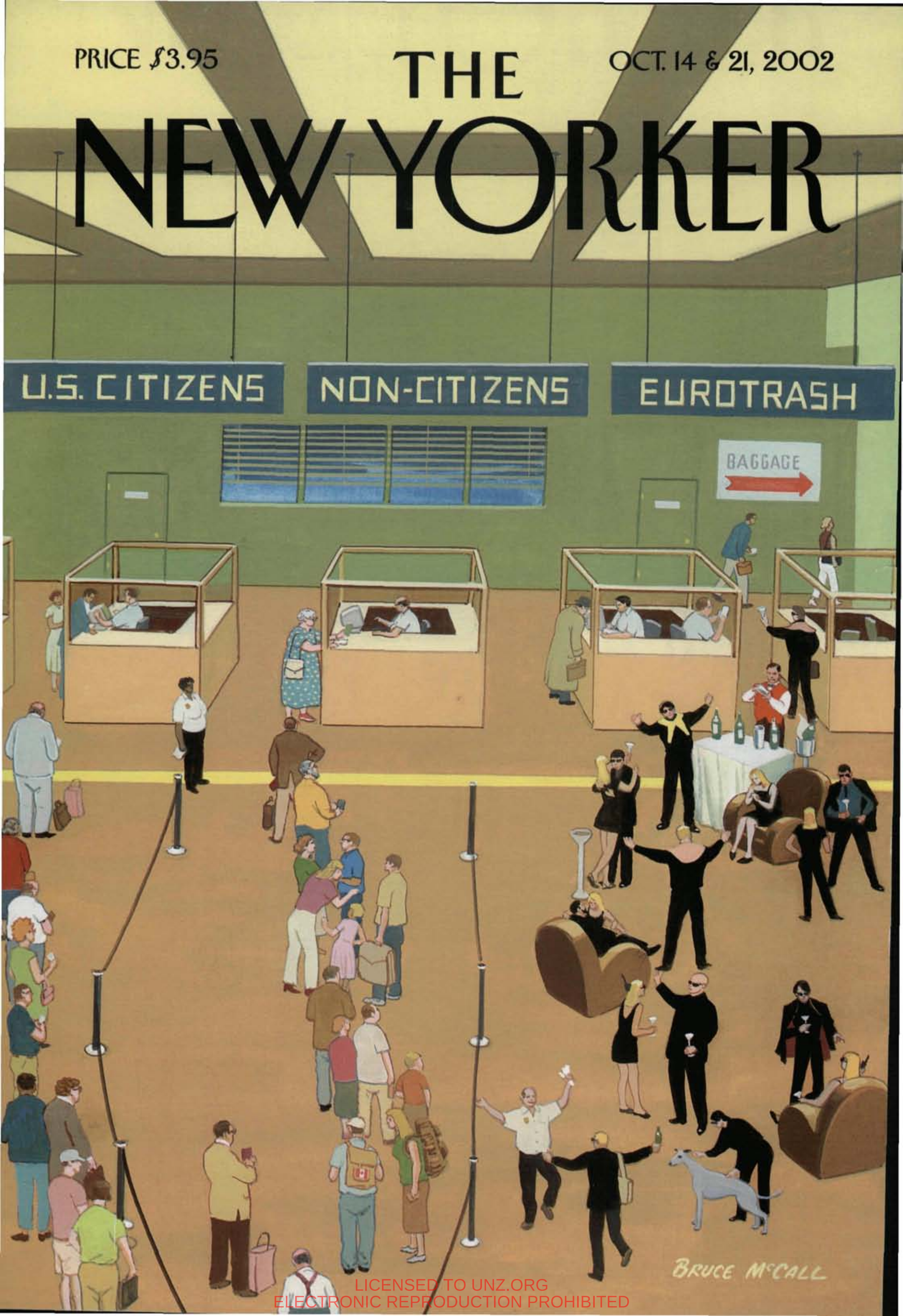
OCT. 14 & 21, 2002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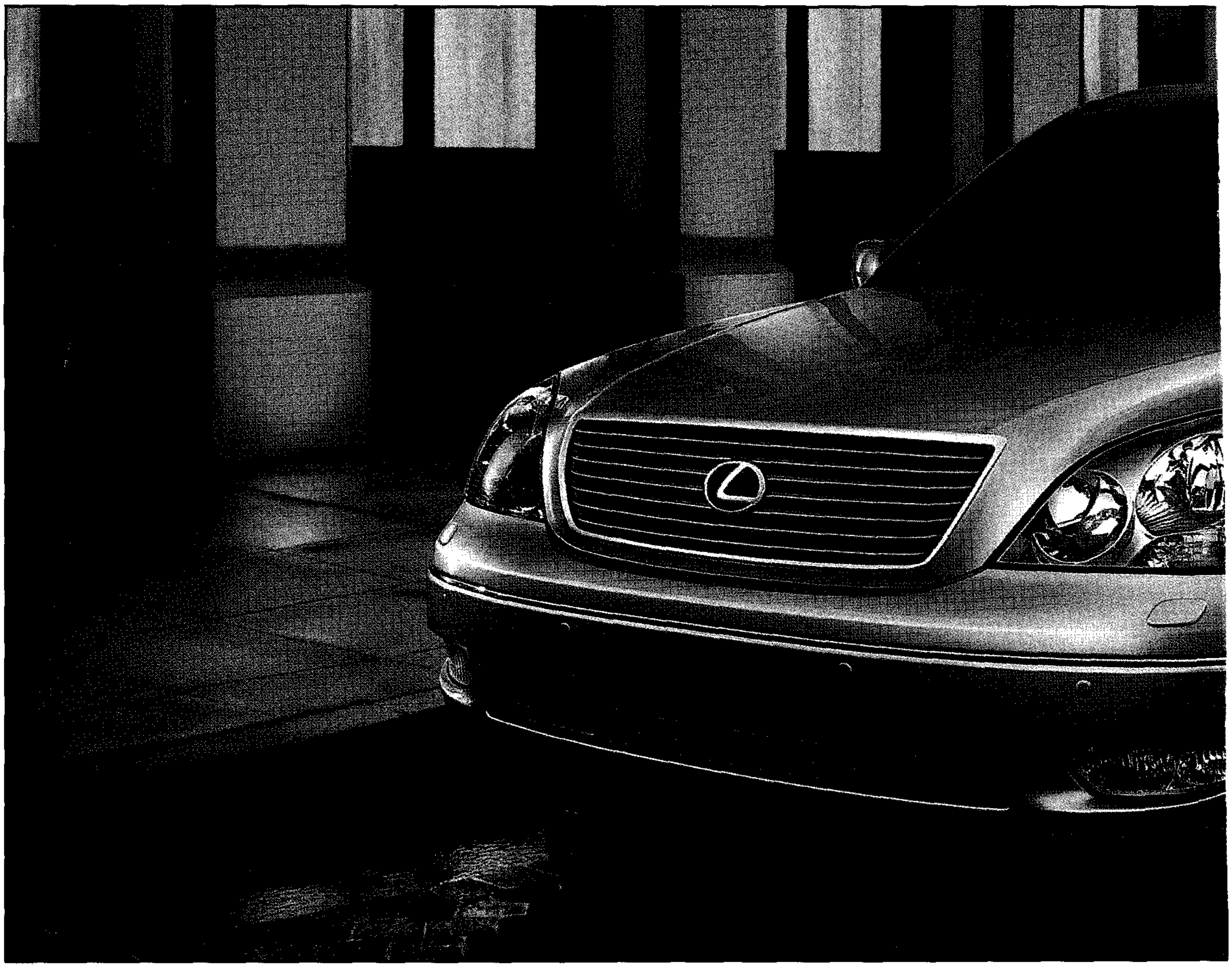

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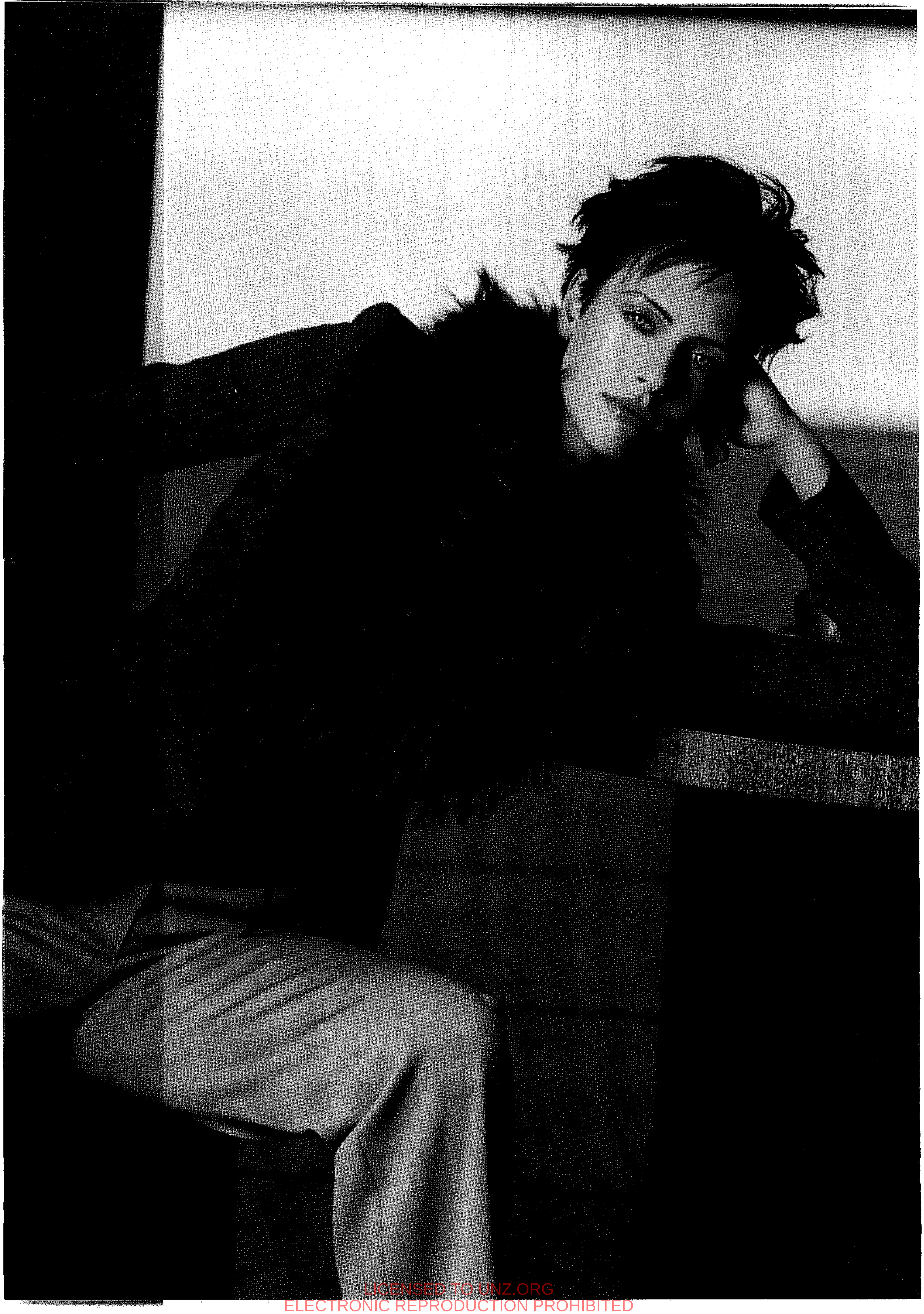

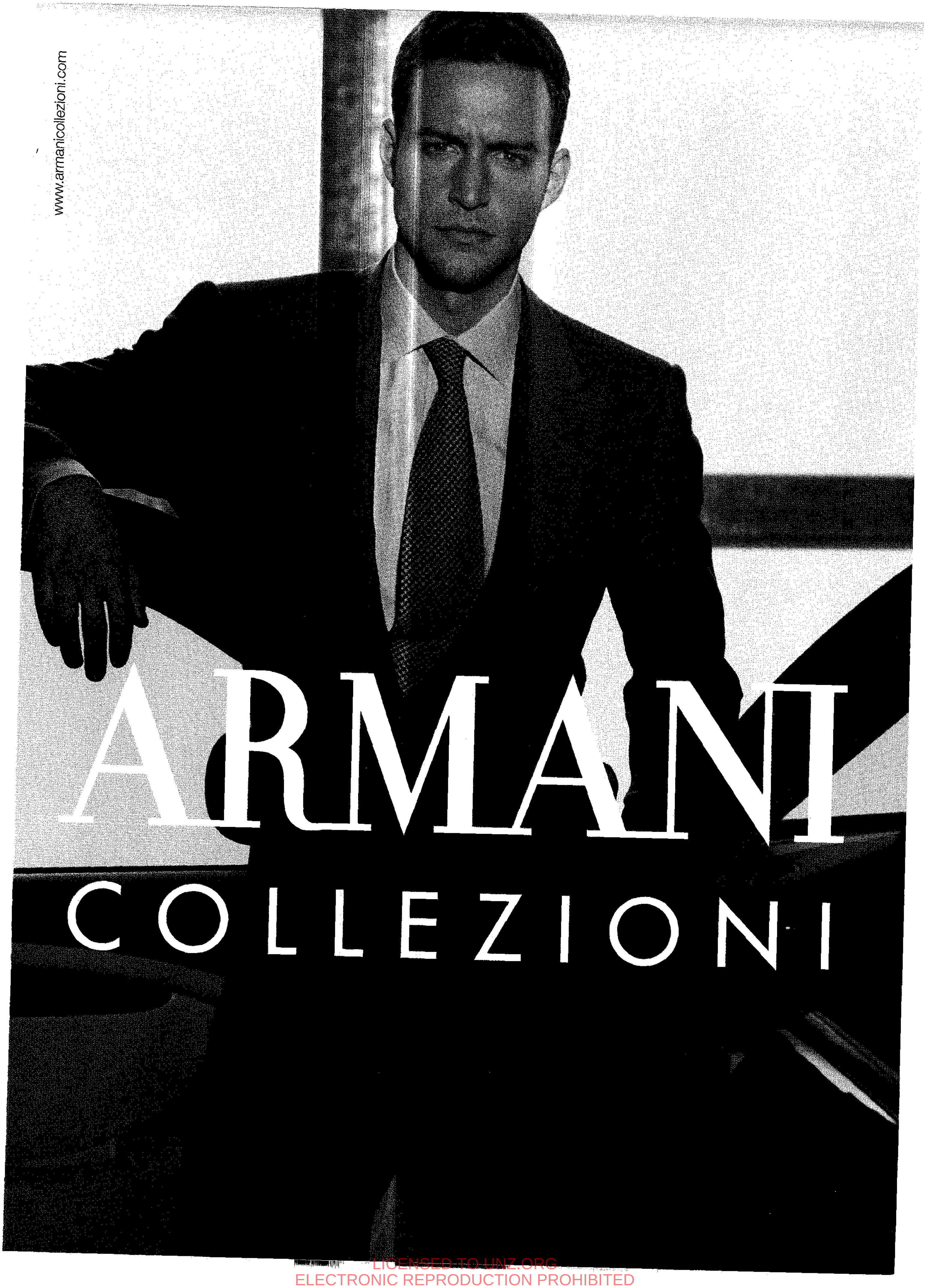
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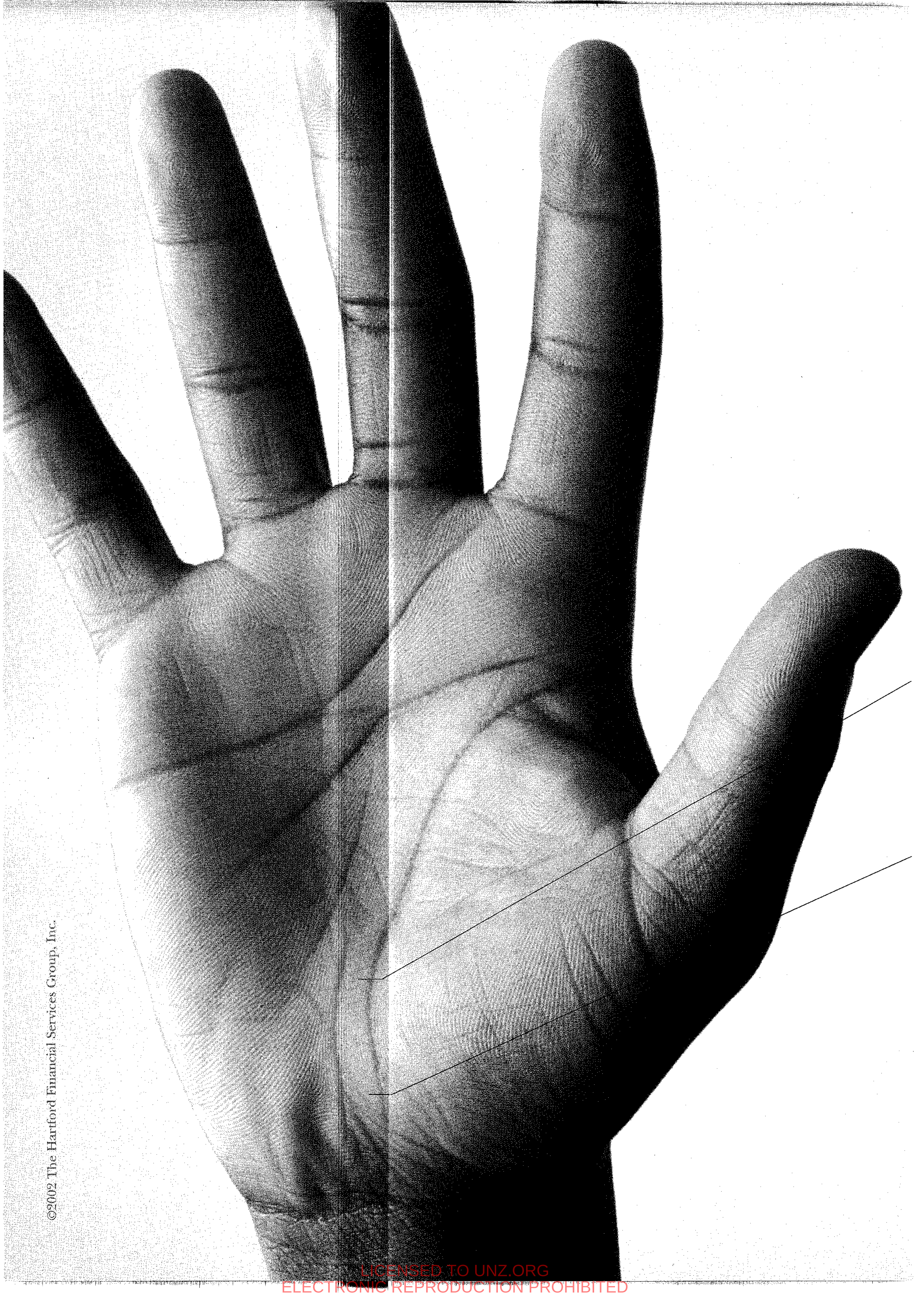

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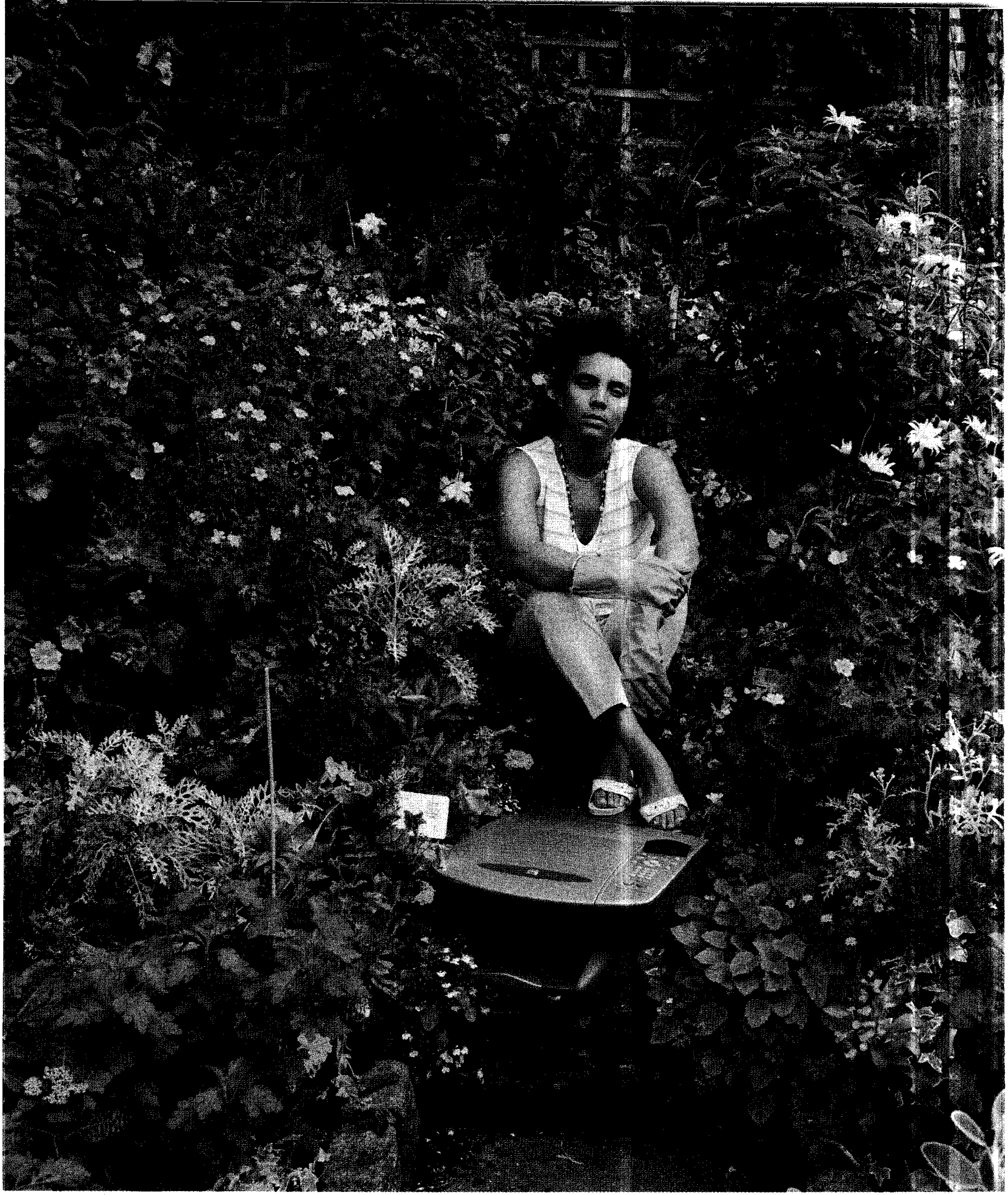

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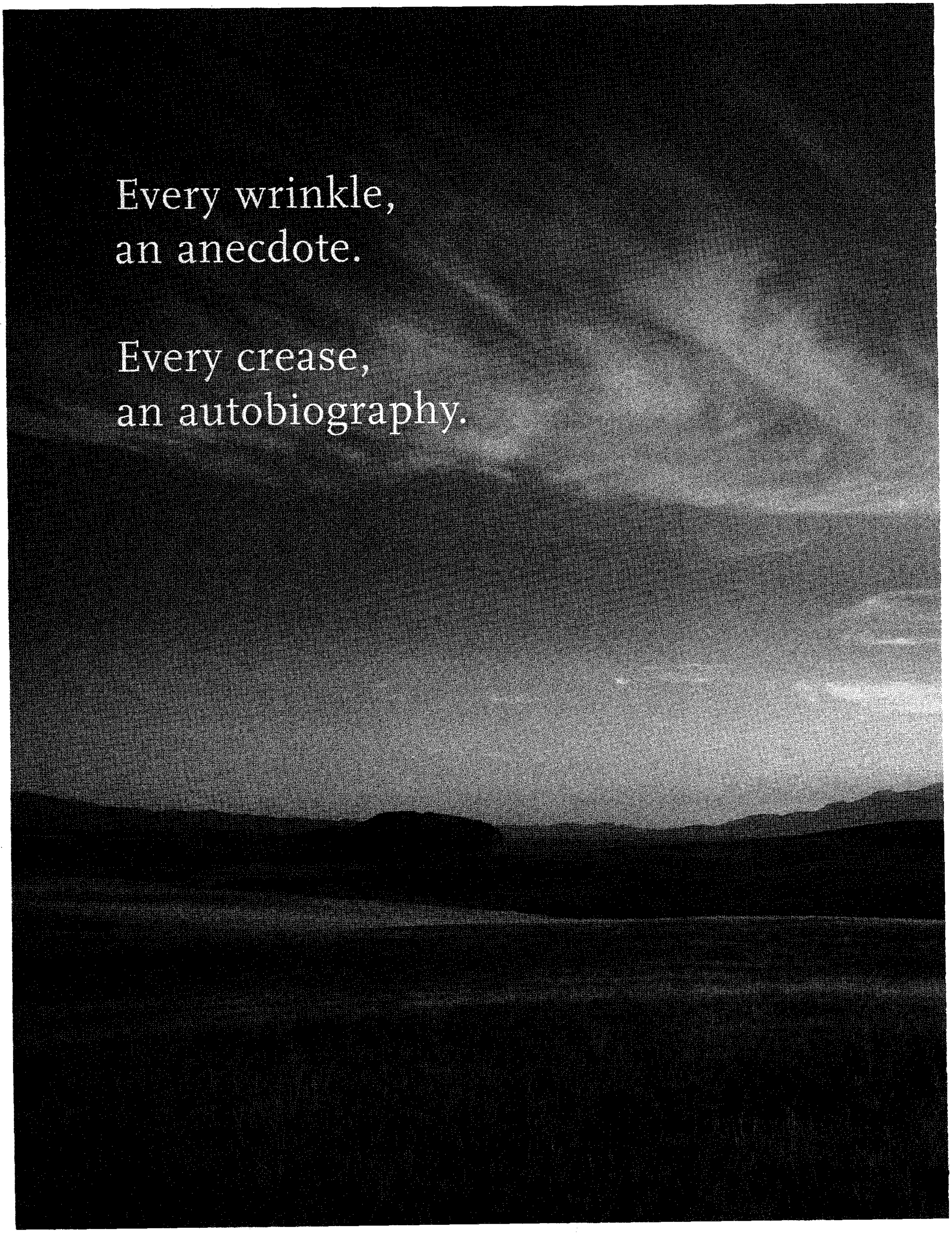
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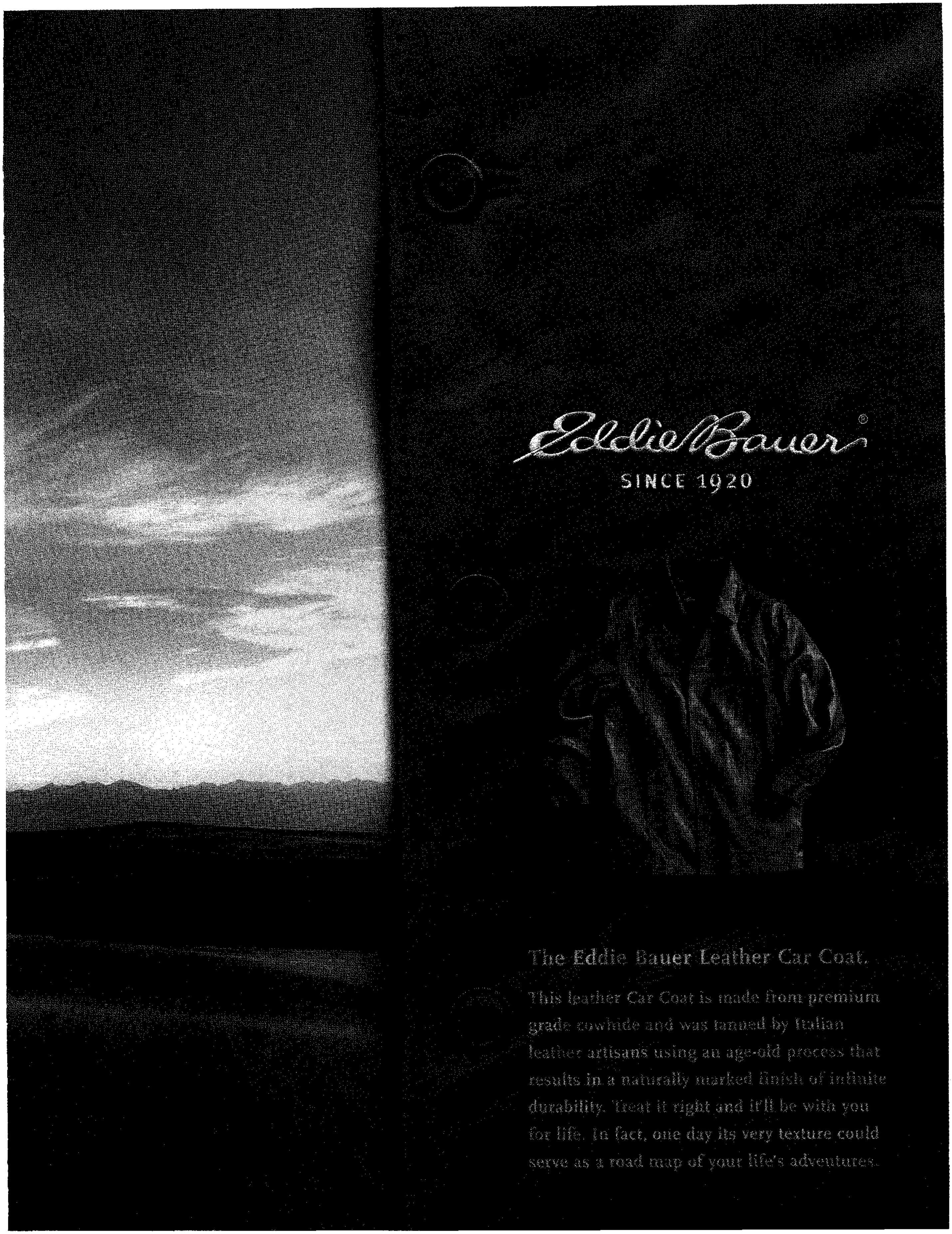

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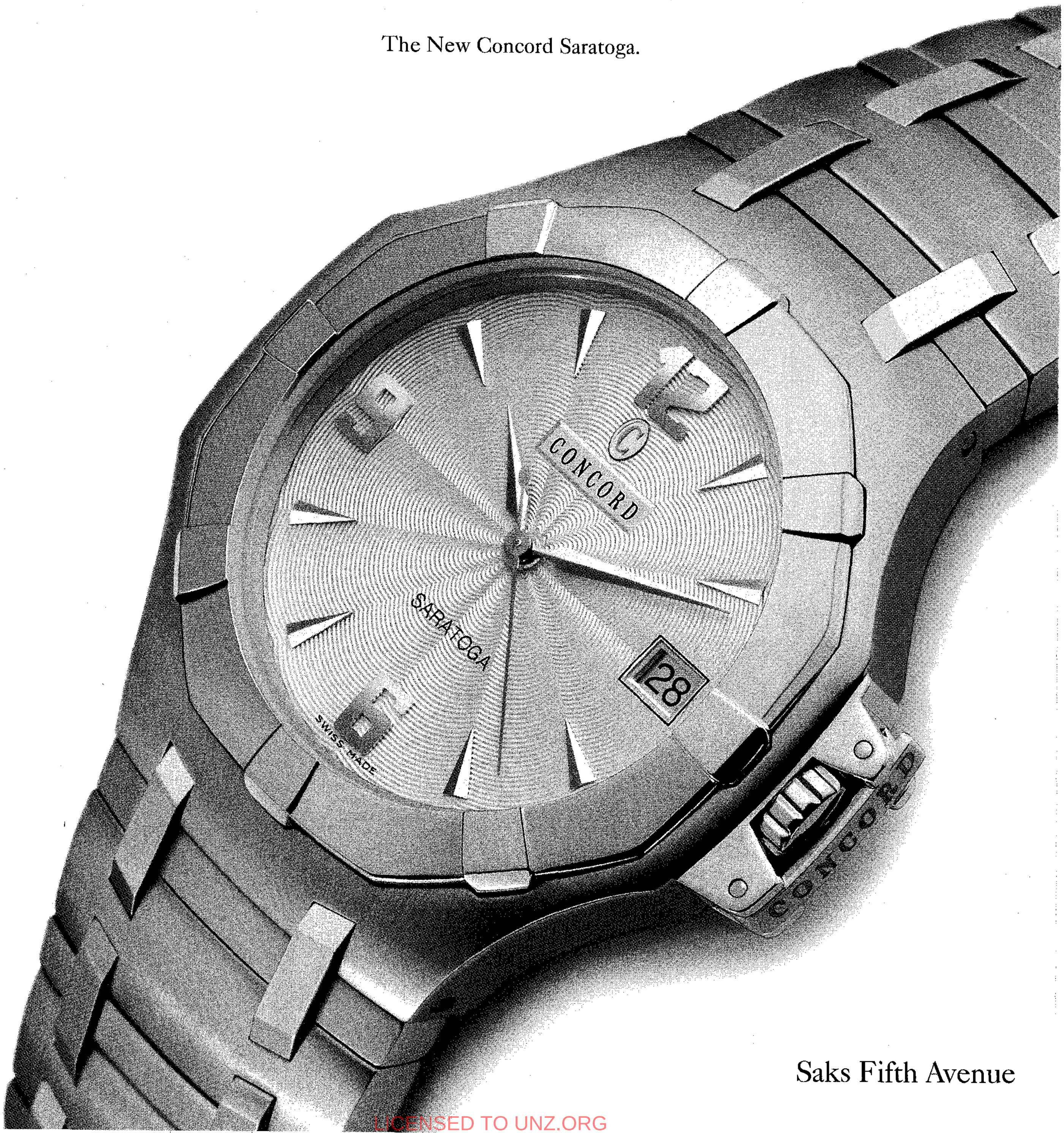
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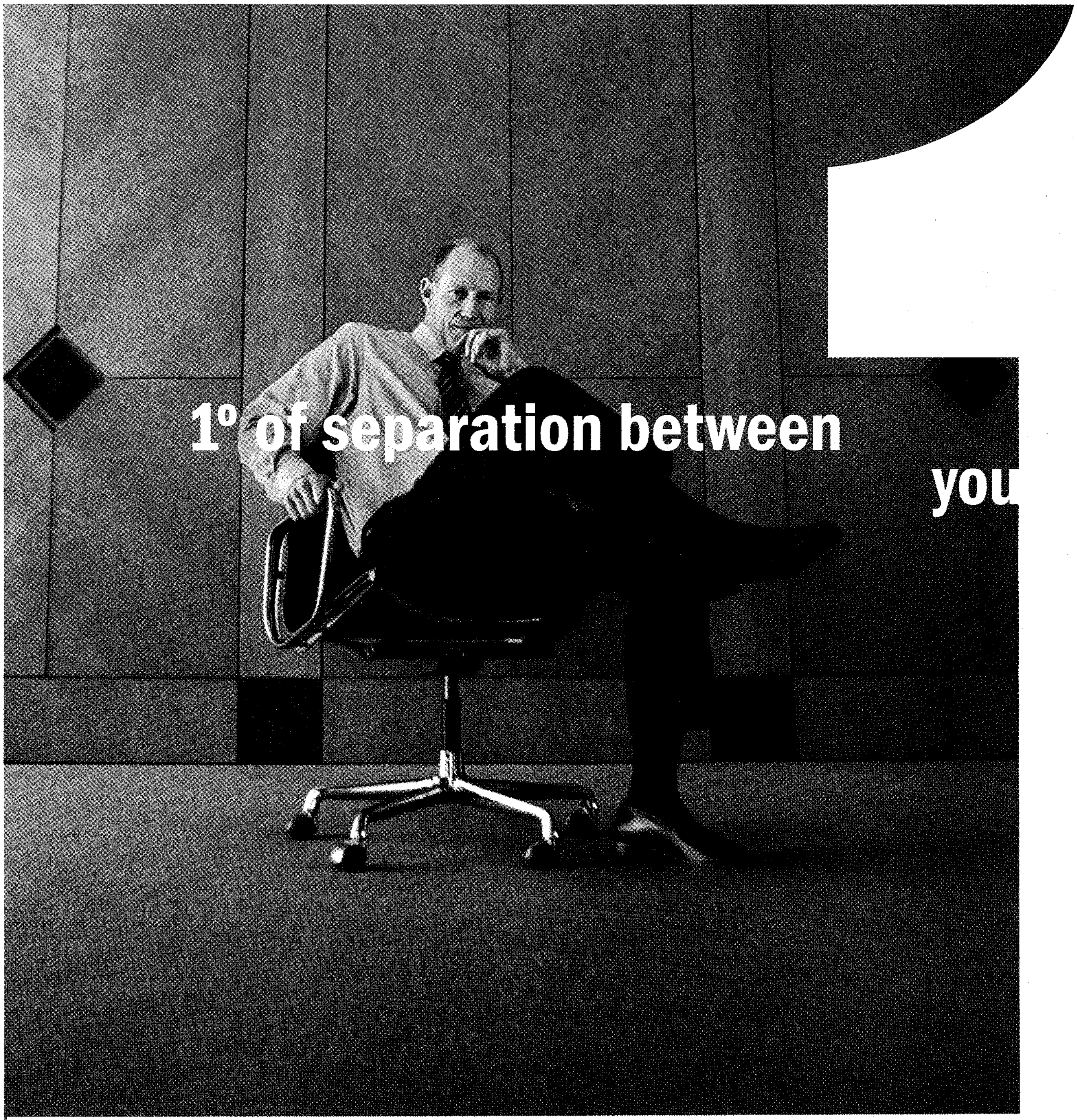

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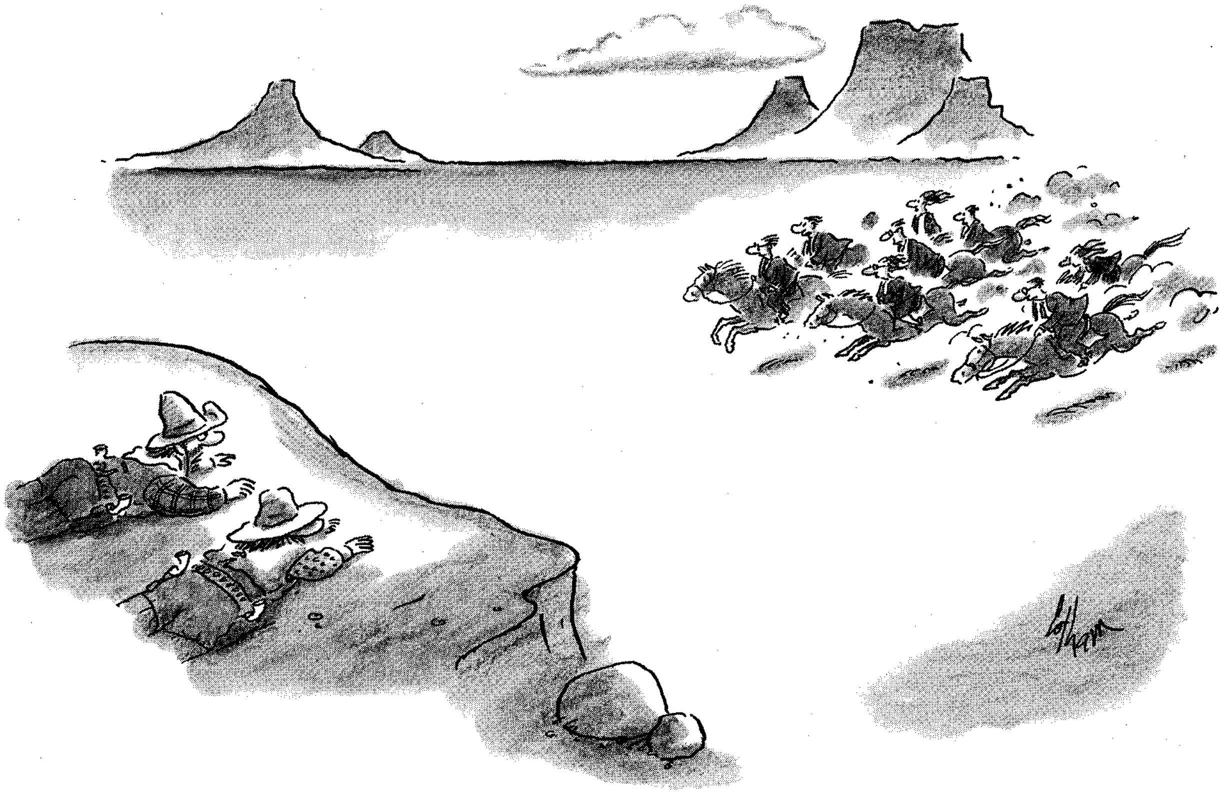

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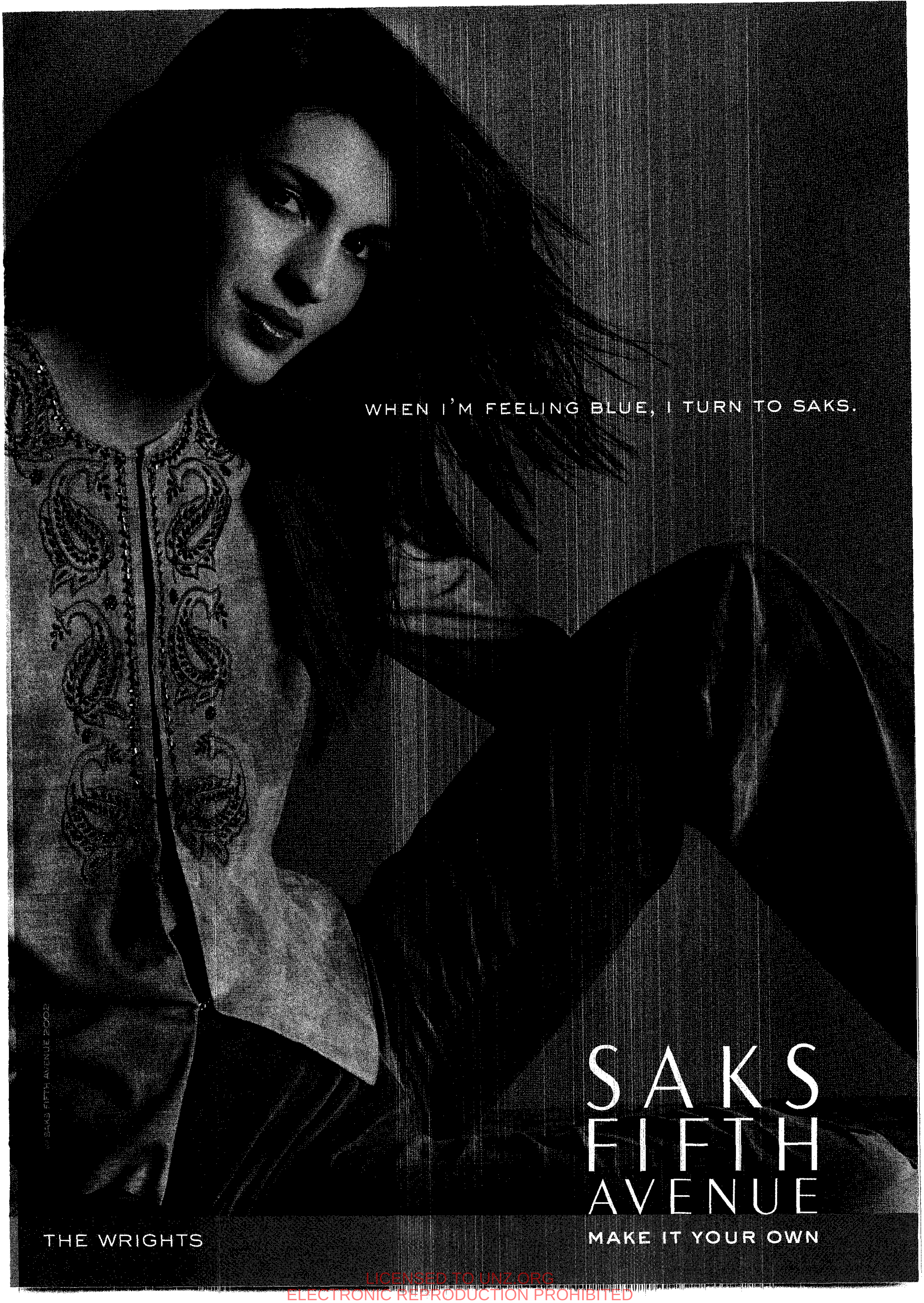
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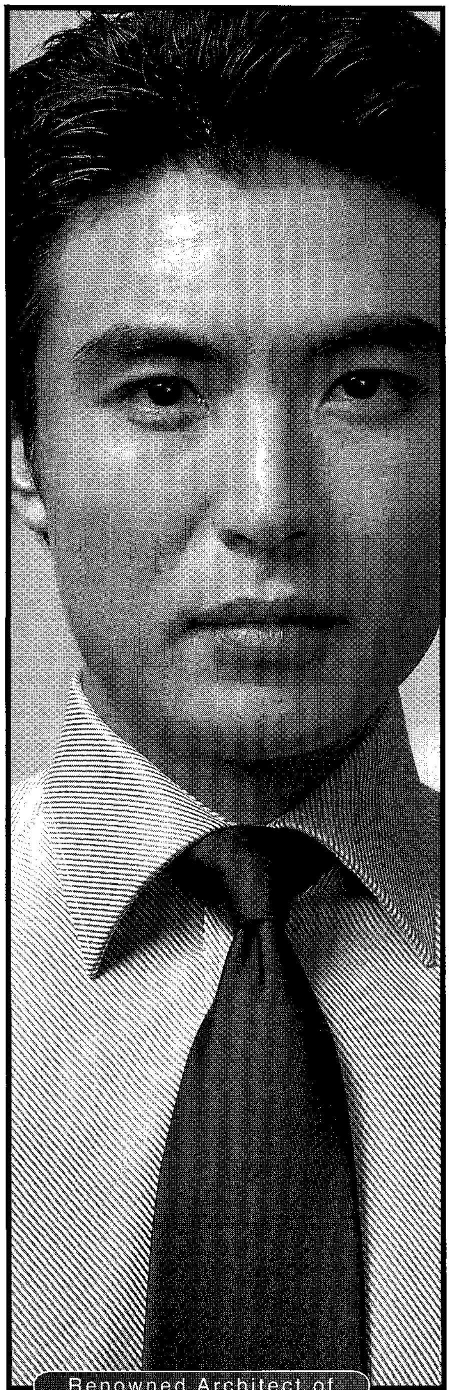
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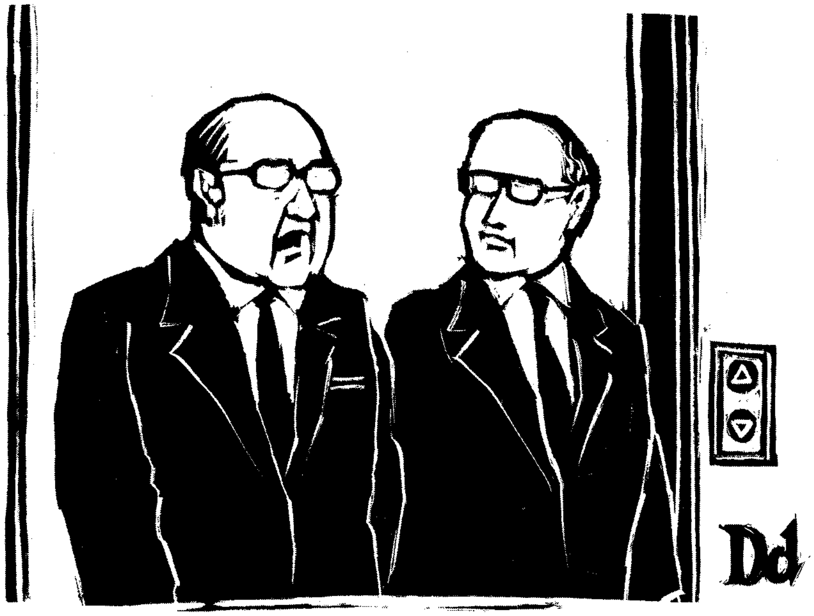

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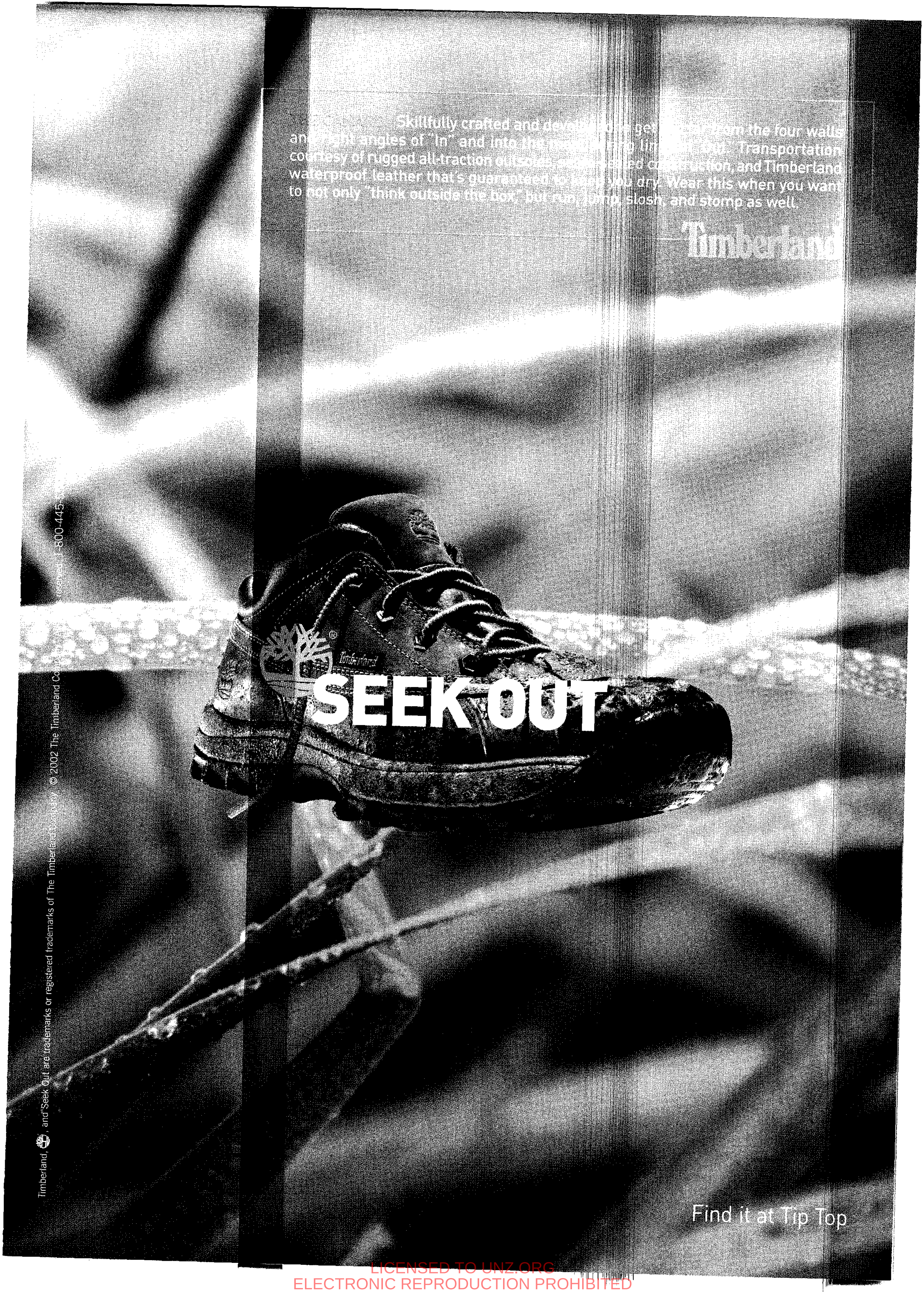

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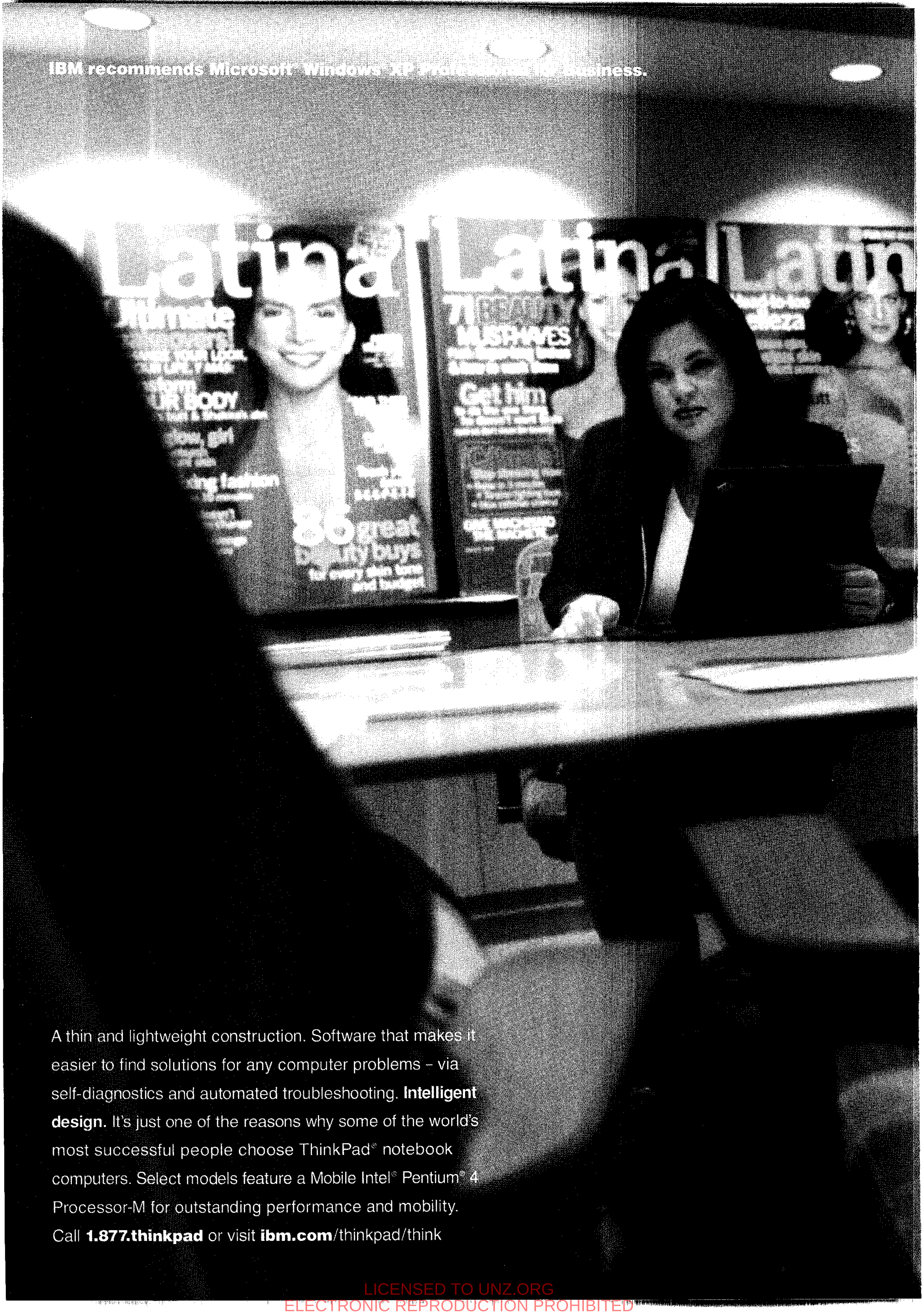

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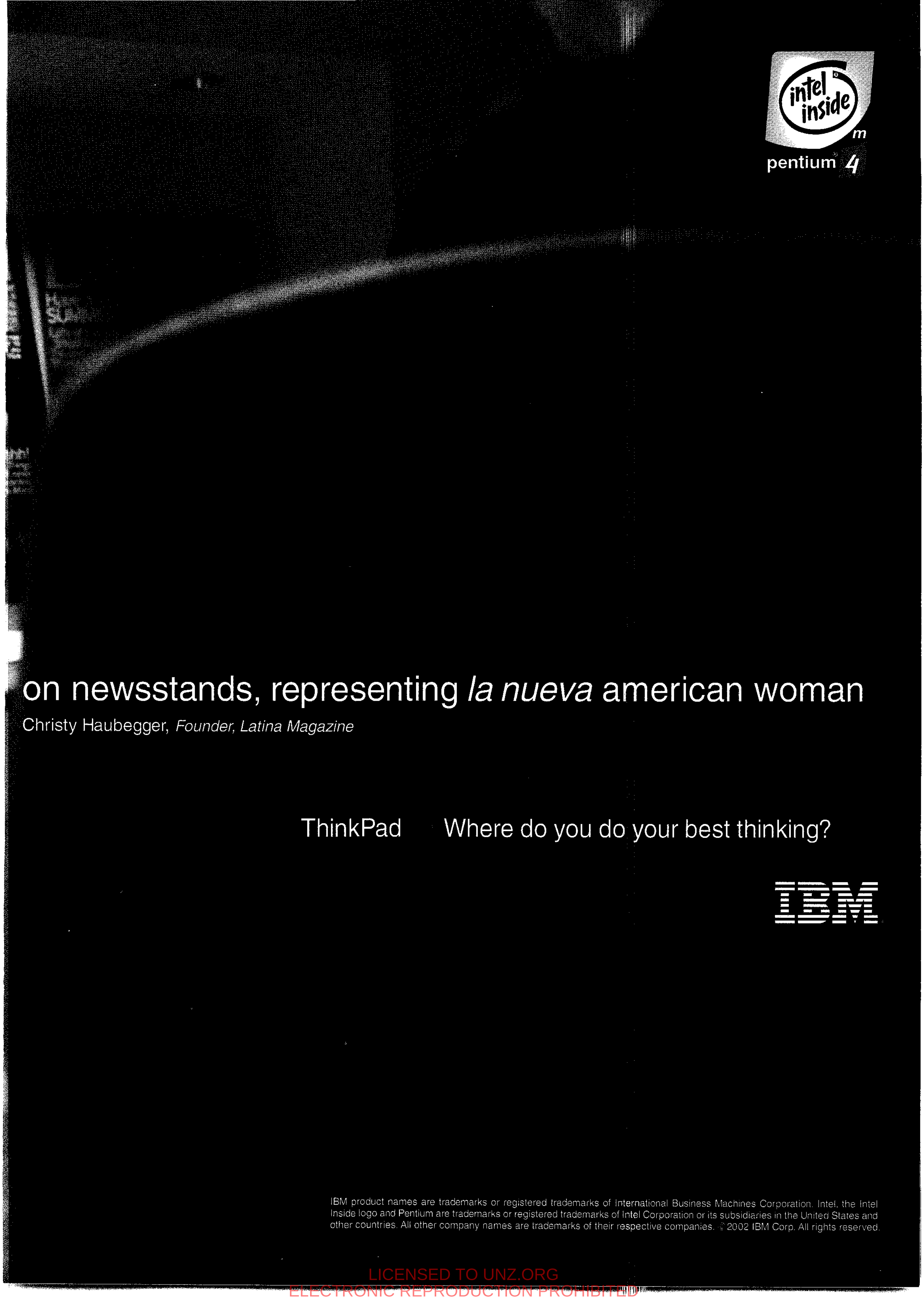
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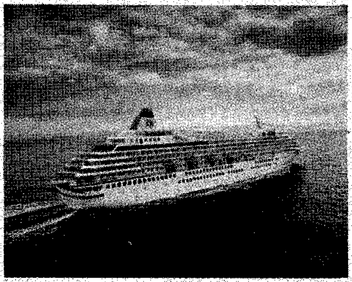

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ANOTHER SIDE OF AUDEN

I was grateful for Adam Gopnik's observation that "Auden's poems are often saying the reverse of what we have now decided to hear" (A Critic at Large, September 23rd). But Gopnik oversimplifies some of the poems he cites in this context. He writes, " 'Stop All the Clocks' was written as a jaunty, Noël Coward-like ironic pastiche of a mourning song, unmoored from grief—no more meant to be taken seriously as an elegy . . . than 'You're the Top' is to be taken seriously as a love poem." This is not quite true. Auden's biographer suggests that he wrote "Stop All the Clocks" after an infatuation with a young man, which is to say that it started out as an elegy. As a lyric utterance, it's not jaunty, though it does enjoy the grief to which it (in fact) moors itself. If the rhetoric is hyperbolic (who, exactly, is going to put "crêpe bows round the necks of the public doves"?), that's the point. Isn't love always hyperbolic? If not, Auden asks implicitly, is it still love? And while some critics have, with Gopnik, seen "September 1, 1939" as a "call to irony and apolitical retreat," others have noted how it undercuts this call. The poem says outright that although all one may have is a voice (to "undo the folded lie" of propaganda), one does, after all, have it—and should probably use it. More subtly, it calls attention to its own rhetoric's bad faith, pressing its reader to ask what lies it has folded into itself. It's both less surprising and more exciting than Gopnik allows that Auden should be misread in the ways he has been. The brilliance of these poems lies in their intrinsic doubleness.

Douglas Mao
Associate Professor of English
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.

MORE GREEK WEDDINGS?

I didn't mind that David Denby didn't like "My Big Fat Greek Wedding" (The Current Cinema, September 23rd). What bothered me was that its success bothered him: he fretted that "Hollywood will respond" by making many "more sitcoms in the guise of movies." So what? A well-crafted sitcom can be infinitely more innovative than a lot of recent films, be they Hollywood or independent. Was this the best comedy ever? No. But, in a morass of gross-out or over-bloated crash-'em-up action comedies that just aren't funny, it was more than welcome.

Dan Castellaneta
Beverly Hills, Calif.

BAD OPTIONS

John Cassidy's analysis of corporate malfeasance describes the tendency of companies to use profits to buy back their own stock on the open market, rather than to issue dividends, ostensibly to increase the price ("The Greed Cycle," September 23rd). A new, closed cycle develops when options are then issued at a price below market. When executives exercise options and resell the stock, they leave the float unchanged but enrich themselves. There are reasons for a company to buy its stock, among them to have shares to trade in a merger. But regular dividends, based on solid earnings, provide the stock price with a floor in bad markets; one hopes that investors will learn to value them again.

Peter D. Noerdlinger
Laurel, Md.

Cassidy writes that, in 1814, Francis Cabot Lowell "founded the first public company." But public (or "joint stock") companies, whose shares are traded on an exchange, go back at least as far as seventeenth-century Amsterdam, with prototypes in twelfth-century Genoa. In 1812, sixteen stocks were being traded in New York alone. Lowell, with his innovative factory design, earned an important place in the history of the industrial revolution. He should be remembered, but not for the wrong reason.

Jason Zweig
New York City

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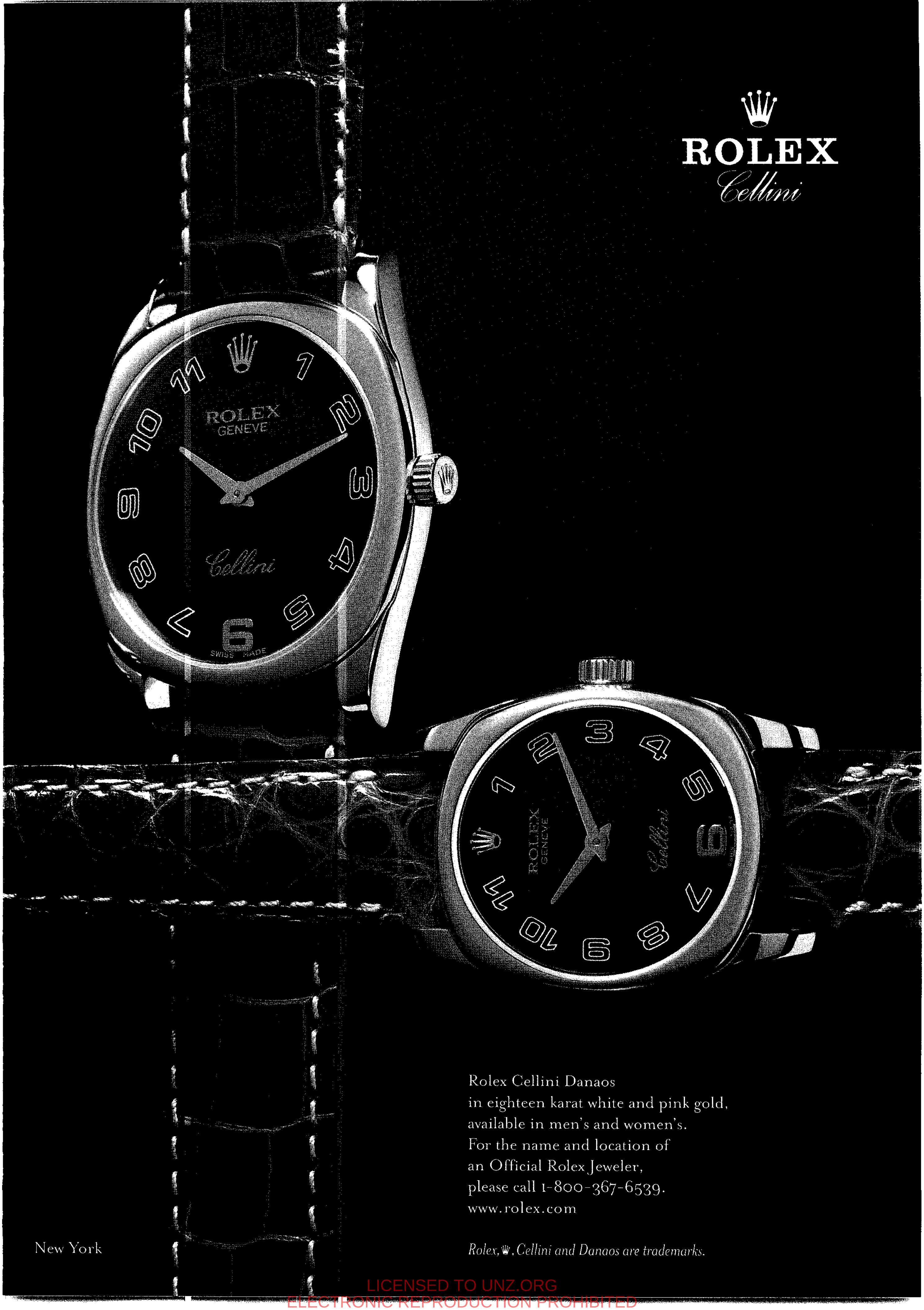
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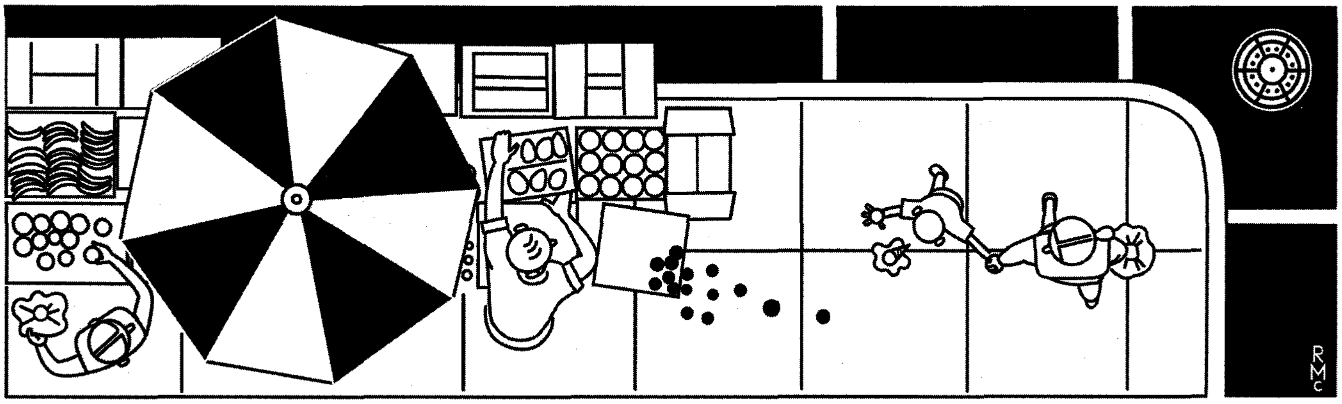

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AMOUR
James Lapine directs Malcolm Gets and Melissa Errico in a new musical by Michel Legrand (score) and Didier van Cauwelaert (book and lyrics), based on the short story "Le Passe-Muraille," by Marcel Aymé, and translated by Jeremy Sams. In previews through Oct. 19. Opens Oct. 20 at 6:30. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

BETTY RULES
An autobiographical pop-rock musical chronicling the ups and downs in the career of the girl band Betty. Michael Greif ("Rent") is the director. In previews through Oct. 14. Opens Oct. 15 at 8. (Zipper, 336 W. 37th St. 239-6200.)

BURNING BLUE
A fatal accident involving three F-18 jets is at the center of this drama by D. M. W. Greer. Chad Lowe leads the cast. In previews through Oct. 15. Opens Oct. 16 at 8. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

CHEAT
Two women lose their jobs at a munitions plant at the end of the Second World War, in a new drama by Julie Jensen. Previews Oct. 10-15. Opens Oct. 16 at 8 and continues through Nov. 3. (Women's Project Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. 239-6200.)

DEBBIE DOES DALLAS
Sherie Rene Scott has the title role, in a stage adaptation, written by Erica Schmidt, of the, um, classic film. In previews. (Jane Street Theatre, 113 Jane St. 239-6200.)

THE EXONERATED
Jessica Blank and Erik Jensen interviewed forty former death-row prisoners for their play about six people imprisoned for crimes they did not commit. Preview on Oct. 9. Opens Oct. 10 at 7. (45 Bleecker Street Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. 307-4100.)

FLOWER DRUM SONG
A revival of the 1958 Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, starring Lea Salonga and directed by Robert Longbottom, with a new book by David Henry Hwang. In previews through Oct. 16. Opens Oct. 17 at 6:30. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

HOLLYWOOD ARMS
Linda Lavin, Michele Pawk, and Frank Wood lead the cast in a play based on Carol Burnett's memoir of her childhood, written by Ms. Burnett and the late Carrie Hamilton, her daughter. Harold Prince is the director. In previews. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

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A MAN OF NO IMPORTANCE
Roger Rees and Faith Prince star in a musical by Terrence McNally (book), Stephen Flaherty (music), and Lynn Ahrens (lyrics), based on the 1994 movie, set in Dublin in the sixties. Preview on Oct. 9. Opens Oct. 10 at 6:45. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

MOVIN' OUT
Twyla Tharp's dance-musical, based on the songs of Billy Joel. In previews through Oct. 23. Opens Oct. 24 at 6:30. (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

SAY GOODNIGHT, GRACIE
Frank Gorshin portrays George Burns, in a one-man show about the comic's life, written by Rupert Holmes. John Tillinger is the director. Two previews on Oct. 9. Opens Oct. 10 at 6:45. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

TEDDY TONIGHT!
Laurence Luckinbill stars in his own solo play about Teddy Roosevelt. Previews Oct. 18-19. Opens Oct. 20 at 3. (Abington, 312 W. 36th St. 206-1515.)

YELLOWMAN
Dael Orlandersmith stars in her own drama, about the complicated relationship between a dark-skinned black woman and a light-skinned black man (Howard W. Overshown). In previews through Oct. 20. Opens Oct. 22 at 6:45. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

OPENED RECENTLY

BAILEGANGAIRE
The Irish Repertory Theatre's staging of Tom Murphy's play stars Pauline Flanagan as a senile woman who never reaches the end of her nightly yarn about a local laughing contest. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE
This Roundabout Theatre revival of the 1938 Rodgers and Hart comedy based on Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" has a new book by Nicky Silver, based on George Abbot's original script—and something has been lost in translation. Rather than perked up, the show feels freighted by the update. (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 719-1300. Closes Oct. 20.)

BURN THIS
Catherine Keener and Edward Norton lead the cast in a Signature Theatre Company revival of Lanford Wilson's 1987 drama. (Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. 307-4100.)

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN
George S. Kaufman's 1925 comedy, in an Atlantic Theatre Company revival. (Reviewed in this issue.) (336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

CALL THE CHILDREN HOME
A musical set in a brothel in New Orleans at the beginning of the twentieth century, written by the late Thomas Babe (book) and Mildred Kayden (music and lyrics). (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes Oct. 13.)

CATCALL
A documentary-style play about the desperate mating ritual, by Rebeca Ramirez, staged by the Queen's Company. (Connelly Theatre, 220 E. 4th St. 206-1515. Closes Oct. 23.)

THE CHARITY THAT BEGAN AT HOME
The Mint Theatre's staging of St. John Hankin's 1906 comedy about a family of unremitting do-gooders. (311 W. 43rd St. 315-0231.)

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS
In the Aquila Theatre Company's excellent production of Shakespeare's intricately foolish story, the laughs are many and the delights deep. The seven cast members, led here by Mark Saturno and Louis Butelli as the two sets of twins, mix remarkable range with insane energy. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

THE DARK KALAMAZOO
The Drama Dept. opens the season with an autobiographical one-woman show by Oni Faida Lampley, about making her first trip to Africa at nineteen. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. 633-9632.)

DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN
Rob Becker returns to New York for a brief engagement of his one-man comedy about male-female relationships. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

ENDPAPERS
The first full-length play by Thomas McCormack, the retired C.E.O. of an independently owned publishing house (St. Martin's), about choosing a successor as C.E.O. of an independently owned publishing house, is highly literate (imagine: grammar jokes!) and full of zingy one-liners. (Variety Arts, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

EVOLUTION
A morality play by Jonathan Marc Sherman, about an academic studying Charles Darwin who is offered a job in the entertainment industry. (45 Bleecker Street Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. 260-3750. Closes Oct. 13.)

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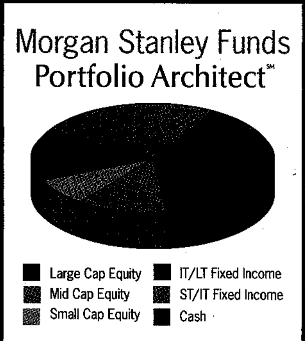
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FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE
The brilliant Edie Falco's star turn in Terence McNally's sentimental two-character study about a man and a woman marginalized by life while struggling to embrace it is the best reason to see this derivative work, which owes a great deal to William Inge. With this performance, Falco joins the ranks of Laurette Taylor and Shirley Booth: great American actresses who garner audience sympathy through lyrical naturalism. Joe Mantello is the director. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

HAIRSPRAY
This musical-comedy version of the 1988 John Waters movie, with a book by Mark O'Donnell and Thomas Meehan, a score by Marc Shaiman, and lyrics by Shaiman and Scott Wittman, takes off from the opening number and never loses its momentum. In Baltimore in 1962, the rotund teen Tracy Turnblad (Marissa Jaret Winokur) wants to dance, make out with the best-looking boy in town, and integrate "The Corny Collins Show," a local teen-dance TV program. David Rockwell's sets and William Ivey Long's costumes combine and highlight the period artifacts in an ecstasy of gorgeous bad taste, offered with just enough invention to achieve lyrical wit. What the show is parodying was trivial to begin with, so the parodies don't sting—they're not meant to. Instead they break free into some goofy new realm of pop Dada. With the great Harvey Fierstein, plucked, shaved, and padded, as Tracy's mother, Edna Turnblad, a housewife who takes in laundry but who gets to appear, at the climax of the show, in flaming pink. Jack O'Brien is the director. (9/2/02) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

HAPPY DAYS
Joseph Chaikin directs Beckett's play at the theatre in which it premièred, in New York in 1961. With Joyce Aaron as Winnie and Ron Faber as Willie. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 239-6200.)

HARLEM SONG
Essentially a revue, using both old and new compositions, selected or written by the director George C. Wolfe and the show's talented music supervisors, Zane Mark and Daryl Waters. Like Alice Walker's "The Color Purple" and the novels of Terry McMillan, it is a form of art whose aesthetic concerns are secondary to its desire to make "the people" feel good, about themselves and their community. The Harlem of "Harlem Song" is not an urban wasteland in the process of reinventing itself. It is a realm of legend and lore, and a mythical homeland, which it is our duty as theatregoers, as citizens, to celebrate. This is a point worth making, but not one that bears much repeating. (8/19 & 26/02) (Apollo Theatre, 253 W. 125th St. 307-7171.)

IN REAL LIFE
Charlayne Woodard's latest autobiographical one-woman show. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

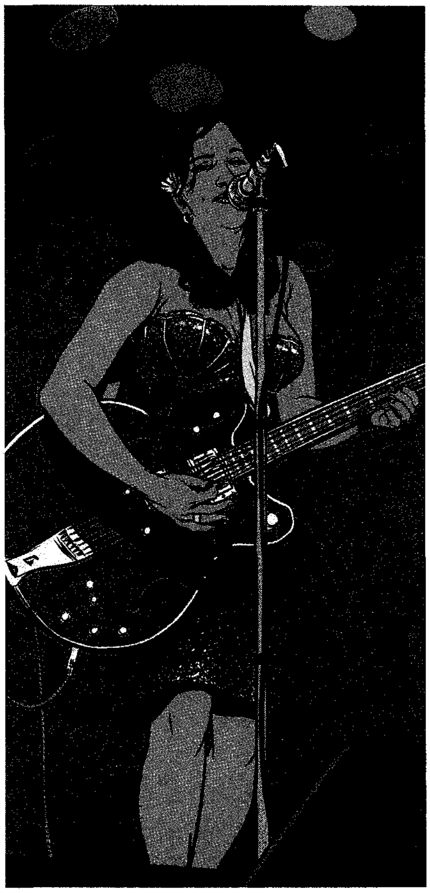
JOLSON AND COMPANY
A musical about the life of the early show-biz superstar, written by Stephen Mo Hanan (who portrays Jolson) and Jay Berkow. (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

JULIUS CAESAR
The beginning of the Axis Company's production is played with the blandness of expression you might expect from a corporate-training video, mixed with dopey Rome-by-way-of-Club-Med costumes. But around the time Caesar is persuaded to go to the Senate on the Ides of March, the actors turn up the heat. An imperial leader, sure of himself and feared by many of his citizens, is of course at the center of the play, but also in our daily news—be he American, Iraqi, or corporate chieftain. In a couple of short scenes, George Demas's Caesar draws the two eras together, and from that point on the evening is a vivid study in honor and its discontents. The cast is mixed, but Brian Barnhart's deviously grieving Antony and Jim Sterling's decent, confounded Brutus are very strong. Edgar Oliver's Casca provides a welcome spark throughout. Directed by Randy Sharp, with evocative sound design by Steve Fontaine. (One Sheridan Sq. 807-9300.)

LITTLE HAM
An encore production of a musical based on the Langston Hughes play of the same name, which was staged last fall by the Amas Musical Theatre. It has music by Judd Woldin, lyrics by Richard Engquist and Mr. Woldin, and a book by Dan Owens. (10/7/02) (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

MA RAINEY'S BLACK BOTTOM
August Wilson's 1984 play, in a Classical Theatre of Harlem staging. (Harlem School of the Arts, 645 St. Nicholas Ave., near 141st St. 206-1515.)

THE MAYOR'S LIMO
A comedy by Mark Nassar ("Tony n' Tina's Wedding"), about a homeless man who finds himself at the center of a political war after he unwittingly urinates on the mayor's car during a demonstration. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. 352-3101.)



NATHAN FOX

BORDER CROSSING *The bilingual Brooklyn outfit Cordero celebrates the release of its début album, "Lamb Lost in the City," at the Knitting Factory. The band of indie-rock veterans switches easily between atmospheric Southwestern ballads and guitar-and-drum-driven numbers, and Ani Cordero's moody vocals reimagine the notion of Spanish rock.*

MEDEA
Dublin's Abbey Theatre returns to the Brooklyn Academy of Music with Deborah Warner's staging of the Euripides play, starring Fiona Shaw. (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4100. Closes Oct. 12.)

MY OLD LADY
Israel Horovitz's latest play stars Peter Friedman as a man who inherits a Paris apartment, only to find that it is occupied by a ninety-year-old woman (Siân Phillips) and her daughter (Jan Maxwell). David Esbjornson is the director. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

OUR LADY OF 121ST STREET
Stephen Adly Guirgis's drama, which is set at a Harlem funeral home, is directed by Philip Seymour Hoffman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Center Stage/NY, 48 W. 21st St. 206-1515.)

PETER AND VANDY
A cinéma-vérité take on the relationship of two young lovers written by Jay DiPietro, who also stars and directs. (Paradise, 64 E. 4th St. 206-1515. Closes Oct. 12.)

THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER
Mark Twain's novel has been adapted for the stage and musicalized by Neil Berg (score and lyrics) and Bernie Garza and Ray Roderick (book). (Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI
Al Pacino leads a cast that includes Steve Buscemi, Billy Crudup, Charles Durning, Linda Emond, John Goodman, Chazz Palminteri, and Tony Randall, in a National Actors Theatre staging of Brecht's comic parable about the rise of Hitler. Simon McBurney is the director. (Pace Downtown Theatre, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. 239-6280.)

RICKY JAY: ON THE STEM
The master magician's tribute to the flimflammery and weird entertainments that have cropped up over the years along the length of Broadway, "the stem that winds the watch" of New York City. Prepare to be happily hornswoggled. Directed by David Mamet. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

ROMAN NIGHTS
The long friendship between Tennessee Williams and Anna Magnani is the subject of a new play by Franco D'Alessandro. (DR2, 103 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER
A Pearl Theatre Company production of Oliver Goldsmith's 1773 comedy. (80 St. Marks Pl. 598-9802.)

SPLIT
Michael Weller's comic drama about the breakup of a "perfect" couple. (Lion, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

TAKE ME OUT
From London's Donmar Warehouse, a new play by Richard Greenberg, in which a heroic baseball player comes out to the press. Joe Mantello is the director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 239-6200.)

THE WORLD OVER
Keith Bunin's previous play, "The Credeaux Canvas," was a chamber piece that unfolded in a cramped Manhattan apartment. His latest covers a much wider terrain: fantasy lands, with names like Dvolnek and Ygrippa. A castaway named Adam (Justin Kirk) believes he is the heir to the throne of Gildoray. His quest to find Gildoray (a pilgrimage that owes a lot to "The Lord of the Rings" and Joseph Campbell) involves an encounter with a griffin, a three-part test to win a princess as his bride, and a particularly thrilling shipwreck. The director, Tim Vasen, uses six actors to play the many characters Adam meets on his journey, but he has staged "The World Over" as Chicago-style story theatre. While it's rare to see a new work of this nature on the New York stage, Bunin's play doesn't achieve the heights of Mary Zimmerman's "Metamorphoses." It winds up being just another tale of how we're all alone in the universe. (The Duke, 229 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

LONG RUNS

AIDA
Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4747.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST
Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4747.

BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES
Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370.

CABARET
Studio 54, at 254 W. 54th St. 239-6200.

CHICAGO
Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (ABRIDGED)
Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.

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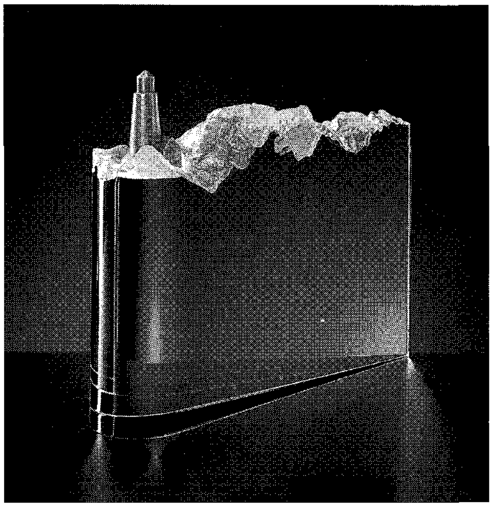

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Daryl Roth, 20 Union Sq. E., at 15th St. 239-6200.
FORBIDDEN BROADWAY: 20TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION
Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.
42ND STREET
Ford Center, 213 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.
THE GOAT; OR, WHO IS SYLVIA
Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
THE GRADUATE
Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
THE GUYS
The Flea, 41 White St. 206-1515.
I LOVE YOU, YOU'RE PERFECT, NOW CHANGE
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.
INTO THE WOODS
Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
THE LION KING
New Amsterdam, 214 W. 42nd St. 307-4100.
LOVE, JANIS
Village Theatre, 158 Bleecker St. 307-4100.
MAMMA MIA!
Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 563-5544.
METAMORPHOSES
Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.
LES MISÉRABLES
Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.
OKLAHOMA!
Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.
PERFECT CRIME
Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401.
THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA
Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
THE PRODUCERS
St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.
PROOF
Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.
PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS
John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.
RENT
Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.
STOMP
Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE
Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.
TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING
St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St. 239-6200.
UNDERNEATH THE LINTEL
Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.
URINETOWN
Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.
THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES
Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.

DANCE

SAN FRANCISCO BALLET
Oct. 8 at 7:30 and Oct. 12 at 2 and 8: "Continuum," "Damned," and "Sandpaper Ballet." ♦ Oct. 9 and Oct. 11 at 8: "A Garden," "The Vertiginous Thrill of Exactitude," "Chaconne for Piano and Two Dancers," and "Chi-Lin." ♦ Oct. 10 at 8 and Oct. 13 at 3: "Paquita," "Night," "Solo," and "Rubies." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)
AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE
Oct. 15 at 7: The opening-night gala. ♦ Oct. 16 at 8: "Clear," "Grand Pas Classique," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." ♦ Oct. 17 at 8: "The Garden of Villandry," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," the première of "Sin and Tonic" by James Kudelka, and "Fancy Free." ♦ Oct. 18 at 8: The première of "A Tribute to George Harrison," by various choreographers, "Clear," and "Symphony in C." ♦ Oct. 19 at 2: "The Garden of Villandry," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Grand Pas Classique," and "Symphony in C." ♦ Oct. 19 at 8: "A Tribute to George Harrison," "Sin and Tonic," and "Fancy Free." ♦ Oct. 20 at 2: "The Garden of Villandry," "Grand Pas Classique" "Sin and Tonic," and "Fancy Free." ♦ Oct. 20 at 7:30: "A Tribute to

George Harrison," "Diana and Acteon," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." ♦ Oct. 22 at 8: "A Tribute to George Harrison," a new work by Robert Hill, and "Fancy Free." (City Center. 581-1212. Through Oct. 27.)

BALLET PRELJOCAJ
The French choreographer Angelin Preljocaj regularly revisits the works of the early, Diaghilev modernists because he thinks of choreography in the same terms—as the geometric configuration of primitive impulse. But in his take on Nijinsky's "Rite of Spring," where peasants sacrifice a maiden to "the violent Russian spring," as Stravinsky put it, Preljocaj underplays the primitive part of the equation. His set consists of bright, green hillocks of AstroTurf, and the dancing is, for the most part, cool and precise. Somehow, though, the plain, linear moves of the twelve lush dancers begin to feel like deliberate preparations for an ineluctable rite. Against all expectation, the dance gathers heat and meets the challenge of the huge, ominous music. Completing the program is the windswept "Helikopter," set to Stockhausen. (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4100. Oct. 16-19 at 7:30.)

MOMIX
The company ends its three-week run with performances of "Opus Cactus," their celebration of the Sonoran Desert, and "MOMIX in Orbit," a medley of repertory excerpts. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Oct. 8-10 at 8, Oct. 11 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 13 at 2 and 7:30.)

"CITY OF TWIST"
Petronio's dances are usually swift through and through—full of streamlined sequences of slippery movement. But his latest piece, "City of Twist," with a rolling, rumbling, keening score by Laurie Anderson, starts slowly. It introduces, one at a time, a few of the seven dancers, whose agitated breaking, twisting motion can suddenly shudder to a stop, and start up again just as suddenly. Eventually, the stage is busy with people falling into tumultuous clusters. "I generally think of my work as a bullet," Petronio says. "But this time it's a place, where individuals get caught up in their own adventures and stumble upon others', and there is no uniform look." A new solo featuring Petronio, called "Broken Man," and a reprise of "Strange Attractors, Part Two" complete the program. The designers known as Imitation of Christ provide the costumes for the new works. (Joyce Theatre. 242-0800. Oct. 15-19 at 8 and Oct. 20 at 2 and 7:30.)

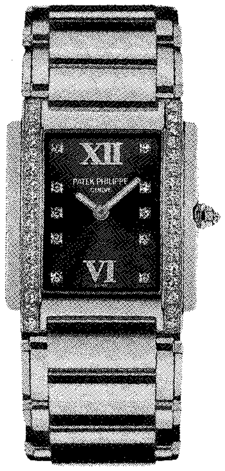
"WALKING OUT THE DARK"
For its first, mesmerizing offering in its newly renovated home, Dance Theatre Workshop presents Ronald K. Brown/Evidence in "Walking Out the Dark," which begins with the punctuated rhythm, fierce precision, and declamatory heat of a fraught conversation between intimates and ends on a high note, with a Guinea celebration number. (219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Oct. 9-12 and Oct. 16-19 at 7 and Oct. 13 and Oct. 20 at 2.)

"THE JUNEBUG SYMPHONY"
A feather-light symphony of things (and four people) going bump in the night, in which the show's creator and principal performer, James Thiérrée, flies on the trapeze, clowns with delicate ease or sudden rambunctiousness, and plays haunting violin while skimming the ground on roller skates. "The show is very simple," Thiérrée says. "It is made of imagination and good will." (New Victory Theatre, 209 W. 42nd St. 239-6200. Oct. 10-11 at 7, Oct. 12 at 1 and 7, and Oct. 13 at 3.)

"SOULAR POWER'D"
Full Circle Productions, founded by Gabriel (Kwikstep) Dionisio and Anita (Rokafella) Garcia, presents a hip-hop variety show that includes dance, rap, graffiti, and beat boxing. (New Victory Theatre. 239-6200. Oct. 18 at 7, Oct. 19 at 2 and 7, and Oct. 20 at noon and 5. Through Nov. 3.)

XAVIER LE ROY
This sweet, sombre choreographer is one of a recent gaggle of theory-headed Frenchmen to take up where American postmodern dance of the sixties left off—with, for example, the admirable idea that all movement is created equal. "I try not to suggest that Madonna is better than an ape, or

PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE



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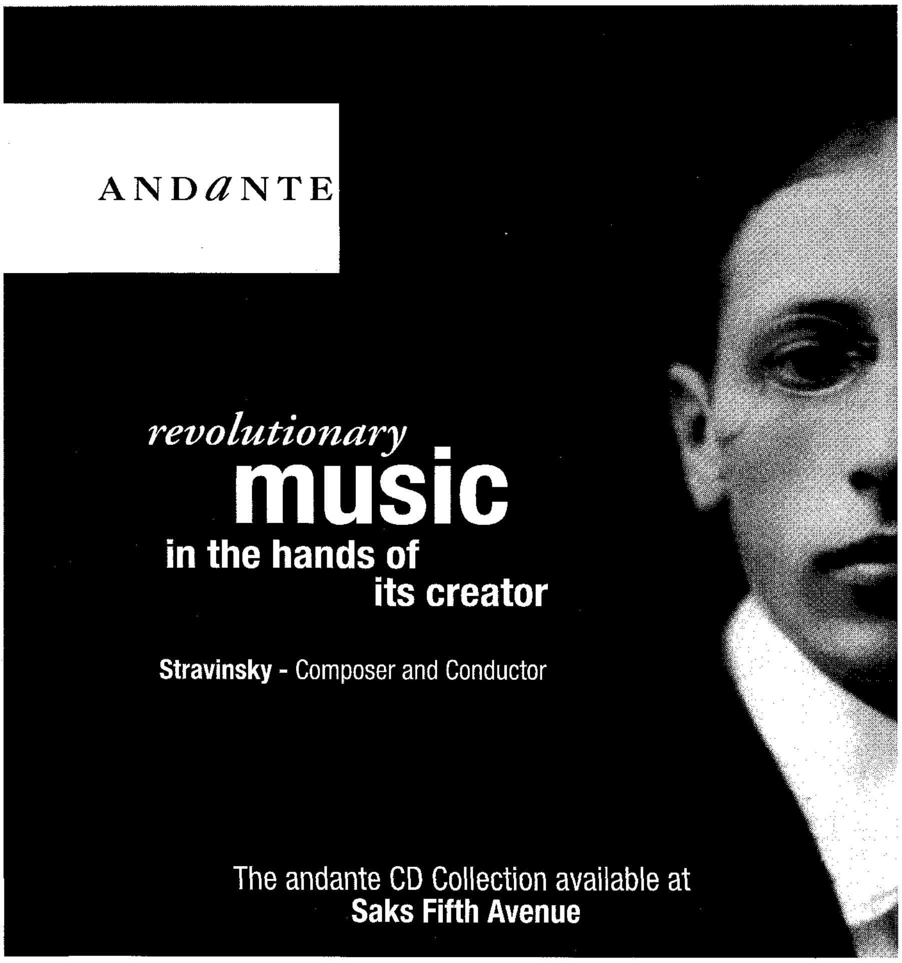

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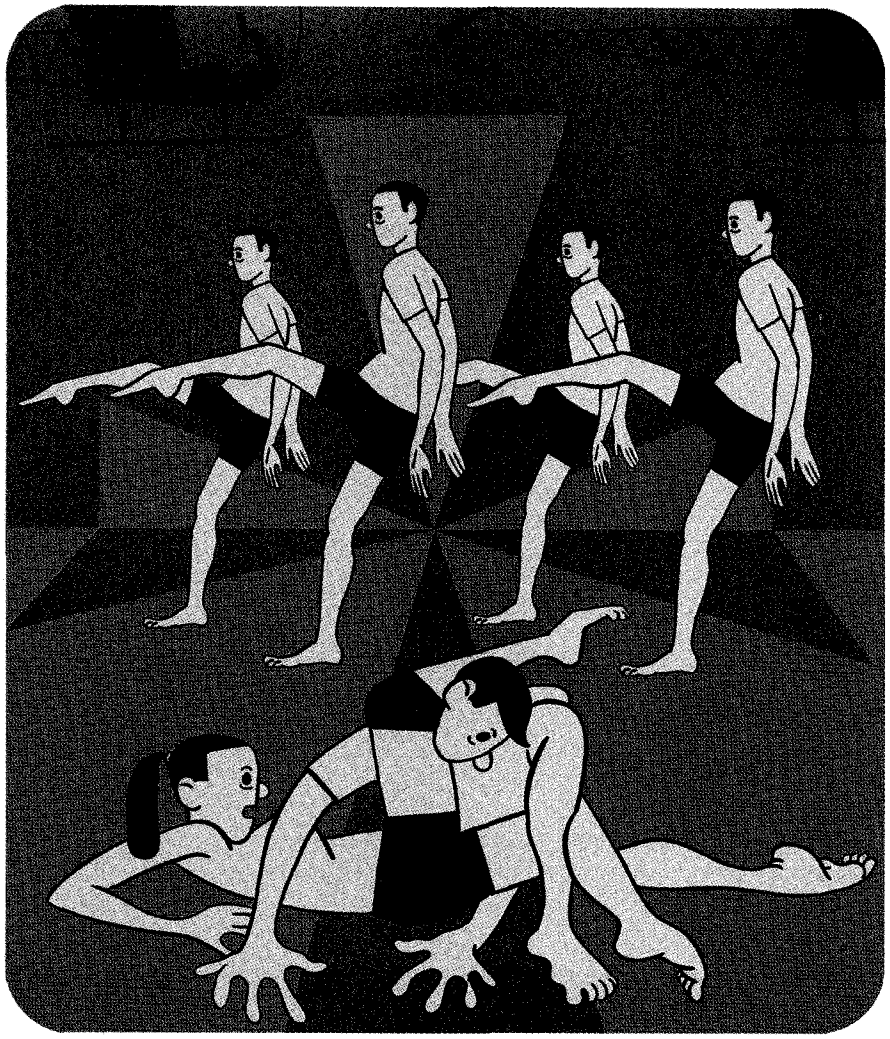


Ballet Preljocaj in "Helikopter," at BAM's Harvey Theatre.

ZOHAR LAZAR

that Rodin's 'Thinker' is more interesting than 'Saturday Night Fever,'" Le Roy says about the fluid stream of iconic moves and postures that make up his latest experiment, "Giszelle." "But I am not a collagist." He is interested less in the Hustle or Hungarian folk dance than in the transitional moment between them, "where the movement isn't recognizable—it escapes our impulse to turn it into a story." "Giszelle," performed by the swift, protean dancer Eszter Salamon, appears the first week of the run; the 1998 solo, "Self-Unfinished" (performed by the choreographer), unravels in the second. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793, ext. 11. Oct. 9, Oct. 11-12, and Oct. 16-18 at 8.)

GINA GIBNEY DANCE
The choreographer collaborates with the composer Kitty Brazelton on "Time Remaining," an evening-length work inspired by an image of temple ruins covered in vines. (Danspace Project, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Oct. 10-13 at 8:30.)

JEREMY NELSON
The choreographer offers "SightUnseen," a group work about sudden revelation, and "Wythoff's Array," a group work about mathematical accumulations. (Danspace Project. 674-8194. Oct. 17-20 at 8:30.)

MASTER DANCERS OF BALI
Eight traditional Balinese dancers performing for the first time together outside their homeland. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 545-7536. Oct. 11 at 8.)

DOUBLE PLAY DANCE
The Symphony Space dance series begins with two choreographers, Sean Curran and Wally Cardona, each bringing a première and a repertory work. (Broadway at 95th St. 545-7536. Oct. 17-19 at 8.)

DANCE AS EVER
Ballet dancers from various companies (including Peter Boal and Charles Askegaard, from New York City Ballet) perform the choreography of Leigh Witchel. (John Jay College Theatre, Tenth Ave. at 59th St. 780-3413. Oct. 17-19 at 8 and Oct. 20 at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL
More of a solo project belonging to the insufferably earnest Christopher Carraba than a normal rock band, Dashboard Confessional lifts the genre known as emocore out of the elitist indie-rock gutter and delivers it straight-faced to the MTV generation. The success of Dashboard's second album, "Places You Have Come to Fear the Most," may cause the Doc Martens set to cry "sellout," but it simply proves that overwrought vulnerability has a universal appeal. (Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. 307-7171. Oct. 9 at 7.)

RYAN ADAMS
Sprung from the relative obscurity of the alternative-country rabble-rousers Whiskeytown, Adams became a wildly successful solo artist thanks to only two albums. He evolved from a roots-rock troubadour into a poster boy for Americana, gracing Gap ads and palling around with Elton John. The singer is currently promoting his latest release, "Demolition," which culls discarded tracks from recent recording sessions. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 307-7171. Oct. 10 at 8.)

JAZZ AT LINCOLN CENTER
What is it about jazz drummers? So many of the very best have kept on playing in top form well into what should be their retirement years. The seventy-six-year-old Roy Haynes, much like Elvin Jones, who recently turned seventy-five, can still regularly amaze. Haynes not only practices a percussive finesse that's nearly impossible to find these days, he's also a wily risk taker who backs up left-of-center moves with age-defying force. The master drummer will front the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra in a program of his own work. The pianist Chick Corea joins in on opening night. The following evening Pat Metheny is the guest. (Alice Tully Hall. 721-6500. Oct. 16-17 at 8.)

THE NEXT WAVE OF SONG
The glib piano whiz kid Ben Folds, the dour critics' darling Stephin Merritt (best known for his work with Magnetic Fields), and the emotionally charged singer Marc Anthony Thompson (also known as Chocolate Genius) headline what promises to be an inspired night. Only in Brooklyn, only in Brooklyn. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Oct. 11-12 at 7:30.)

AMERICAN SONGBOOK
The Tony Award-winning vocalist Kristin Chenoweth opens the fifth season of this Lincoln Center series. (John Jay College Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St. Oct. 11-12 at 8.) The following week, on Oct. 17 at 8 and 10, the Broadway veterans (and husband and wife) Jason Danieley and Marin Mazzie offer a series of duets. The next night belongs to Karen Mason, who performs at 8 and 10:30. John Barrowman appears on Oct. 19 at 8 and 10. (Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St. 721-6500.)

WILCO
The alternative-country heroes turned pop avatars roll into town. (Roseland. Oct. 17-18 at 7:30.)

TINDERSTICKS
Something like a younger, hipper Anthony Newley, the Tindersticks' front man, Stuart Staples, is a black-clad boulevardier whose music is lush with weeping guitars and whispering drums. Staples ups the theatrics here by adding a full string orchestra. (St. Ann's Warehouse, 38 Water St., Brooklyn. 718-858-2424. Oct. 18-19 at 8 and Oct. 20 at 7:30.)

CLUBS

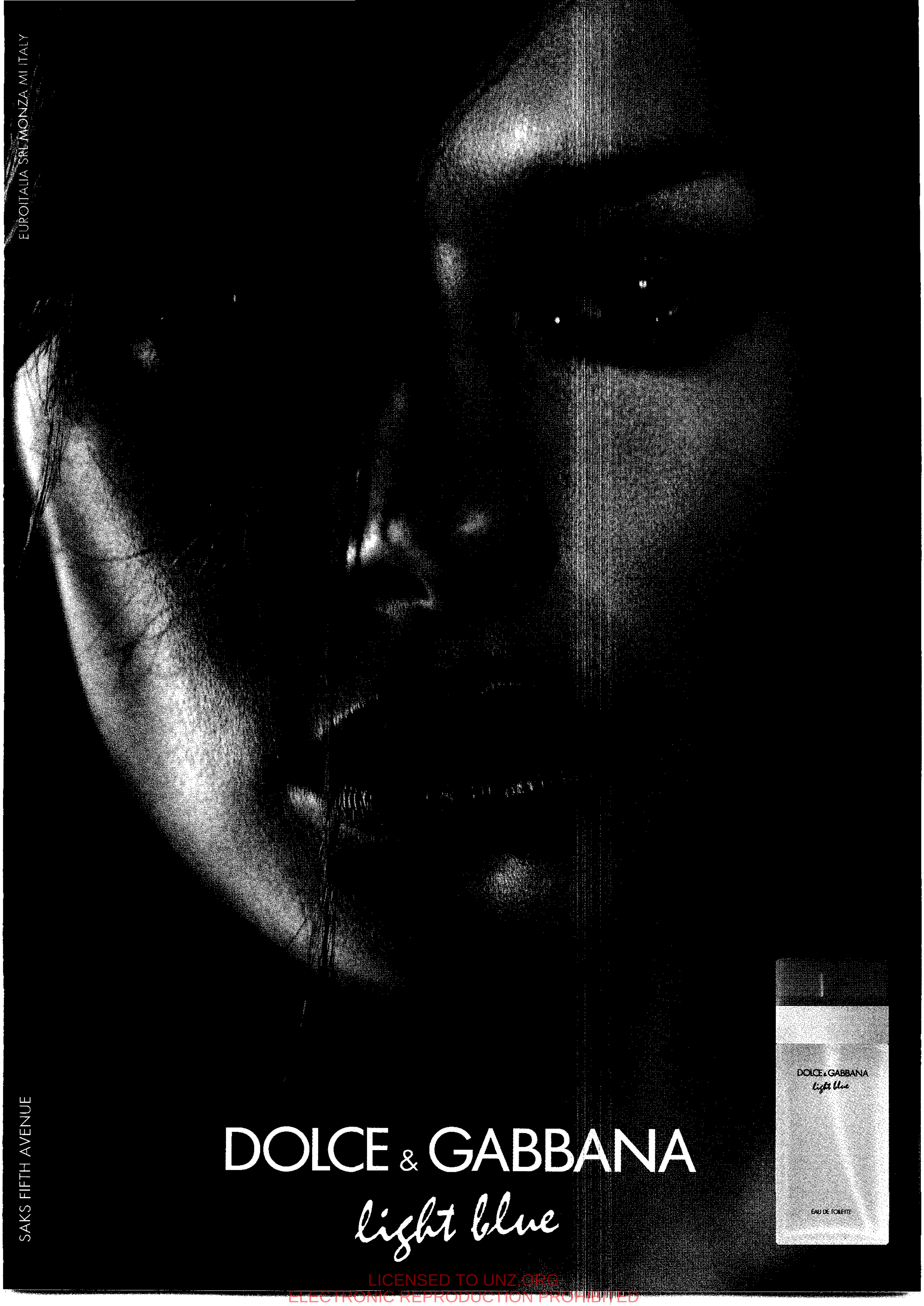
Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (997-4144)—Oct. 11-12: The raucous Texan **Delbert McClinton.** Oct. 16: The Dobro virtuoso **Jerry Douglas.** Oct. 17: **Koko Taylor,** the reigning queen of the blues.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Oct. 13-15: **Doug Martsch,** taking a break from his band Built to Spill, stops by with songs from his solo album, "Now You Know." The collection of country-blues originals, which the singer wrote after developing an interest in Mississippi Fred McDowell, finds Martsch's trademark high-pitched warble forming an eerie counterpoint to his deliberate guitar work.

FEZ
380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Oct. 11-13: The **Loser's Lounge** returns to their subterranean hideout for a tribute to Elvis Costello. Oct. 15 and Oct. 21: The diminutive Los Angeles-based musician **Mia Doi Todd** sings softly about personal moments ("I sit down on the bidet / and shower my flower of the decay / that sets in when she lets in a guest") with a voice that is as haunting as her subject matter. Her début album, "The Golden State," was put together by the producer Mitchell Froom, who also played the harpsichord, clavinet, Hammond chord organ, and other keyboards on it. Oct. 22: The singer-songwriter **David Poe.** The **Mingus Big Band** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—Oct. 15-16: The critically acclaimed all-female post-punk trio **Sleater-Kinney** cranks out songs from its new re-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lease, "One Beat," with Corin Tucker's ululating vocals (think Belinda Carlisle with a license to kill) finding the seam between alternative rock and gospel. Oct. 20: **Billy Bragg,** the blue-collar bard from Barking, England.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Oct. 12-13: Steve Albini, one of the preëminent architects of America's rock underground, first made his name in the ferocious Chicago trio Big Black before forming the equally abrasive **Shellac.** Along the way, he's been a much fêted producer for acts like Bush, the Breeders, and, most notably, Nirvana. His work with Shellac, however, is where his penchant for aggression and cacophony really shines. With **Nina Nastasia** on opening night. Oct. 21: **Cordero.**

Doug Aitken in front of his video installation "New Skin," at 303 Gallery (see Galleries—Chelsea).

JULIANA SOHN

MAXWELL'S
1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703)—Oct. 11: The **Glands'** delightfully breezy pop will sound familiar to fans of the Kinks: easy melodies disguise subtly unsettling lyrics.

SOUTHPAW
125 Fifth Ave., Park Slope (718-230-0236)—Oct. 19: **Hem,** a sextet with a penchant for atypical instrumentation (guitar, mandolin, glockenspiel) and cloudy fairy-tale melodies.

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—Oct. 11. The multilingual Brooklyn ensemble **Barbez,** now with the thereminist Pamelia Kurstin, shares a bill with Rebecca Moore's **Prevention of Blindness.**

WARSAW
261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-5252)—Oct. 10: A night of the nascent eighties-influenced dance music known as electroclash, brought to you by the locals in **A.R.E. Weapons** and **W.I.T.,** the Scots in **Bis** (who have been around nearly a decade), and **Mount Sims,** a Los Angeles-based electronic outfit trafficking in erotically charged performances. Oct. 11: The sexually assertive Canadian performer **Peaches** (a.k.a. Merill Nisker) picks up the lewd vibe. Peaches pairs her crude lo-fi electronica with a predilection for overtly lurid subject matter (song titles include "Diddle My Skittle" and "Cum Undun"). Sharing the bill are the overrated former art students who go by the name **Chicks on Speed.**

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

BARBÈS
376 9th St., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn (718-965-9177)—Oct. 19: **Matt Munisteri,** on a busman's holiday from his neo-retro band Brock Mumford, teams up with **Dave Biller,** a Texas guitarslinger with a reputation nearly as large as his home state. Engaging in acoustic-guitar duets, they should bring more than a touch of classic swing to Park Slope.

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Oct. 9-12: "What Goes Around," the premier big-band album from **Dave Holland,** exhibits all the intelligence and verve that we've come to expect from this superb musician. Holland has the tricky balance of orchestral jazz down: the memorable tunes, the pungent arrangements, and the room for adept soloists are all bolstered by the leader's world-class bass playing. Dining.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Oct. 15-20: As if the Cuban pianist Chucho Valdés isn't legend enough, here comes his octogenarian father, **Bebo Valdés,** to dazzle us. Bebo, obviously a man of extremes, left his island home in the sixties and resettled in Scandinavia; this is reportedly his first New York club appearance. Old-school Cuban piano is a bracing mixture of grand gestures and spicy rhythmic ploys; the more we get to hear of its roots, the better.

CARLYLE HOTEL
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound murals, and, starting Oct. 15, the magisterially puckish **Bobby Short.**

FEINSTEIN'S AT THE REGENCY
540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4095)—Through Oct. 19: **Ann Hampton Callaway,** one of the easiest-to-enjoy singers in the jazz-pop business, celebrates Richard Rodgers's centenary with a program of his standards.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2121)—Through Oct. 13: The **Sam Rivers** trio and the **Andrew Hill** quartet. Rivers has earned his stripes. Iconoclast on Blue Note in the sixties, loft-jazz activist in the seventies, stringent bandleader in the eighties, classicist in the early nineties, and now a gloriously unclassifiable perennial, the saxophonist, flutist, and composer is a rugged individualist who shows few signs of running out of steam. / In a series of records Hill did for Blue Note in the early sixties (a period that found Rivers and Hill occasionally, and fruitfully, collaborating), the pianist and composer made some of the thorniest, most fiendishly uncategorizable jazz of an era that was defined by provocation and risk. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (576-2232)—Another year passes, and the expected comeback for **Arthur Blythe** (here with his quartet through Oct. 13) still eludes him. Thankfully, the great alto saxophonist presses on. His tart tone and shapely phrases are as bracing as they were when this committed modernist came barrelling in from the West Coast some thirty years ago. He's left the tuba-marimba-and-drums trio that supported him on his latest CD, "Focus," at home; here, a conventional piano and rhythm team a

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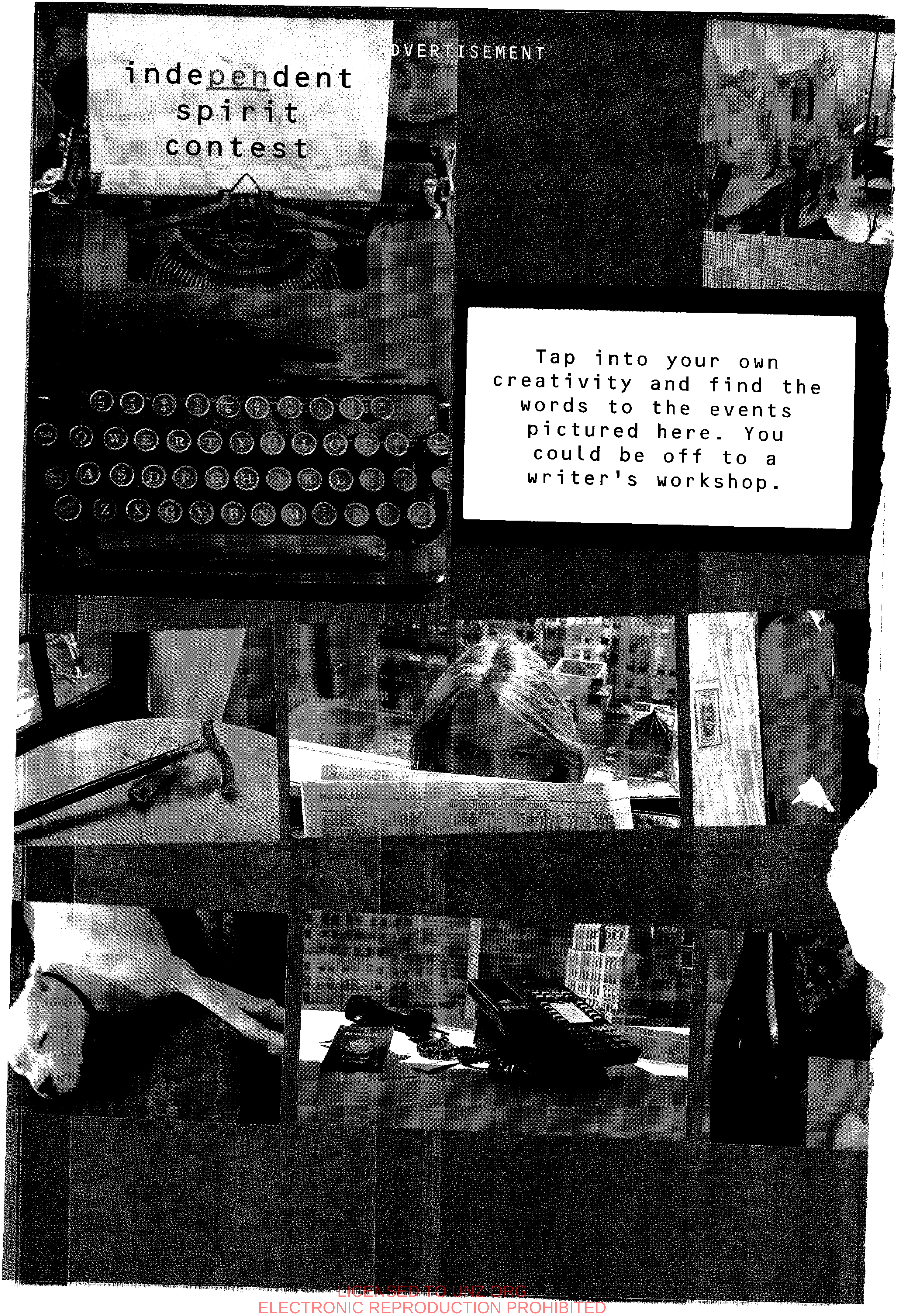

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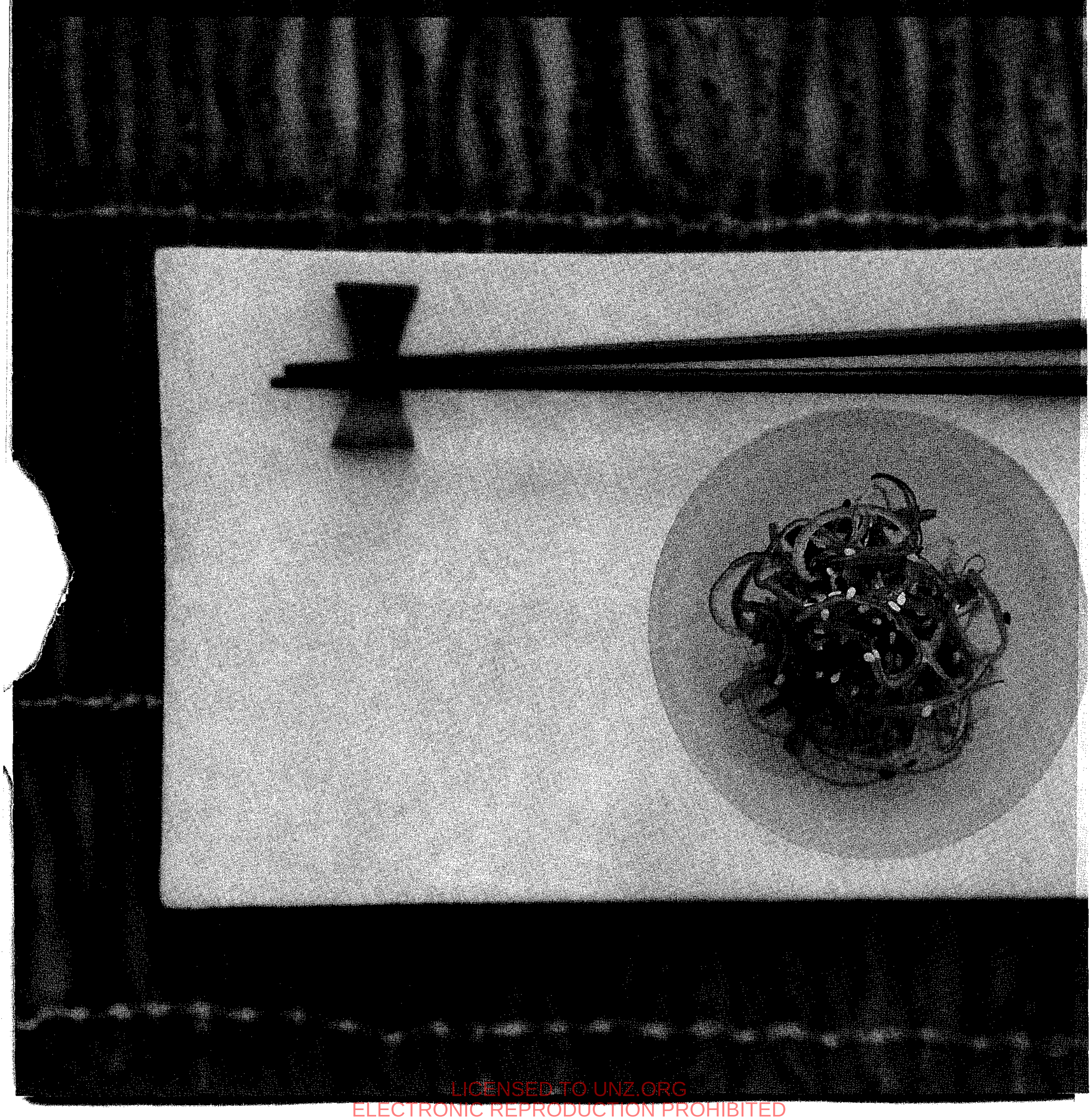

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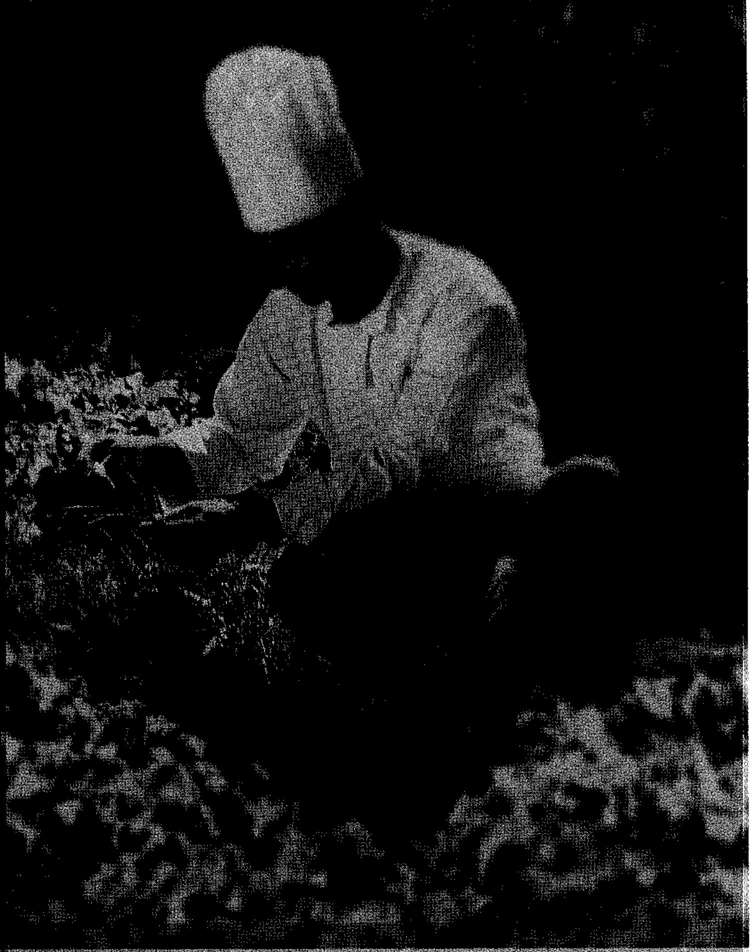

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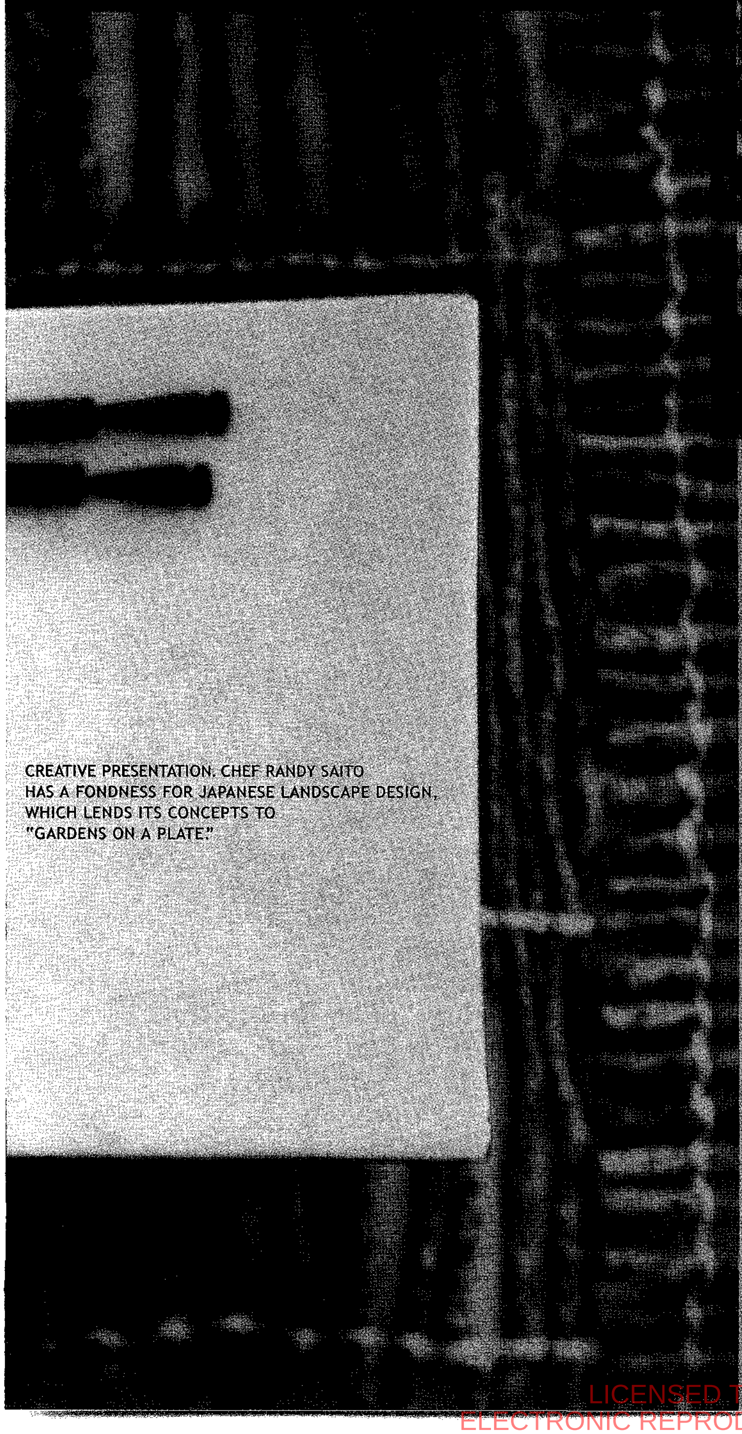

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tends the party. Oct. 15-20: The **Cyrus Chestnut** trio. No longer the new kid on the block with the magic fingers, the pianist Chestnut has, over the course of a decade, transformed himself into a vital element of the New York City jazz scene.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Oct. 14-15: Ditching his earlier combos for a sleek unit filled out by **Brian Blade** on drums and **Sam Yahel** on organ, the saxophonist **Joshua Redman** is showing more of the snap that first drew attention to him a decade ago.

S.O.B.'S
204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Oct. 16-17: The lite-tropical jazz of **Gato Barbieri**'s albums of the past few decades may not endear him to those enamored with his slashing free-jazz improvisations of the sixties or his early-seventies Argentine fusion work, but the tenor saxophonist maintains a suave and sensuous tone that provides its own rewards. Dining.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Oct. 15-20: The **Bobby Hutcherson** quartet. It took Hutcherson to translate the modernist grammar of sixties jazz onto the vibraphone. He's at his best when he glides into the spare, mysterious ruminations he perfected on classics like Eric Dolphy's "Out to Lunch," but he also loves to display his piston-mallet technique on up-tempo chargers. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—Richard Avedon, the only photographer to be played by Fred Astaire in a Hollywood musical (1956's "Funny Face"), returns to the site of his 1978 retrospective. The hundred and eighty portraits, dating from the forties (an anonymous Sicilian boy in a state of barely suppressed mania) to last year (Harold Bloom with his eyes closed, radiating lassitude), comprise a sort of idiosyncratic American *Who's Who*. Poets, painters, drifters, and politicos stand simply and stare into the lens. With Avedon's blank white background behind them, there's nowhere to hide, and the result is an intimacy that's both confrontational and preternaturally delicate. Backlight creeps around the edges of heads; by contrast, facial features darken; niches and wrinkles seem triple-etched. Avedon's look is largely a matter of extreme values, but the secret of his superbright whites and velvety blacks is that they reinvent grays—as something rare, fugitive, and cherishable. Through Jan. 5. ♦ **"Gauguin in New York Collections: The Lure of the Exotic."** Through Oct. 20. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (708-9480)—The museum's new home, until 2005, presents a slew of shows perfect for its big warehouse of a space, including the ongoing **"To Be Looked At: Painting and Sculpture from the Collection."** (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—Hollywood disaster flick meets Renaissance fresco (think "The Poseidon Adventure" with art direction by Fra Angelico) in **"Going Forth by Day,"** Bill Viola's visually striking five-channel video piece commissioned by a German bank for the Guggenheim Berlin. In one projection, an eclectic procession traipses through a light-dappled forest (the panoramic image evokes old-fashioned CinemaScope). In an adjacent scene, water gushes from the windows and doors of a pristine building façade. Death and resurrection figure elsewhere in the action, as Viola tackles Big Themes. The work was conceived before the events of September 11th, and the portent of disaster is uncanny, if you can

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE
Howard Street Irregulars

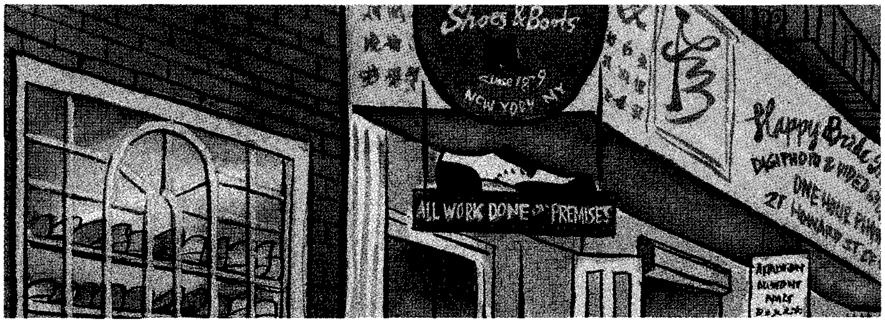
"My lease was up, and my walk to work was becoming less and less interesting. Greene Street was just getting too spiffy," the jewelry designer Ted Muehling says of his decision to pull up stakes and migrate east to the new location of **TED MUEHLING** (27 Howard St.; 431-3825). Howard Street, a hidden enclave a half block north of Canal between Mercer and Center Streets, is still home to plenty of Chinatown businesses—Muehling's neighbors include Happy Bride and the Canal Golden Mall—but, then again, there's also that Sotheby's International Realty sign looming over the co-op conversion right next door.

Muehling, who is renowned for his austere, graceful designs—his rice earrings, rendered in gold, silver, crystal, or carnelian, are so popular he calls them his bread and butter—got into the jewelry business in 1976, after he received a degree in industrial design and realized that he hated the field. "I was very shy," he says. "I liked working by myself. I don't really have training in jewelry. I sort of figured it out as I went along. I'm so lucky I can support myself, though it is sort of relentless work." Asked what he's proudest of, he cites some of his earliest creations, the long thick-to-thin earrings. "They look easy, but they're very difficult to make," he says. He also mentions some of his more opulent pieces, including a brooch made of a perforated gold disk that Muehling thinks resembles Queen Anne's lace: "I add a lot of little natural pearls, and then I have to have a diamond—even though I'm not really into stones. I just add things until I can't stand it anymore."

The custom boot- and shoemaker **E. VOGEL** (19 Howard St.; 925-2460) may have moved to the neighborhood thirty-two years ago, but the company's lower-Manhattan roots go far deeper. "We think our great-grandfather started the business on Grand Street," says the current manager, Jack Lynch ("My mom's a Vogel"), who sports a twenty-year-old leather work apron. "Our riding boots are sold all over the country through tack shops; we teach them how to take measurements. But you have to come here for the shoes." Currently, Vogel's made-to-order tuxedo pumps and penny loafers and wing-tipped bluchers ($850) are only available for men, but, after seeing the pain on a female visitor's face, Lynch admitted that the shop sometimes bends the rule—just recently, they made a pair of exquisite spectator golf shoes for a determined female duffer.

OPENING CEREMONY (35 Howard St., 219-2688), a month-old store that shares an address with Wu Lim Chinese Massage, has custom boots, too, but the ones here are by downtown designer Benjamin Cho, and they're made of Converse sneakers that have been extended to thigh length ($650). Carol Lim, the shop's co-owner, says she is entranced by Howard Street: "Our landlord, whose family has owned the building for eighty years, told us this was the last street in Manhattan to get street lights. Gangs used to throw dead bodies here." Half of the shop is devoted to experimental designers like Cho; the rest of the merchandise hails from rather further afield. "We have an Olympic committee that picks one country a year for us," Lim says. "This year it's Hong Kong. We went there and looked for four components: a corporate label, a young designer, open-air-market items, and one-of-a-kind vintage pieces. Because isn't that the way everyone shops these days?"

—*Lynn Yaeger*



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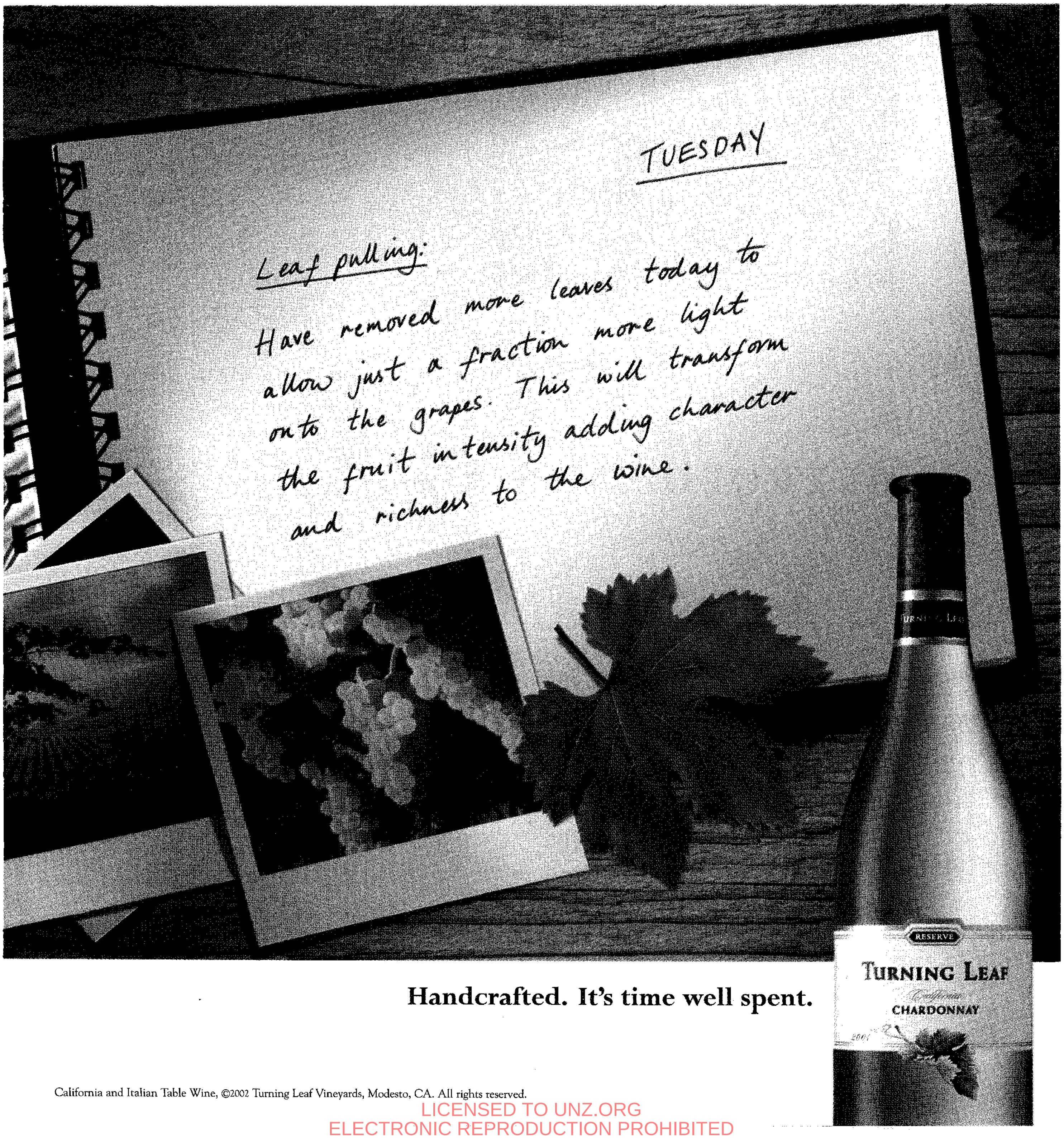

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handle the smugly pious tone. Through Jan. 12. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—**"Sanctuaries: The Last Works of John Hejduk,"** carnivalesque architectural drawings from the Canadian Centre for Architecture, Montreal, and the Menil Collection. Through Jan. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6; Fridays, 1 to 9.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—**"Exposed: The Victorian Nude,"** from Tate Britain, is a strong historical show about an era when jumpiness about sex had bizarre effects in art. Literary and classical themes provided the alibis for displaying naked females. Popular guises included Shakespearean fairies, virtuous heroines (Lady Godiva rides again, and again), Roman decadents, and the like. (One understands John Ruskin's wedding-night shock: according to British painters of the time, all ladies' pudenda are baby-bottom sleek.) For male nakedness, the excuse was propaganda for robust healthiness. Lust lurked, and smut reigned. A hand-colored Lewis Carroll photograph of a young girl posed as a Titian Venus leaves an exceptionally dire aftertaste. In this context, the finicky sensuality of the Pre-Raphaelites looks heroic. A turn toward frankness around the turn of the century—in the gloomy nudes of Walter Sickert and the too little known William Orpen—offers a fresh invention: actual people. Orpen's felicitously titled "The English Nude" (1900), a Rembrandtesque tour de force, presents a regular, interesting woman on a rumpled bed. Its mystery is that of really lived life. Through Jan. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

EDWIN DICKINSON
This show, which coincides with a retrospective at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, highlights Dickinson's exquisite reticent touch and range. Some of the paintings are hardly images at all—just smeary blurs that magically coalesce, with a little nudge from the viewer's imagination, into beaches, houses, and trees. Elsewhere, Dickinson looks like the last Precisionist. Occasionally, his soft and sharp modes meet. In "Torso Section, Bruce," for instance, hazy corporeal forms brighten around a single, dark, precise nipple. Bodies are undependable, Dickinson seems to be suggesting, but a nipple is a palpable fact. Through Oct. 12. (De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 262-5050.)

JOHN MORRA
The luminous fussiness of Morra's still-life compositions harks back to Yankee artists like William Hartnett, while also nodding at Chardin and Irving Penn. The results—stately processions of ceramics, fruit, and old-fashioned espresso roasters—have an undeniable retro probity. If Martha Stewart needed an in-house still-life painter, Morra would be perfect. Through Oct. 26. (Hirschl and Adler, 21 E. 70th St. 535-8810.)

"EXOTIC REPRESENTATION"
This eight-artist show offers an assortment of faux-ordinary scenes flip-flopping between documentary and set-up photography. Victoria Rich memorializes abandoned suburbs at the former Love Canal site (now renamed Black Creek Village). Justine Kurland stages vistas of intrepid New Zealand schoolgirls trekking through the wilderness, like conquistadors in pinafores. No theme or argument ever really gets off the ground (the catalogue essay confirms a sense that the title was chosen more or less at random), but the wide-net premise lands an appealing group of international talents. Through Oct. 19. (Leubsdorf Gallery, Hunter College, Lexington Ave. at 68th St. 772-4991.)

Short List

TOLAND GRINNELL
Mary Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. 752-2929. Through Oct. 19.

MARKUS LÜPERTZ
Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 794-0550. Through Nov. 16.

GALLERIES–CHELSEA

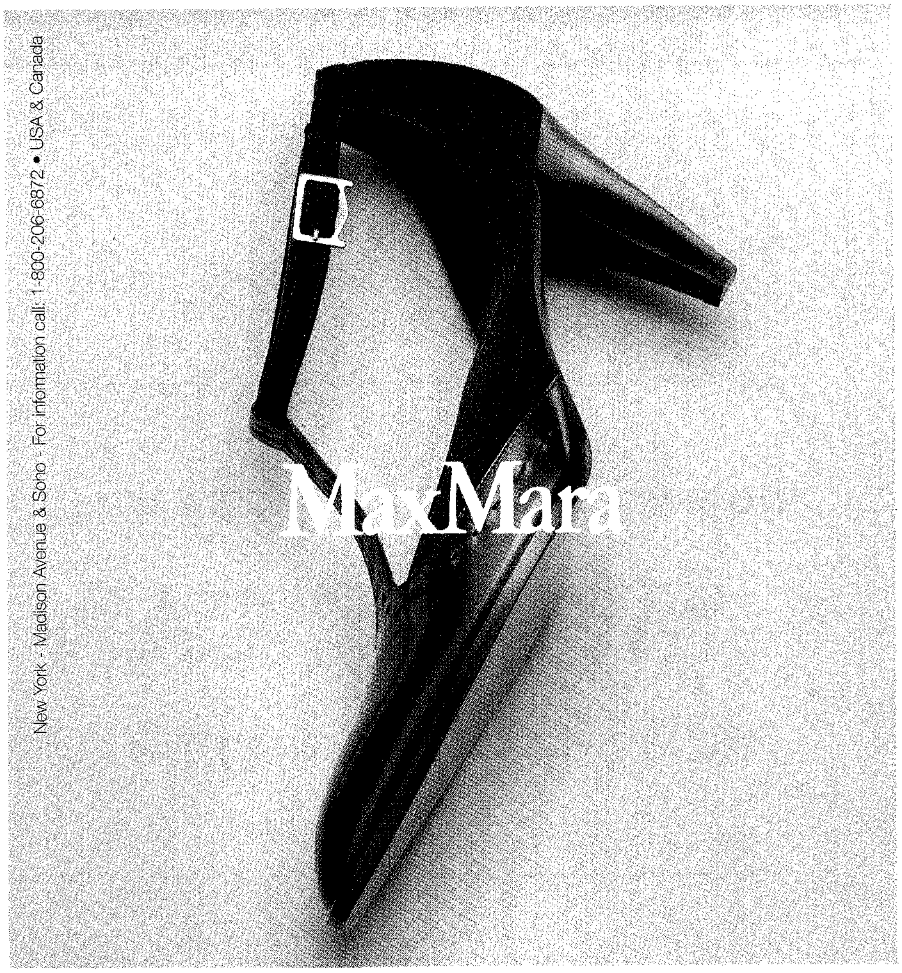
DOUG AITKEN
Two domineering state-of-the-gimmick video installations. In a dark room with mirrored walls, spooky urban and rural images iris in and out on hanging, six-foot circular screens. The effect can be oh-wow psychedelic, if you're up for that. The second piece, filling a room with hanging, crisscrossed oval screens, presents a young Japanese woman who is losing her eyesight. In her Tokyo apartment, she pores over images to furnish a mental archive of visual memories. Razzle-dazzle free associations transport her around the world to a motorcycle accident on the plaza of Louis Kahn's Salk Institute and, well, that sort of thing. Tricks for tricks' sake. Through Oct. 26. (303 Gallery, 525 W. 22nd St. 255-1121.)

PETER CAMPUS
Campus, an early pioneer of video art, switched cameras in the eighties to focus on photography and slide projections. For his first solo show in New York in four years he returns to his roots with five lacklustre, contemplative videos from the last three years (hummingbirds hover, hedges are trimmed) accompanied by a brilliant experimental tape from 1973 and a series of photographic portraits from 1978. The luminous, high-contrast Polaroids have an intense, shadowy edge; they could be outtakes from a German Expressionist movie. Through Oct. 26. (Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. 255-8450.)

TRACY EMIN
"I feel like Jesus," begins the scrawled inscription on a drawing in this show of drawings, paintings, sculptures, found objects, banners, embroidery, quilts, photographs, neon-light sculptures, a video, and an installation centered on a four-poster bed, all by the tirelessly confessional gamine of London art. The show does evoke a kind of crucifixion—of the artist on a cross of her own sexual compulsions and other depressing habits. Emin's skills are many but mediocre. Would the right menu of twelve-step programs cure her of, among other things, being an artist? Worse things have happened. "It's not Bad Art," reads another inscription. "It's just my Brain Hurts." It's bad art, actually, and Emin should take better care of herself. Through Oct. 19. (Lehmann Maupin, 540 W. 26th St. 255-2923.)

BART EXPOSITO / STEVE KEISTER
Sophisticated odd ducks, one a newcomer and the other a rediscovery, make for a sleeper of a dual show. Exposito, from Los Angeles, is a neo-hard-edge painter whose snugged, black-contoured, whistle-clean designs, in precisely "off" colors, may suggest electronic circuitry, Mayan hieroglyphs, and early Joseph Albers but are undeniably original. They feel abuzz, as if with ghostly battery power. Keister, known two decades ago for jazzy hanging sculpture, resurfaces with eccentric, large painted reliefs that reflect his absorption in Mayan and Aztec antiquity. He casts forms from found Styrofoam packing materials and develops them into intensely colored totemic faces and hieratic patterns. These are inset in wall-like expanses of pale gray and terra-cotta. The result is erudite, funny, and gently magical. Through Oct. 12. (Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 741-3318.)

GARY HILL
It may be because so much video in Chelsea looks like MTV (see Robert Downey, Jr., playing Pietá for Sam Taylor-Wood), but most of the recent epistemological video projections by Gary Hill try your patience. Witness the two-channel projection of two pairs of hands, accompanied by echoing voice-over phrases like: "The left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing." The exception is a remarkable



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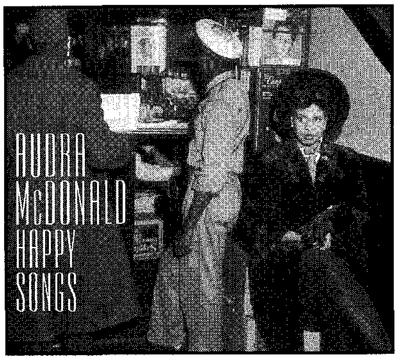

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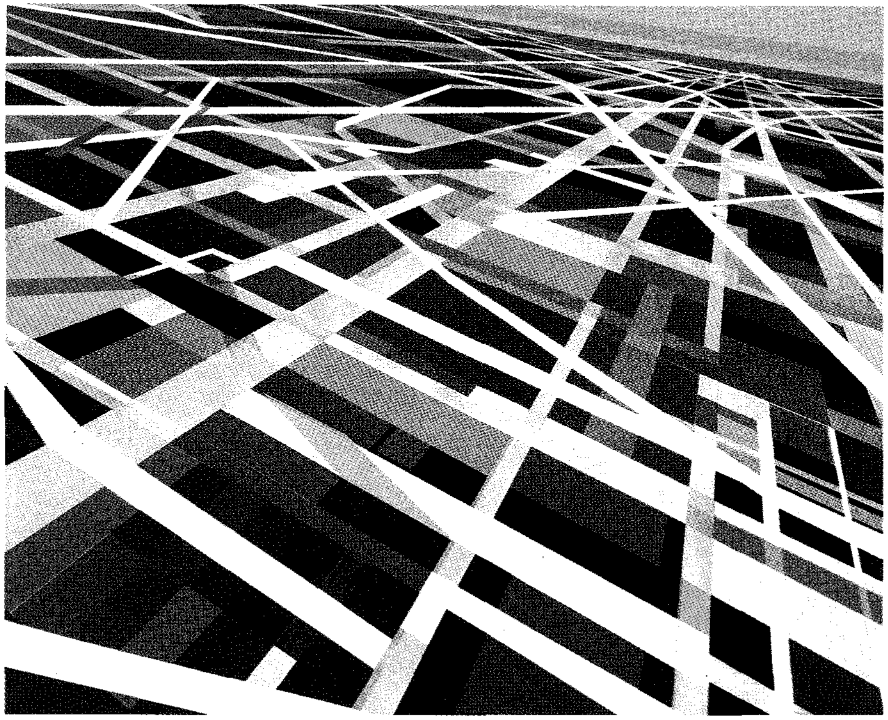
black-and-white projection of a waifish young woman with model good looks keening and howling with a ferocity that makes the ululation of Shirin Nishat's veiled women sound like a lullaby. Through Oct. 19. (Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. 206-9300.)

ROBERT LONGO

Huge charcoal drawings of gigantic, breaking ocean waves are among Longo's most satisfying works since his style-setting images from the early eighties of ambiguous, smartly dressed figures who were either dancing or dying. Phenomenally skillful, in a supple range of grays from scintillant whites to velvety blacks, the pictures crank up this artist's peculiarly brutal, populist romanticism to a thunderous pitch. For a dedicated surfer, the waves' colossal, veiny walls and furiously churning curls might excite visions of the ultimate—probably fatal—ride. The rest of us may compete to recall any other art that so enthusiastically identifies nature's majesty with blind malevolence. Through Oct. 26. (Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100.)



"Circling Overland," by Torben Giehler, at Koenig.

MARIA MARSHALL

Two stylish, beautifully shot, video-projected films, both short but seamlessly looped and watchable indefinitely. In one, two naked little boys swing back and forth in a yellow hammock amid green pines. A childish voice repeats, "I hate you. I love you, Mommy." In the other, an athletic lad in purple warmup pants kicks a soccer ball continually against a white-painted stone church in what seems the middle of semi-arid nowhere. (It's southern Spain.) The ball is invisible, having been digitally expunged. We see its darting shadow and hear its amplified thumps. In each work, Marshall seems intent on producing a sensation, for its own sake, of cool loveliness and trifling alarm. She nails it. Through Oct. 12. (Team, 527 W. 26th St. 279-9219.)

SAM TAYLOR-WOOD

If you can get in the mood to indulge this London artist's chic sentimentality, the sumptuous array of video-projected films and light-box photographs pays off like the perfect sappy love song. One film shows Taylor-Wood holding Robert Downey, Jr., in a Pietà pose. (Hard work. She says her right arm was sore for weeks afterward.) Another finds a sweet-looking young woman sitting on the floor, increasingly upset and then weeping, for some reason. There are dreamy views of a ravaged tree, a lonesome cow, and a hobbled goat. Fruit decays in a time-lapse still-life, a naked young man imitates Holbein's dead Christ in a long horizontal photo, and a young couple make scrumptious love in a sequence of shots in a de-luxe bedroom. Taylor-Wood's career gives an ambivalent spin to the phrase "a class act." Through Nov. 2. (Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 243-0200.)

Short List

DIANA COOPER

Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. 727-3323.
Through Oct. 12.

WIM DELVOYE

Sperone Westwater, 415 W. 13th St. 999-7337.
Through Oct. 26.

WALTON FORD

Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave., at 26th St. 563-4474.
Through Nov. 16.

GALLERIES-DOWNTOWN

TORBEN GIEHLER

Five large-scale, digitally inflected paintings that hover between abstraction and representation in a synth-pop palette of caution-tape orange, Hi-Liter yellow, and iMac blue. Three are vertiginous grids that evoke skyline landscapes. The others are mountain scenes that could be computer flight simulations programmed by Crayola. All have an impressive muscular appeal. Through Oct. 12. (Koenig, 249 Centre St., at Grand St. 334-9255.)

KAY ROSEN

The artist is best known for her deceptively simple text paintings, offering witty puns that suggest Groucho Marx as a linguistics scholar. In this entertaining show of fifty small collages and one large wall drawing, Rosen tampers with found objects to equally droll effect. A Helmut Lang flyer now reads Helmut Language. A clutch of piano keys stands in for the musical progression "BCDE," but it's titled for the missing keys, "FGA." Through Oct. 26. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166.)

Short List

PEPÓN OSORIO

Feldman, 31 Mercer St. 226-3232.
Through Oct. 19.

JIM SHAW

Swiss Institute, 495 Broadway. 925-2035.
Through Oct. 26.

PHOTOGRAPHY

VIRGINIA BEAHAN AND LAURA MC PHEE

For years, this photographic tag team has traversed the globe to document man's manipulations of the natural landscape. This time they stuck closer to home, working mostly on the West Coast of the United States, and show a verdant, obviously well irrigated apple orchard in Washington that abuts a barren, dusty hill, or an eerily gorgeous almond grove in California that's completely underwater. Beahan and McPhee include a couple of images of abandoned examples of taxidermy, which are simply sad, and one heartbreaking long-distance shot of the Wild Horse Monument, in Vantage, Washington, a group of tempered-steel ponies that seem to be running off a high bluff. Through Nov. 2. (Laurence Miller, 20 W. 57th St. 397-3930.)

JUSTINE KURLAND

Breaking out of the all-girl photo ghetto, Kurland shifts her lens from tableaux of teen-agers to tribes of hippies in clothing-optional Arcadias in this series of color pictures. There's a Romantic, nineteenth-century aura to the show (picture Julia Margaret Cameron as a Phish fan), as parents and children garden, stroll, or lie in rivers. The best pictures, however, are laced with menace, like the one of a doughy, naked boy who lounges on a tree limb while a grown man in the high grass wields an upraised sickle. Through Oct. 12. (Gorney Bravin + Lee, 534 W. 26th St. 352-8372.)

DAIDO MORIYAMA

In 1971, Moriyama, one of Japan's most beloved contemporary artists, spent a month in New York City with a friend and while here shot more than two thousand negatives. The results of some extreme editing are on view for the first time—tightly composed, grainy black-and-white shots of empty hotel hallways, unabashedly Afroed pedestrians, and the nighttime street-corner mix of whizzing cars and lit-up theatre marquees emanate a sense of wonder at the city and the isolation of an outsider learning his way around. Through Nov. 2. (Roth Horowitz, 160A E. 70th St. 717-9067.)

JEFF WALL

Each of the black-and-white photographs and cibachrome transparencies in the latest show by the godfather of the staged photograph has its own poetry. The front gallery features everyday images the artist refers to as "near documentary," including a back alley at dawn and a group of pedestrians on an overpass toting belongings like urban Bedouins. The back room has the show's one pictorial triumph: a complex tableau illustrating a scene from Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man," with hundreds of light bulbs covering the ceiling of a cluttered apartment like glass stars in a low heaven. Through Nov. 2. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160.)

"INVISIBLE BEINGS"

Georgiana Houghton performed séances and other acts of miscellaneous spiritual invocation in eighteen-seventies London, and in collaboration with the studio of Fredrick Hudson created sepia-toned, carte-de-visite-size photographic records of her supposed mediumship. These weird, disturbing, at times even terrifying images pose rigid Victorians on high-backed chairs only to surround them with Symbolist-style emanations that either glow like Glinda or gesture ominously like Banquo. Even skeptical viewers will find themselves entranced. Through Nov. 14. (De Lellis, 47 E. 68th St. 327-1482.)

Short List

HORACE BRISTOL

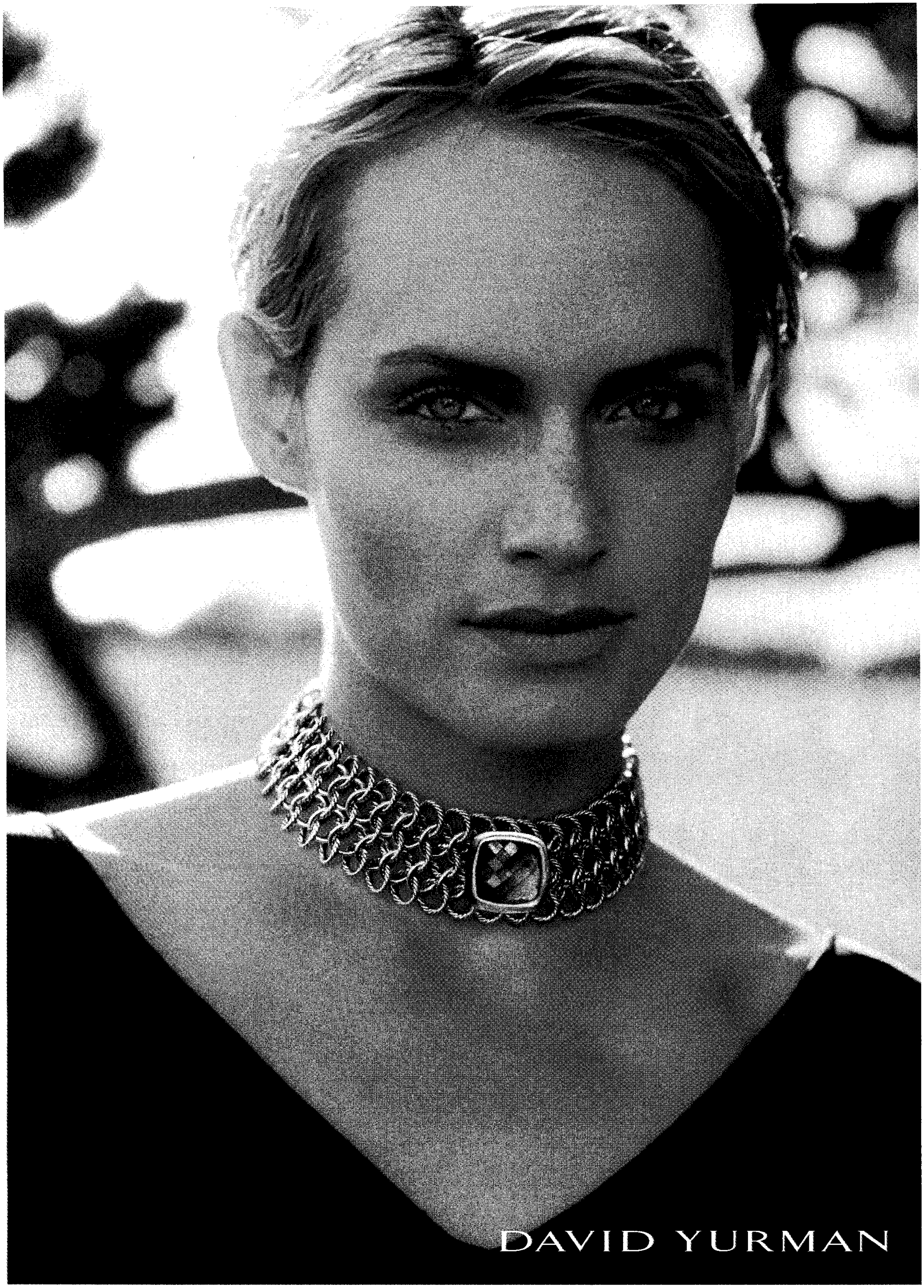
Robert Miller, 524 W. 26th St. 366-4774.
Through Oct. 12.

TERRY EVANS

Richardson, 535 W. 22nd St. 646-230-9610.
Through Oct. 12.

"VINTAGE NEW YORK"

Bateman, 560 Broadway. 925-7951.
Through Oct. 19.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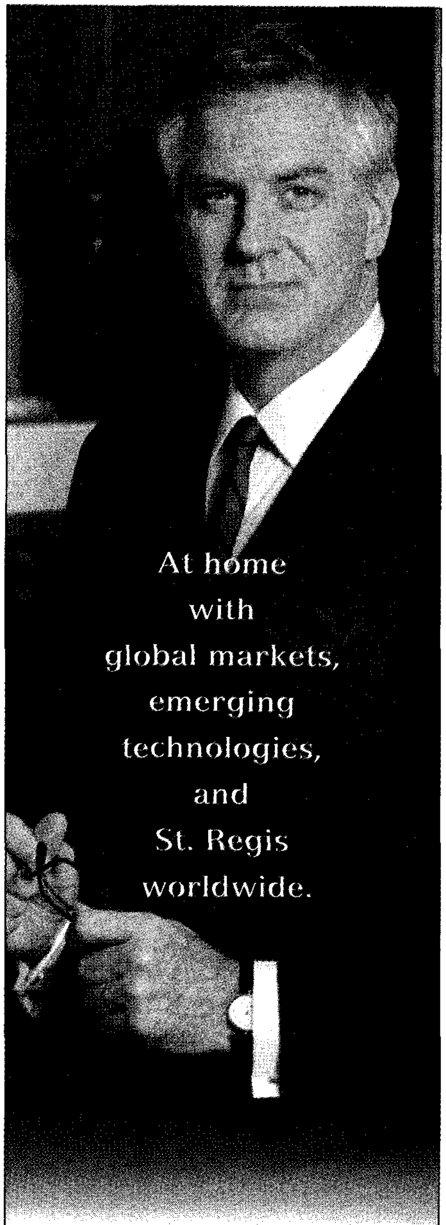

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AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S
Oct. 10 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: Americana, including folk art, furniture, rugs, decorative objects, and the Mastai collection of American flags and memorabilia. ♦ Oct. 16 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: "Magnificent Jewels." ♦ Oct. 19 at 2: French and English furniture and decorative art works from the estate of Ogden Phipps. Among the highlights of the auction is a pair of Louis XV Boulle marquetry-and-ebony bas d'armoires, expected to bring up to two million dollars. ♦ Oct. 22 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: Watches from various owners. ♦ Oct. 22 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: English and Continental silver, Russian works of art, and objects of virtu. ♦ Oct. 22 at 6:30 and Oct. 23 at 10:15 A.M.: An auction of photographs from the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, including works by Stieglitz, Evans, and Man Ray. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S
Oct. 9 at 2: Part II of the Malcolm Forbes collection of American historical documents. ♦ Oct. 10 at 10 A.M. and 2: A sale of wine. ♦ Oct. 11 at 10 A.M. and 2: Works of modern literature from the library of Roger Rechler. Among the selections are a first-edition copy of Ian Fleming's "Live and Let Die" inscribed to Winston Churchill and a first edition of Nabokov's "Ada, or Ardor" that contains annotations by the author and his wife, Véra, on nearly every page. ♦ Oct. 15 at 10 A.M., 2, and 5: "Magnificent Jewels." ♦ Oct. 16 at 10 A.M.: Musical instruments, including guitars, banjos, violins, and violas. ♦ Oct. 18 at 10 A.M. and 2: Carpets, porcelain, and French and Continental furniture. ♦ Oct. 22 at 10 A.M. and 2: Photographs. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.)

PHILLIPS
Oct. 22 at 2: The house opens its season with Part II of the John Hobbs collection of English and Continental furniture. (3 W. 57th St. 940-1200.)

SWANN
Oct. 9 at 10:30 A.M.: A hundred Art Nouveau posters, including a pair of Slavic nationalist posters by Mucha expected to bring approximately twenty thousand dollars. ♦ Oct. 10 at 10:30 A.M. and 2: Printed and manuscript Americana. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

INTERNATIONAL FINE ART AND ANTIQUE DEALERS SHOW
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CLASSICAL MUSIC

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Giordano's **"Andrea Chénier,"** with Plácido Domingo, Sylvie Valayre, Juan Pons, and Wendy White; James Levine conducts. (Oct. 9 at 8, Oct. 12 and Oct. 19 at 1, and Oct. 16 at 7:30.) ♦ **"Carmen,"** with Denyce Graves, Mary Mills, Clifton Forbis, and Ludovic Tézier; Yves Abel. (Oct. 10, Oct. 14, and Oct. 18 at 8 and Oct. 22 at 7:30.) ♦ **"Turandot,"** with Andrea Gruber, Hei-Kyung Hong, Vladimir Galouzine, and Hao Jiang Tian; Carlo Rizzi. (Oct. 11, Oct. 15, and Oct. 19 at 8.) ♦ **"La Cenerentola"** has come back to the Met, and everything about it is wonderful—not least the crazy but lovable production by Cesare Lievi, whose occasionally disruptive images (a flying donkey alighting on a church steeple out of de Chirico, a male chorus dressed like bowler-hatted gentlemen à la Magritte) are set within the serene, blue striped walls of a nineteenth-century palazzo. Sonia Ganassi's kindly mien and chocolate-brown mezzo-soprano make for a fine Cinderella, but the big attraction is Juan Diego Flórez as the Prince, whose spicy diction and effortless coloratura are irresistible. The rest of the cast—especially the bass-baritone John Relyea, as Alidoro—is superb; Edoardo Müller conducts. (Oct. 12 and Oct. 17 at 8. These are the final performances.) ♦ The first Met performance of Bellini's **"Il Pirata,"** with Renée Fleming and Marcello Giordani; Bruno Campanella. (Oct. 21 at 7.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
"Salome," with Eilana Lappalainen and Mark Delavan; George Manahan conducts. (Oct. 9 at 7:30.) ♦ With Kelly Anderson replacing Delavan. (Oct. 17 at 7:30 and Oct. 20 at 1:30. These are the final performances.) ♦ Mark Lamos's exquisite production of **"Madama Butterfly"** is itself the best reason to see this show at City Opera. The gentle modulations of Robert Wierzel's pastel lighting give the story a delicacy and nuance that is lacking in most of the performances—though the Russian soprano Maria Gavrilova, her voice both steely and pliant, makes Butterfly into a stubborn but affecting character. Also with Mika Shigematsu, Scott Piper, and Charles Robert Stephens; Brent McMunn. (Oct. 10 at 7:30, Oct. 12 at 1:30, and Oct. 19 at 8.) ♦ **"The Marriage of Figaro,"** with Ying Huang, Amy Burton, Kirstin Chávez, Nathan Berg, and Christopher Schaldenbrand; Steven Mosteller. (Oct. 11 at 8 and Oct. 13 and Oct. 19 at 1:30.) ♦ The first performances this season of **"La Traviata,"** with Pamela Armstrong, Jorge Antonio Pita, and Jason Howard; Steuart Bedford. (Oct. 12 at 1:30 and Oct. 18 at 8.) ♦ A new production of Chabrier's comedy **"L'Étoile,"** with Lauren Skuce, Jennifer Rivera, Robert Orth, Don Frazure, and Kevin Burdette; Manahan. (Oct. 22 at 7:30.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL: "THREE TALES"
The "documentary-video opera" (which employs live musicians performing in synch with the film), a triptych on the dangers of modern technology from the husband-and-wife team of Steve Reich and Beryl Korot, comes to Brooklyn for its New York première. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Oct. 16 and Oct. 18-19 at 7:30.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK
Eve Queler conducts a concert performance of Bizet's **"Les Pêcheurs de Perles,"** with Darina Takova, Daniil Shtoda, and Jean-Luc Chaignaud. (Carnegie Hall. 799-1982. Oct. 20 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Lorin Maazel leads the Philharmonic in an all-orchestral program of Barber, Hindemith ("Symphony: Mathis der Maler," one of the composer's most expansive and affecting works), and Tchaikovsky (the Fifth Symphony). (Oct. 9 at 7:30 and Oct. 12 at 8.) ♦ With Debussy's "La Mer" replacing the Hindemith. (Oct. 10 at 7:30.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5656.)

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY
Oct. 9 at 8: Conducting the first of two concerts, Michael Tilson Thomas opens a program of Bartók ("Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta") and Strauss with a bit of maverick Americana (Ruggles's craggy "Evocations"). ♦ Oct. 10 at 8: Thomas returns with Mahler's Symphony No. 3, performing it with the mezzo-soprano Michelle DeYoung, the American Boychoir, and the women of the Westminster Choir. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800.)

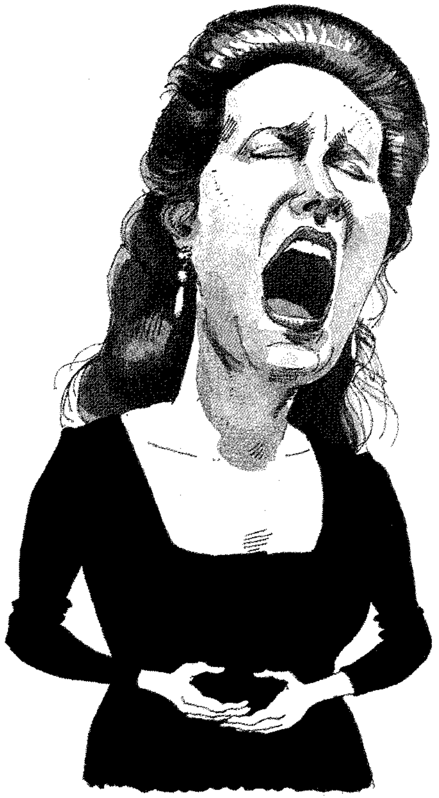
CARNEGIE HALL PERSPECTIVES SERIES: JAMES LEVINE
The second year of the conductor-pianist's series finds him exulting, as always, in the expressive grandeur and intellectual density of the late-Romantic and modernist composers. He conducts the Met Orchestra in a program that includes music by Nielsen (the Flute Concerto, with Michael Parloff) and Mahler (the First Symphony) as well as the première of a new work by the Chinese composer Hsueh-Yung Shen. (247-7800. Oct. 13 at 3.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts an all-Schumann program of consuming darkness, with the turbulent "Manfred" Overture and the nostalgic Cello Concerto (with Truls Mørk), leavened a little by the youthful intensity of the Symphony No. 4. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 15 at 8.)

ANDRÁS SCHIFF AND ORPHEUS
In the opening-night gala of the Great Performers series, the pianist partners the conductorless chamber orchestra in two Bach keyboard concertos; Beethoven's First Symphony concludes the program. (Avery Fisher Hall. 721-6500. Oct. 16 at 8.)

RECITALS

NEW YORK FESTIVAL OF SONG
Texts by Shakespeare are the common thread among songs by a mess of composers (such as Brahms, Finzi, Thomson, and Kabalevsky) in the series' first concert of the season. Jennifer Alymer, Rufus Müller, and Anton Belov are the singers; Steven Blier is at the piano. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 9 at 8.)



Lorraine Hunt Lieberson sings at Alice Tully Hall on October 20.

BARGEMUSIC
Oct. 10-11 at 7:30: An all-Strauss program of chamber works, played by the violinist Ilya Gruber, the pianist Jerome Lowenthal, and others. ♦ Oct. 19 at 7:30 and Oct. 20 at 4: Finnish music is the focus for a pair of concerts, with the violinist Cecilia Zilliacus, the cellist Martti Rousi, and others performing works by Rautavaara and Sibelius (the String Quartet, "Voces Intimae"). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

MILLER THEATRE
Oct. 12 at 8: The pianist Angela Hewitt plays Bach's Goldberg Variations. ♦ Oct. 19 at 8: A retrospective devoted to the downtown composer David Lang, featuring the U.S. première of his haunting quasi-concerto "The Passing Measures," along with two new works. (Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799.)

STEFAN WOLPE CENTENNIAL
Wolpe, one of the most challenging yet rewarding composers of the last century, created a body of work parallel to that of the Abstract Expressionist painters, many of whom were close friends. The cellist Fred Sherry is among the performers for a series of celebratory concerts at Merkin Concert Hall, which begins with a program of Wolpe ("The Man from Midian") and Busoni (the "Fantasia Contrappuntistica") performed by the Bugallo/Williams Piano Duo. (Oct. 12 at 8.) ♦ Three more concerts, featuring works by Wolpe, Feldman, and Schoenberg. (Oct. 13 at 2, 4:30, and 7.) (129 W. 67th St. 501-3330.)

JOE CIARDIELLO

WOLF'S "ITALIENISCHES LIEDERBUCH"
A very rare complete performance of Wolf's wondrously delicate cycle on Italian court and folk poetry, by Angela Denoke and Thomas Quasthoff (with Daniel Barenboim at the piano). (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 14 at 7:30.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME CONCERTS
Donald Berman performs the second of four concerts celebrating the generations of American artists who have created music at the Academy, playing solo piano works by Kamran Ince, George Rochberg, Harold Shapero, and others. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 16 at 8.)

ANNE-SOPHIE MUTTER: "SONG AND DANCE"
The violinist plays music by Brahms, Kreisler, Gershwin, Fauré, and her new husband, André Previn. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Oct. 17 at 7:30.)

LORRAINE HUNT LIEBERSON
The radiant American soprano offers a recital of songs by Debussy, Mahler, Rodrigo, Schubert, and Ricky Ian Gordon, along with two Handel arias. (Alice Tully Hall. 721-6500. Oct. 20 at 2.)

ANONYMOUS 4: "LA BELLE MARIE"
Songs of praise from medieval France, sung by the luminous female quartet. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. 666-9266. Oct. 20 at 4.)

SONIC BOOM FESTIVAL
The marathon festival of new music takes over the Knitting Factory for six hours of concerts by such groups as Newband, the Da Capo Chamber Players, and Ethel. (74 Leonard St. 219-3006. Oct. 20 at 4.)

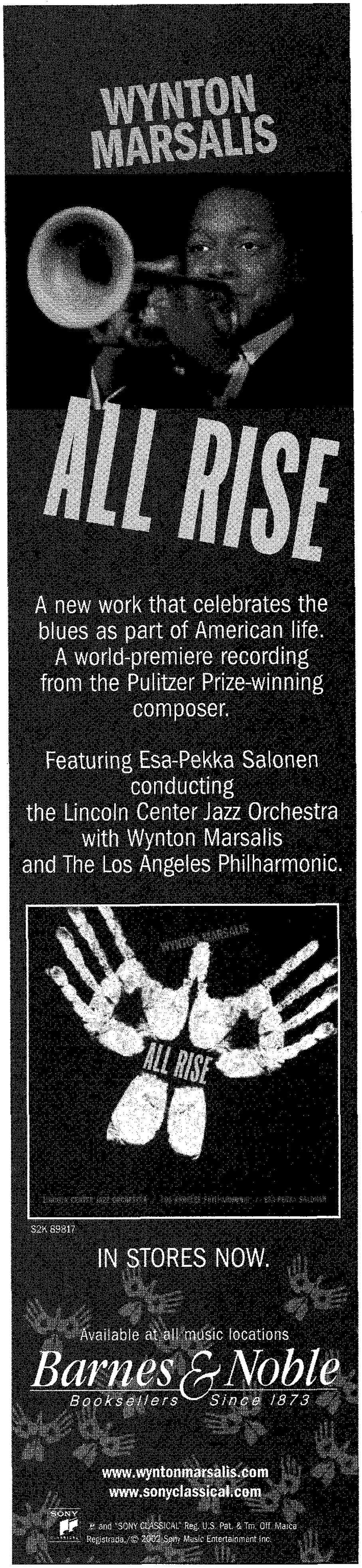
CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
David Shifrin is the soloist in the world première of the chamber version of Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Clarinet Concerto, the highlight of a program that also includes music by Mozart and Handel. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5788. Oct. 20 at 5 and Oct. 22 at 7:30.)

SEQUITUR
The new-music series, renowned for its smartly integrated programs, presents chronologically themed works by Tower, Bresnick, Ligeti (the "Poème Symphonique," for which the presenters are rounding up the requisite one hundred mechanical metronomes), and Foss (the classic song set "Time Cycle"). (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 501-3330. Oct. 20 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

READINGS
Oct. 10 at 7: Sandra Cisneros, Nikki Giovanni, Gerald Stern, and other poets celebrate the tenth anniversary of Poetry in Motion, the wonderful program that puts verse in the subways and buses. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.) ♦ Oct. 12 at 4: Wole Soyinka reads from his poetry. (Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. Tickets at the door.) ♦ Oct. 15 at 7: The poets Matthea Harvey and August Kleinzahler read from their work. (Russian Samovar, 256 W. 52nd St. Tickets at the door.) ♦ Oct. 17 at 7:30: Jonathan Ames, Melissa Bank, Matthew Klam, David Rakoff, and Augusten Burroughs read from selections of their humorous writing, in a performance to benefit the Bellevue/N.Y.U. Program for Survivors of Torture. (Joe's Pub, 425 Lafayette St. 539-8770.)

TALKS
Oct. 12 at 4: John Foley, the author of the forthcoming tutorial "How to Read an Oral Poem," talks about the history of epics and ballads. (Poets House, 72 Spring St., 2nd floor. For more information, call 431-7920.) ♦ Oct. 16 at 5:30: The art historian Eric Shanes holds forth on the Turner oils at the Frick Collection. (1 E. 70th St. 288-0700.) ♦ Oct. 16 at 7: John C. Kricher, a biology professor at Wheaton College and a longtime bird-watcher, talks about the need for conservation. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. 769-5100.) ♦ Oct. 22 at 6:30: William Gass discusses Gertrude Stein's "Three Lives." (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.)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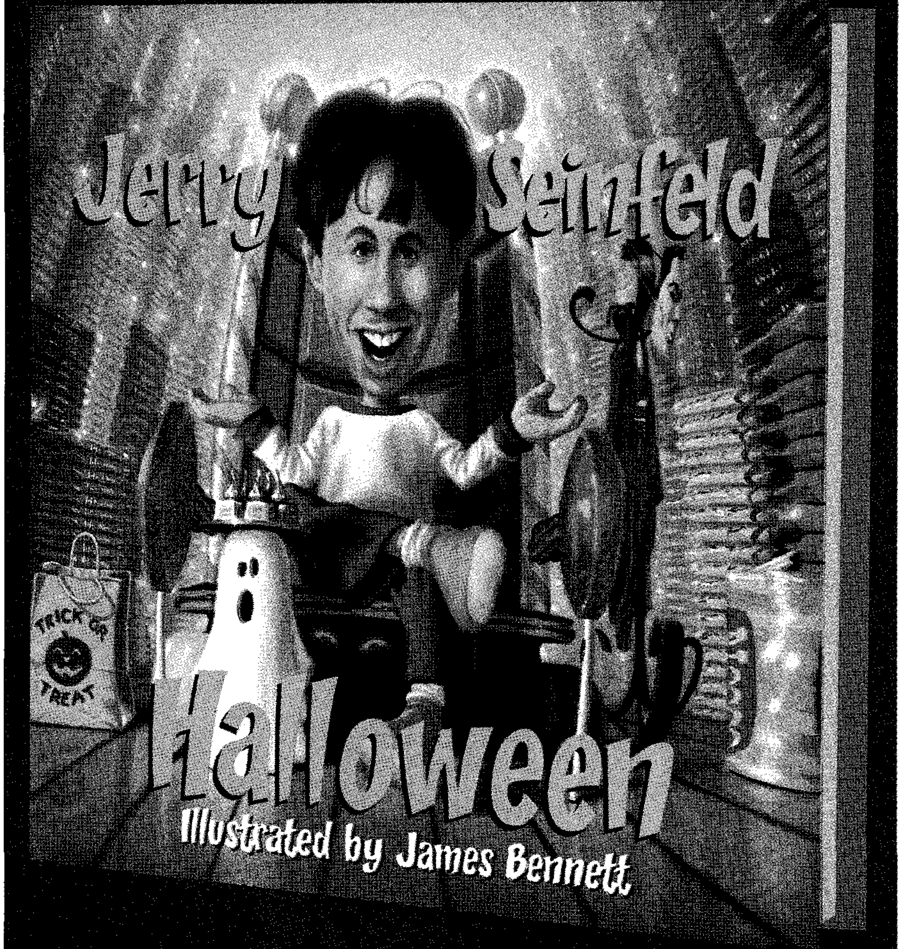

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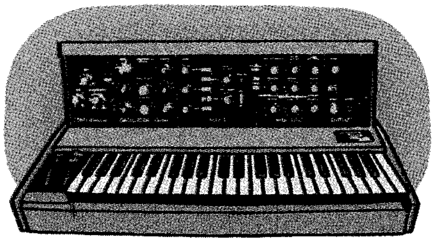
On Instruments

Robert Moog's moment of revelation came in 1964 when he and a colleague realized the acoustic possibilities of a pair of voltage-controlled oscillators. "It was my turn for my head to blow," he recalls in **ANALOG DAYS**, by Trevor Pinch and Frank Trocco (Harvard), a history of the Moog synthesizer. Electronic sound had, until then, been the province of the classical avant-garde, but the Moog came to dominate the counterculture—so much so that Mick Jagger hired one of Moog's staffers in 1968 to teach him how to play it.


MICHAEL KUPPERMAN

Most musical instruments have less definite birth dates. The clavichord probably developed from precursors like the monochord and the psaltery sometime in the fifteenth century, but no one knows exactly how. Bernard Brauchli's **THE CLAVICHORD** (Cambridge) exhaustively charts the instrument's four-century career until its decline, in the mid-nineteenth century, when its extreme quietness put it at a disadvantage against the early piano. While music historians tend to dismiss the clavichord as a curio, Brauchli shows that it was crucial to music-making in intimate domestic settings and capable of expressive effects, like vibrato, impossible on other keyboard instruments.

A domestic ethos of a rather different kind influenced the rise of the Victorian reed organs celebrated in **MANUFACTURING THE MUSE**, by Dennis G. Waring (Wesleyan). Cheaper than a piano, these parlor organs appealed to the aspirations of the growing American middle class. Waring focusses on the Estey company of Vermont, whose instruments graced hundreds of thousands of drawing rooms, parlors, and churches. An accompanying CD showcases a dozen surviving instruments warbling such Victorian favorites as "Oh! Susanna" and "The Last Rose of Summer."

—*Leo Carey*

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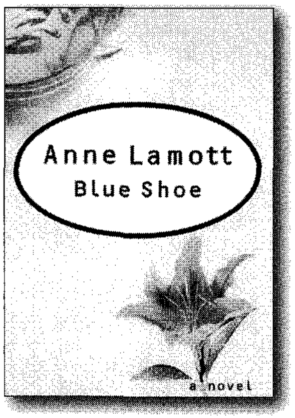
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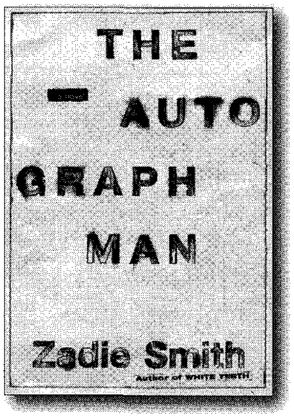
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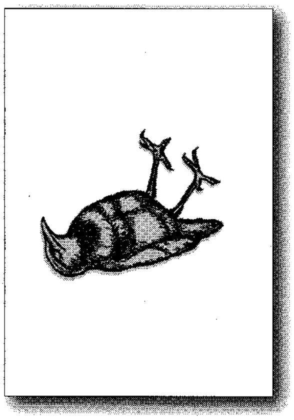
Zadie Smith
Author of WHITE TEETH



Lullaby

by Chuck Palahniuk

Discovering that a haunting lullaby in a book of rhymes has the power to kill, a reporter embarks on a crusade to locate and destroy all copies of it. (Doubleday)

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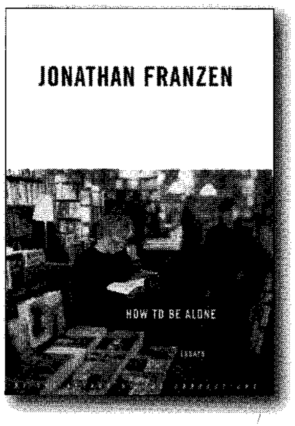
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A collection of essays by the author of *The Corrections* explores everything from the state of the American novel to the sex advice industry to a collision with Oprah. (FSG)

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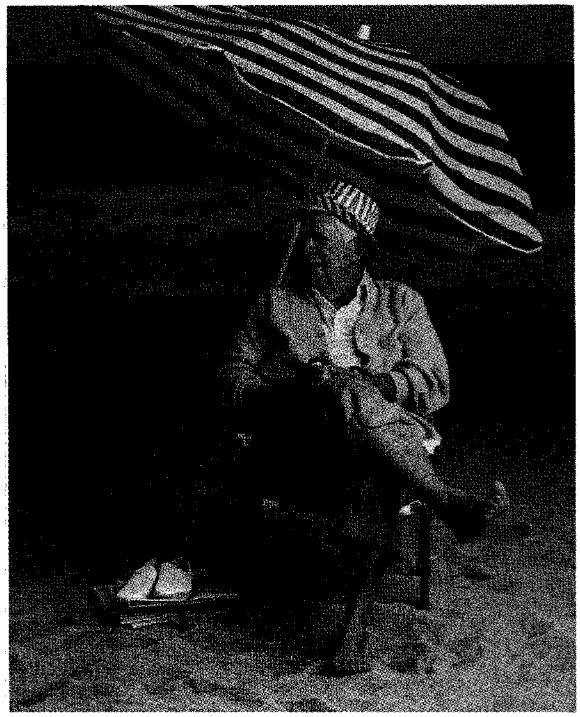

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MOVIES OPENING

ABANDON
Stephen Gaghan, the screenwriter of "Traffic," wrote and directed this thriller about a college student (Katie Holmes) whose boyfriend has disappeared. With Benjamin Bratt. Opening Oct. 18.

ASH WEDNESDAY
A new movie by Edward Burns, in which he plays a man trying to save his younger brother (Elijah Wood) from his Mafia past. Opening Oct. 11. (Sutton 1 and 2.)

AUTO FOCUS
A bio-pic about the actor Bob Crane (Greg Kinnear), who starred in the sitcom "Hogan's Heroes" and videotaped his sexual exploits. With Willem Dafoe as Crane's cameraman and friend. Directed by Paul Schrader. Opening Oct. 18.

BELOW
David Twohy ("Pitch Black") directed this horror film, set during the Second World War, about a haunted submarine. With Bruce Greenwood and Olivia Williams. Opening Oct. 11.

BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE
Michael Moore's new documentary looks at America's gun culture. Opening Oct. 11.

BROWN SUGAR
Sanaa Lathan and Taye Diggs star in a romantic comedy set in New York's hip-hop community. Also with Mos Def and Boris Kodjoe. Opening Oct. 11.

THE BUSINESS OF FANCYDANCING
A drama written and directed by Sherman Alexie, about a gay Indian poet (Evan Adams) who returns to his reservation for the funeral of a childhood friend. Opening Oct. 18. (Angelika Film Center.)

COMEDIAN
A documentary about Jerry Seinfeld's standup-comedy tour. Opening Oct. 11.

CUBAN LEGEND
Bette Wanderman's cinematic tribute to the artist Salvador Gonzalez. Opening Oct. 11. (Cinema Village.)

FAMILY FUNDAMENTALS
Arthur Dong directed this portrait of three sets of religiously conservative, prominent parents and their relationships with their gay children. Opening Oct. 11. (Quad Cinema.)

FIDEL
A documentary about the Cuban leader, directed by Estela Bravo. In Spanish. Opening Oct. 18. (BAM Rose Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

FORMULA 51
Samuel L. Jackson plays a chemist who travels to England to introduce a new designer drug to the club scene, only to be double-crossed at every turn. Directed by Ronny Yu. Opening Oct. 18.

THE GREY ZONE
A drama about the special squads of Jewish prisoners who worked for the Nazis in the concentration camps. Tim Blake Nelson wrote and directed. The ensemble cast includes Steve Buscemi, Mira Sorvino, and Harvey Keitel. Opening Oct. 18.

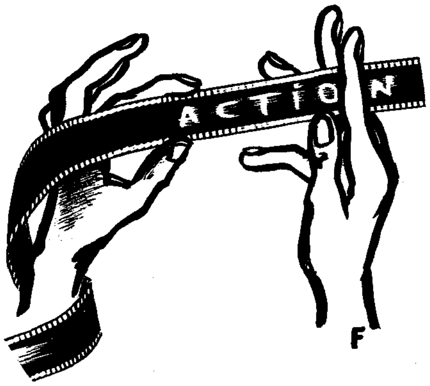
HOW TO DRAW A BUNNY
Christo, Chuck Close, James Rosenquist, and others discuss the life of Ray Johnson, "New York's most famous unknown artist," in a documentary directed by John Walter. Opening Oct. 9. (Film Forum.)

JONAH: A VEGGIE TALES MOVIE
An animated children's film, featuring talking vegetables, that retells the Biblical story of Jonah and the whale. Opening Oct. 18.

KNOCKAROUND GUYS
Four sons of Brooklyn mobsters misplace a bag of money in a Montana town, in a comedy written and directed by Brian Koppelman and David Levien. With John Malkovich, Seth Green, Dennis Hopper, and Vin Diesel. Opening Oct. 11.

NAQOYQATSI
The third film in Godfrey Reggio's *qatsi* trilogy, a cascade of images organized around the theme "Life as War." Philip Glass wrote the score, which features Yo-Yo Ma. Opening Oct. 18.

ON GUARD
Noblemen cross swords over a royal inheritance, in an action movie set in the French Regency period. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. Philippe de Broca directed. In French. Opening Oct. 18. (Paris.)



POKEMON 4EVER
The further adventures of Ash, Pikachu, and friends. Opening Oct. 11.

PUNCH-DRUNK LOVE
Paul Thomas Anderson's new movie stars Adam Sandler as a warehouse manager who has trouble controlling his anger. Emily Watson plays his love interest. Also with Philip Seymour Hoffman and Luis Guzmán. Opening Oct. 11.

REAL WOMEN HAVE CURVES
The story of a young Latina woman (America Ferrera) living in Los Angeles, and her relationship with her more traditional mother (Lupe Ontiveros). The feature-film début of the director Patricia Cardoso. Opening Oct. 18.

THE RING
Gore Verbinski ("The Mexican") directed this remake of a Japanese film about a videotape that kills anyone who watches it. With Naomi Watts and Brian Cox. Opening Oct. 18.

THE RULES OF ATTRACTION
Roger Avary adapts Bret Easton Ellis's novel about a campus drug dealer (James Van Der Beek) at an exclusive college. With Shannyn Sossamon and Fred Savage. Opening Oct. 11.

SAFE CONDUCT
Bertrand Tavernier's drama portrays two French filmmakers and the choices they make under German occupation. With Jacques Gamblin and Denis Podalydès. In French. Opening Oct. 11.

STEALING THE FIRE
A documentary directed by John S. Friedman that investigates Iraq's nuclear-weapons program. Opening Oct. 16. (Cinema Village.)

SWEPT AWAY
Guy Ritchie directed this remake of an Italian drama in which a wealthy socialite (Madonna) and a sailor (Adriano Giannini) get stranded on a deserted island. Opening Oct. 11.

TAKE CARE OF MY CAT
Jae-eun Jeong's début film is a drama about a close-knit circle of girlfriends living in the industrial city of Inchon, South Korea. In Korean. Opening Oct. 18. (Quad Cinema.)

THE TRANSPORTER
Corey Yuen directed this thriller in which a professional courier (Jason Statham) discovers that the package he's smuggling contains a live woman (Qi Shu). Opening Oct. 11.

TUCK EVERLASTING
An adaptation of the children's novel about a Victorian family who drink water from a spring that makes them immortal. With Alexis Bledel, Sissy Spacek, William Hurt, and Ben Kingsley. Opening Oct. 11.

WHITE OLEANDER
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Oct. 11.

FILM NOTES

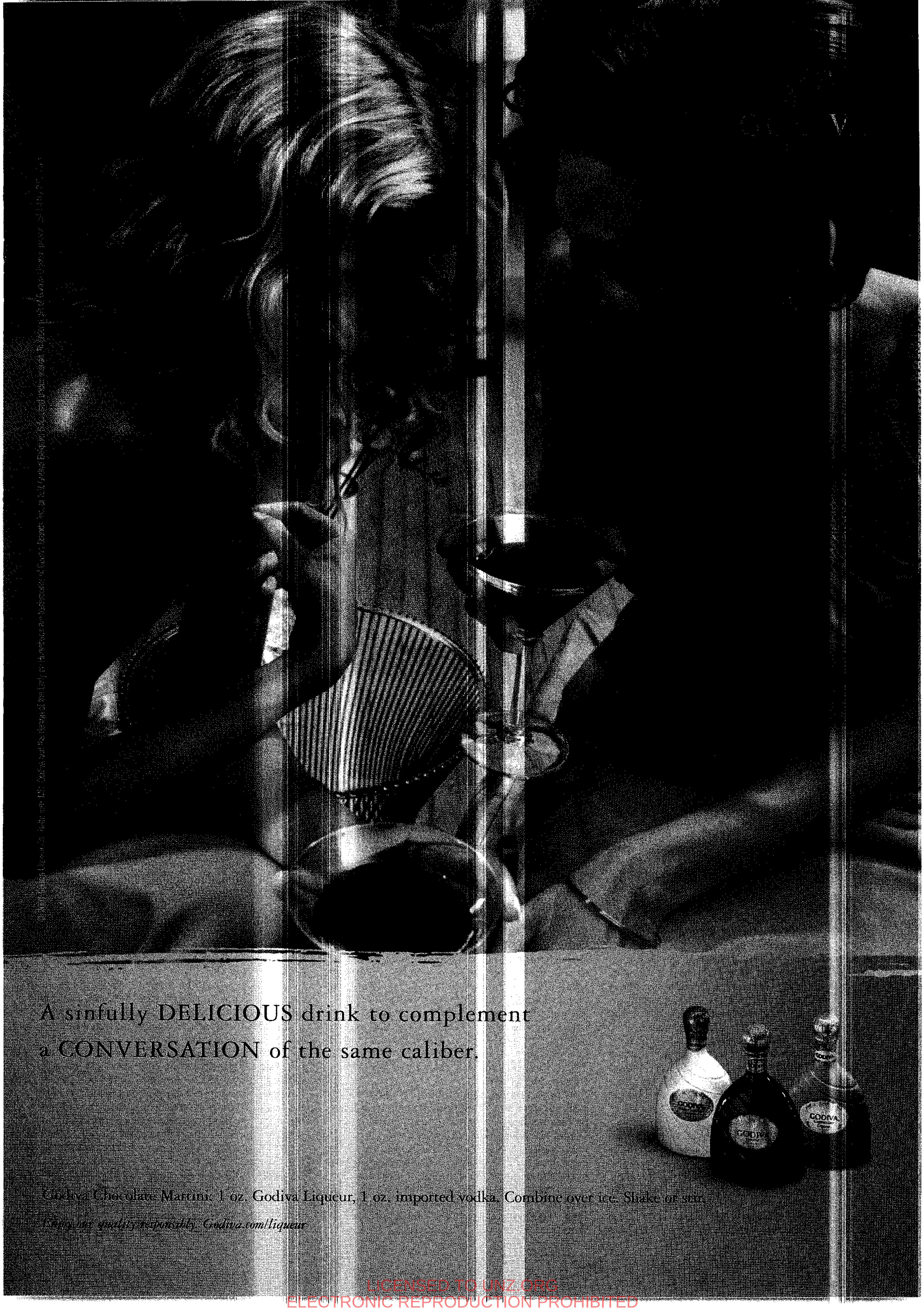
ALL THAT HEAVEN ALLOWS
A trashy love story about the attraction between a natural man (Rock Hudson, as a New England tree surgeon) and a frustrated-by-respectability rich widow (Jane Wyman) who is some fifteen years older than he and has two grown children. Hudson and Wyman are hardly an electric combination, but this 1955 Ross Hunter production is made with so much symbolism that some people actually see it as allegorical. Its reputation derives from the slurpy, peculiarly glossy intensity of Douglas Sirk's direction, the same sort of pop spirituality that he had brought to Ross Hunter's "Magnificent Obsession," with the same two stars, the year before. Sirk's blend of Germanic kitsch and Hollywood kitsch was a major influence on Fassbinder, whose work is a further formalization of Sirk's schematic sentimentality.—*Pauline Kael* (Moving Image; Oct. 19-20.)

BARBERSHOP
A mellow, good-spirited comedy set on the South Side of Chicago, in which a restless young man (Ice Cube) comes to understand the value of his father's business. There's the college-educated barber (Sean Patrick Thomas), the rap-star barber (Eve), the gangster barber (Michael Ealy), the white b-boy barber (Troy Garity), and an old guy who plays checkers all day. These characters bounce off each other according to type, but every now and then someone gets off an original line. The most impressive performance is given by Cedric the Entertainer. Made up to look like a latter-day Frederick Douglass, he's a raspy-voiced sage unafraid to take down Rosa Parks, of all people. His rants get the whole shop up in arms, with everyone cracking wise.—*Michael Agger* (Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

BLOODY SUNDAY
A stunning re-creation of events that took place in 1972 in Londonderry, Northern Ireland, when British paratroopers, trying to restore order after a particularly unruly period, opened fire on a peaceful demonstration, and fourteen Irish Catholic civil-rights protesters died. The British writer-director Paul Greengrass uses a handheld camera that tilts, skitters, and pitches about madly as it makes its way among the seething Irish and the frightened British soldiers. The actors are caught on the run, saying their lines quickly and harshly as they run in and out of rooms or move through the crowds, which come together, break, and re-form like foam on a beach. With James Nesbitt as the Irish member of Parliament who led the march and who believed in Martin Luther King, Jr., and a strategy of nonviolence. The movie is his tragedy—the tragedy of innocence.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/02.) (Lincoln Square and Union Square.)

8 WOMEN
François Ozon's new picture is a tonic of sorts, a hot-hued, postmodern, murder-mystery musical hen party. The setting is virginal and unashamedly fake—a snowbound house interrupted by the arrival of a horde of famous French actresses. The wisest way to list them without giving offense is alphabetically: Fanny Ardant, Emmanuelle Béart, Danielle Darrieux, Catherine Deneuve, Isabelle Huppert, Virginie Ledoyen, Firmine Richard, and Ludivine Sagnier. For sheer fetishistic whoopee, there is very little to rival the sight of Deneuve and Ardant getting into a catfight, all hisses and claws, and then sinking to the floor to stroke each other's whiskers. Ozon plainly worships the idea of the grande dame, and the movie allows him both to honor and deride his own devotion. There's lots of dancing, a striptease, and a surfeit of arch self-consciousness. Yet something of substance does creep through this concoction. In the competitive jostling of the women, we sense the eternal face-off of beauty against the beast of time. Nobody is more touching in this regard than Darrieux, her soft wrinkles unable to erode the exquisite heroines she once incarnated for Max Ophuls. In French.—*Anthony Lane* (9/16/02) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Kew Gardens Cinema, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Sunshine Cinema.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS
The story has been filmed four times, so why choose this moment for a fresh assault? Set in the late Victorian Age, the movie tells of a group of young British officers who go off to fight for Queen and country in the Sudan. When their commander describes the enemy as "Muhammadan fanatics," a frisson is presumably meant to run through the theatre. The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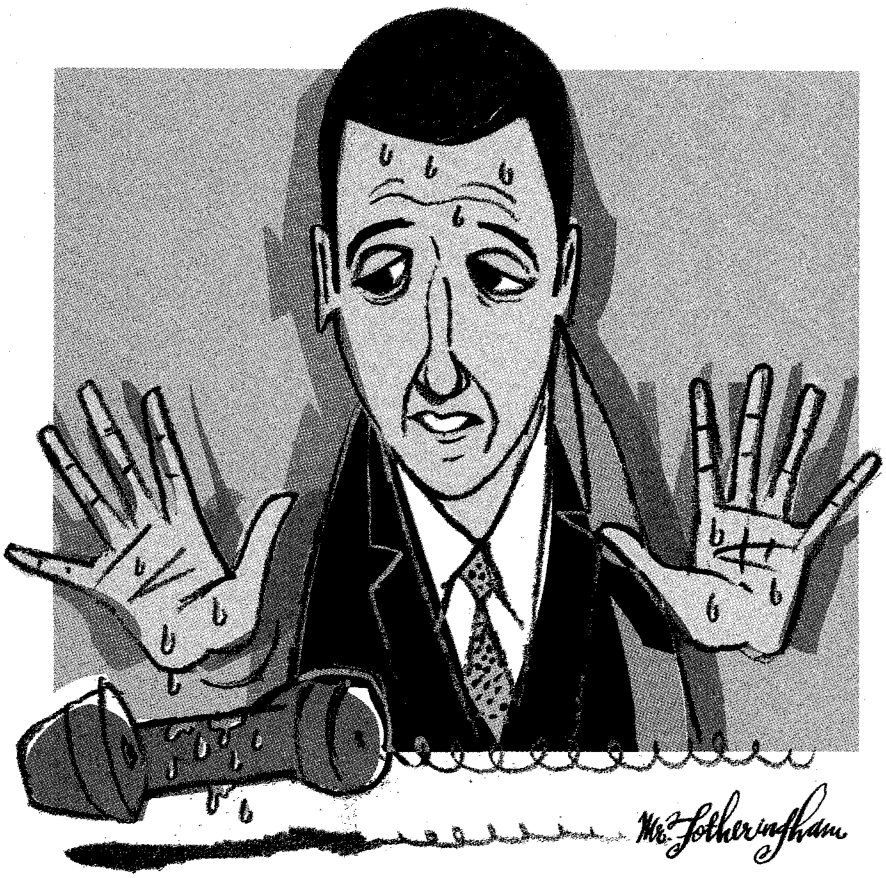
film, directed by Shekhar Kapur, labors hard to match bravery against the follies of imperial rule, but the miscasting is almost impressive in its range. Kate Hudson has a wholly modern air that no layers of costume can stifle, while Heath Ledger, being Australian, has the openness and unstarched humor that people, then as now, left England in order to acquire. Alex Jennings gets the period snap right as the iron-backed Colonel Hamilton, and Djimon Hounsou is a convincingly charismatic tribesman. But, by this time, the movie has already collapsed, and there are stretches when coherence becomes a distant dream.—*A.L.* (9/30/02) (Battery Park 16, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 72nd Street East, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)



Adam Sandler in Paul Thomas Anderson's "Punch-Drunk Love."

EDWIN FOTHERINGHAM

THE FOUR FEATHERS (1939)
The Technicolor version of A. E. W. Mason's Sudanese adventure—produced, directed, and designed, respectively, by Alexander, Zoltan, and Vincent Korda—is one of the most thrilling and harshly beautiful of all desert spectacles and the true predecessor to "Lawrence of Arabia." It captures the headiness as well as the horror of imperial conquest; the Kordas and the screenwriter, R. C. Sherriff, satirize colonial and military traditions without diluting their intensity. John Clements, who stars, is skillful enough to convey that Harry Feversham, the British officer who resigns rather than fight Islamic fanatics in a "disastrous Egyptian adventure," is not a simple coward, but a man afraid of being a coward. And Ralph Richardson as Feversham's friend and opposite number, the dedicated soldier Durrance, is unexpectedly heartrending.—*Michael Sragow* (Moving Image; Oct. 13.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS
David Lean directed this handsome 1946 British production from J. Arthur Rank; it takes us back to that period in English letters when heroes had nice manners, a story had sweep and flourish, and all the stray subplots were gathered up and "rhymed." The rather creamy look (like an expensive gift edition of a classic) is not particularly appropriate to Dickens, but the film has a strong style that is very different from Lean's earlier work. He seems finally to have let go—to have pulled out all the stops. The film is emotional, exciting, full of action; sequences are planned in terms of heightened dramatic contrasts and sudden, scary tensions. This hyperbolic style rushes us past the awkward bits of staging and the slight dissatisfaction we may feel about the boy Pip (Anthony Wager) turning into John Mills, who plays his role very tentatively—almost as if he were trying out for it. The rest of the cast, though, is close to miraculous.—*P.K.* (Museum of Modern Art; Oct. 13.)

IGBY GOES DOWN
A drama that treads deep into the heart of Salinger country: Kieran Culkin is Igby, late of military school, now sulking in Manhattan and running amok with his mother's credit card. Burr Steers, in his début as a writer-director, seems to remember only Holden Caulfield's alienation, and none of the self-scrutiny—the sense that rebellion is a pose like any other—which makes that novel more than just a kiss-off. The movie has a cold and sour take on the rich and feckless, and the decision to open the film with Igby and his brother (Ryan Phillippe) euthanizing their mother (Susan Sarandon) doesn't exactly leave a lot of room to maneuver. There are a few affecting scenes with Igby's mentally unstable father (Bill Pullman), but none of the nuanced emotional progression that the story needs to have genuine impact. With Claire Danes as a Bennington poetess and Amanda Peet as a SoHo mistress.—*M.A.* (BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.)

MOONLIGHT MILE
A feel-good picture about feeling bad. Jake Gyllenhaal stars as a directionless young man who moves in with his fiancée's parents (Susan Sarandon and Dustin Hoffman) after she is murdered. The writer-director Brad Silberling makes an honest attempt at examining what it takes to overcome sorrow, and his movie is never maudlin, but he's written characters that behave so well that there's little conflict left for dramatization. Sarandon and Hoffman give their impeccably shot scenes a much needed nervous buzz, and, while Gyllenhaal is a terrific actor, his sleepy, doe-eyed beauty works against him here. His passiveness deepens the onscreen lethargy. Only Ellen Pompeo, in her role as a waitress who falls in love with Gyllenhaal's grieving character, brings warmth and energy.—*Bruce Diones* (Angelika Film Center, Cinema 1, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, and Village East Cinemas.)

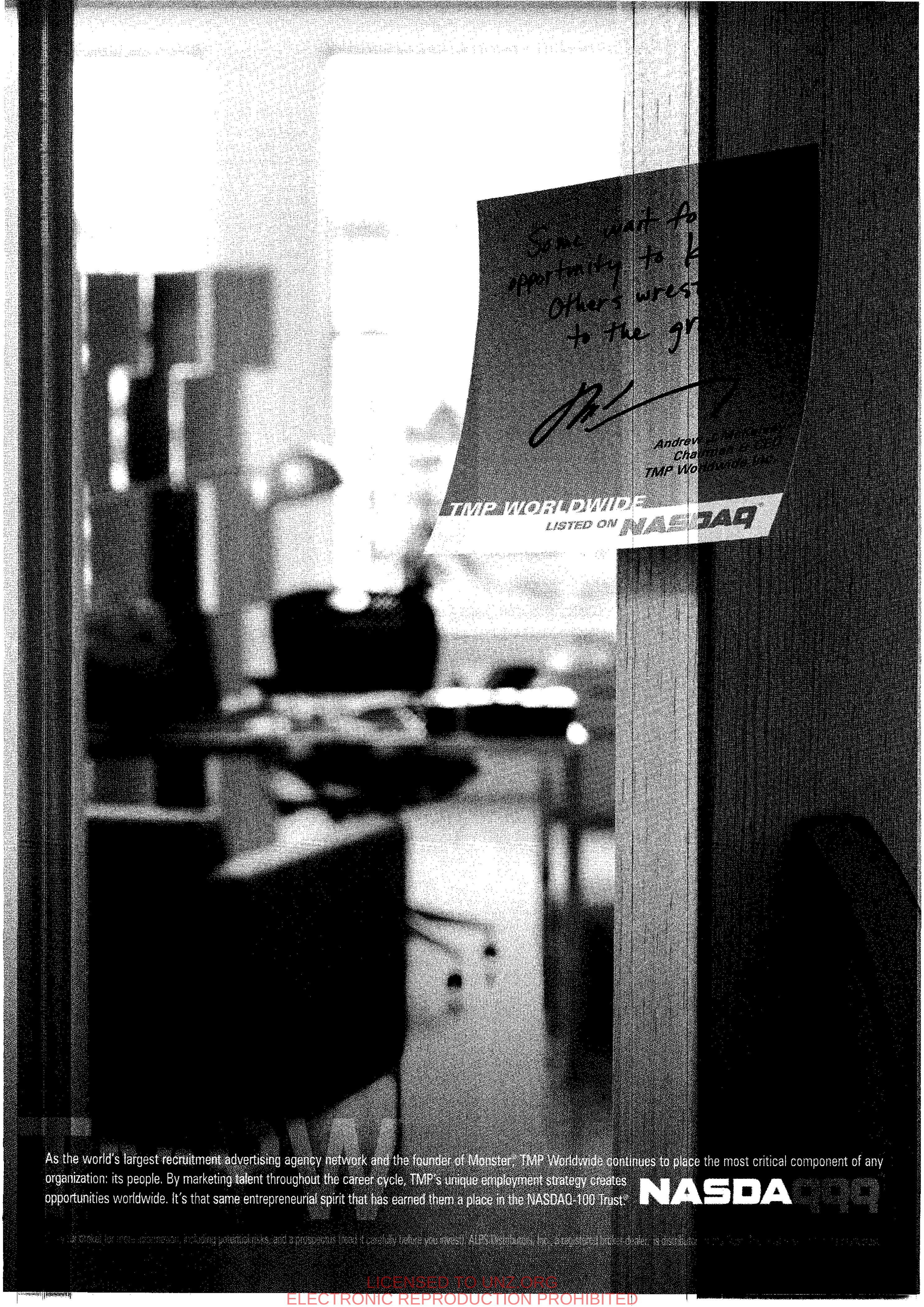
MY BIG FAT GREEK WEDDING
This small, inexpensively made independent movie has become a commercial phenomenon, drawing out homebound older moviegoers who had largely been resigned to watching sitcoms. The trouble is, the movie is not all that different from a sitcom. Nia Vardalos, who developed the material from her own experience, is Toula, a thirty-year-old unmarried "seating hostess" at a restaurant run by her Greek-American family in Chicago. The family considers Toula a disgrace and pursues her like the Furies, hounding her with lousy advice and overloaded plates of lamb and baklava. When a blandly handsome Wasp named Ian (John Corbett) enters the scene and begins dating Toula, the family goes haywire. The director, Joel Zwick, has a gentle touch: some of the behavior onscreen may be crass, but the movie itself isn't crassly made. The conventionality of it all is depressing, though. With Michael Constantine as the self-pitying, tyrannical head of the family, Lainie Kazan as Toula's mother, and the expert needle-nosed farceur Andrea Martin as one of the lamb-bearing aunts.—*D.D.* (9/23/02) (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kew Gardens Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Theatre, and Village East Cinemas.)

REBECCA
Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. This 1940 film features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances; he seems pinched and too calculated—but even when he's uncomfortable in his role he's more fascinating than most actors. Joan Fontaine gives one of her rare really fine performances—she makes her character's shyness deeply charming. With Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates, who all show their flair for playing rotten people.—*P.K.* (Thalia Theatre; Oct. 13.)

RED DRAGON
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

SECRETARY
A comic porno-fantasy shot by the director Steven Shainberg in a slow, dreamy, neo-De Palma style with a candy-colored palette. Maggie Gyllenhaal is a masochistic girl who finds happiness working for a creepy lawyer (James Spader) who regularly whacks her on the fanny. Gyllenhaal has a Kewpie-doll silliness that almost makes the naughty parts of the movie fun, but Shainberg takes forever to get the story going and lacks the stylistic panache to pull off his pain-is-liberation premise. The movie is a piece of brazen anti-feminism that says, "If pain is your thing, you go, girl!"—*D.D.* (9/23/02) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and 64th and 2nd.)

SPIRITED AWAY
In his native Japan, the animator-director Hayao Miyazaki is considered a national treasure, and this movie, which he came out of retirement to complete, recently surpassed "Titanic" as that country's highest-grossing picture. It's an amazing work, filled with a visual intelligence that's meticulously composed and obscenely clever. Miyazaki's playful aesthetic is like a Japanese word that can't be adequately translated, best approximated as part Spielberg, part Dr. Seuss. "Mature" American audiences may be put off at first by a film that is essentially a cartoon about a fearful ten-year-old girl. But as the hero, Chihiro, sees her parents turned into swine and flees into an alternate world filled with the creatures of Japanese mythology and of Miyazaki's own invention, any distracting sense of childishness falls away. Left to savor are virtuoso touches, like a flock of birds that becomes useless paper, a train that glides along the surface of a lake, and one of the great villains of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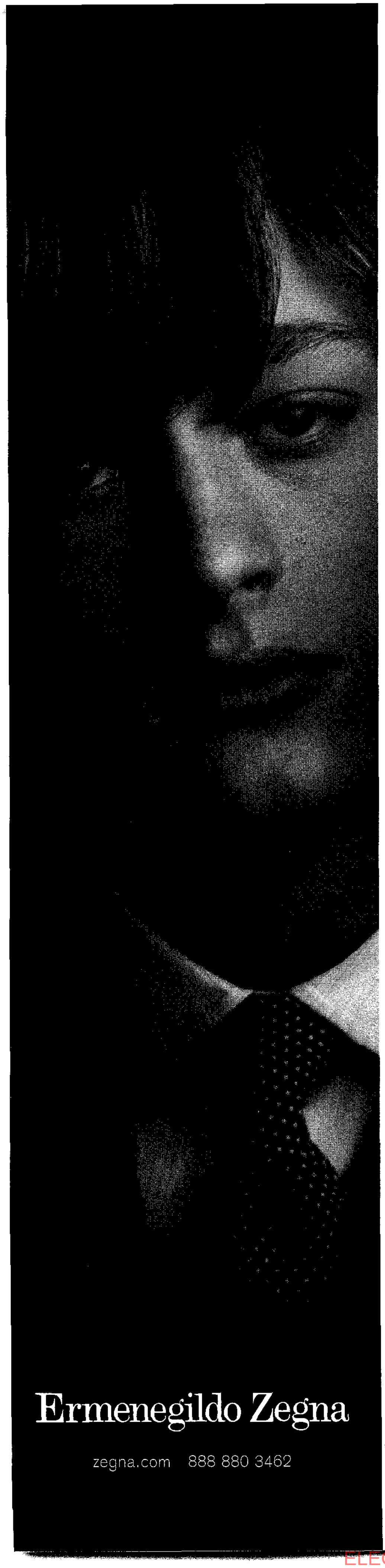
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all time, Yubaba, who looks like a bobble-headed grandmother on speed.—*M.A.* (East 86th Street Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, and Sunshine Cinema.)

SWEET HOME ALABAMA
Among the many talents of Reese Witherspoon is the ability to hang around in movies that are unworthy of her, and thus to shine all the brighter. After "Legally Blonde," she's chosen to play yet another fish out of water: Melanie, a fashion designer with a guy problem and a background problem. Andrew (Patrick Dempsey) wants to make her his bride, but standing in her way is Andrew's ice-queen mother (Candice Bergen), who's also the mayor of New York, and the unpleasant fact that she's already married to Jake (Josh Lucas), the love of her former life in Alabama, who is now covered in facial hair and engine oil. Reese may want to forget this trifle by Christmas, yet the movie allows her to sharpen her grasp of a steely American type: the girl next door who will kill to get out of town.—*A.L.* (9/30/02) (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

THE TRIALS OF HENRY KISSINGER
A brisk, half-convincing trial in absentia of the former Secretary of State. The movie asks: if Milosevic and Pinochet have been hauled before courts, shouldn't Kissinger also be held legally responsible for what his Cold War policies led to in Cambodia, in Chile, and in East Timor? The movie, funded by the BBC, is based on Christopher Hitchens's 2001 book, and Hitchens, who has a fondness for moral melodrama, figures prominently in the movie, backed up by the sombre British journalist William Shawcross, the investigative reporter Seymour Hersh, and a variety of jurists and former Kissinger aides. The producer-director team of Eugene Jarecki and Alex Gibney employ the usual mosaic style of film journalism, in which short interview and newsreel fragments are joined together with voice-over narration (spoken by Brian Cox). The method of pointed assemblage is useful for conveying a great deal of information quickly, but it's inadequate for a subject of this gravity, which requires the patience and thoughtfulness of Marcel Ophuls.—*D.D.* (10/7/02) (Film Forum.)

THE TUXEDO
"The Straitjacket" is more like it. Jackie Chan, one of film's best physical comedians, is paired with the impossible Jennifer Love Hewitt in this dim spy farce. While the duo chases around the bad guys, the director, Kevin Donovan, tries to find an amiable way to tell the story, but the movie is a jumble of quick cuts and snapless dialogue. Chan is stitched so tightly into his suit (it gives him special powers) that it hampers his special grace. A natural like him doesn't need technical wizardry to get things done.—*B.D.* (Battery Park 16, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

ALSO PLAYING

ALIAS BETTY
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BAM Rose Cinemas, Cinema Village, and 42nd Street E Walk.

THE GOOD GIRL
Battery Park 16, Empire 25, 59th Street East Cinemas, Kew Gardens Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre, and Village East Cinemas.

HEAVEN
Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

THE LAST KISS (8/5/02)
Eastside Playhouse and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA
Ziegfeld.

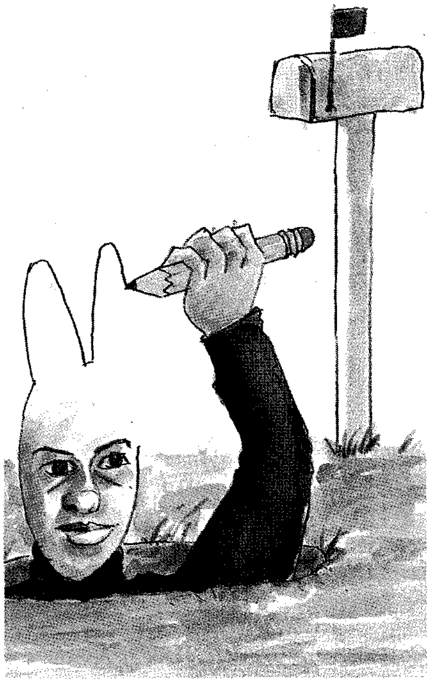
THE MAN FROM ELYSIAN FIELDS
Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6.

WELCOME TO COLLINWOOD
Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

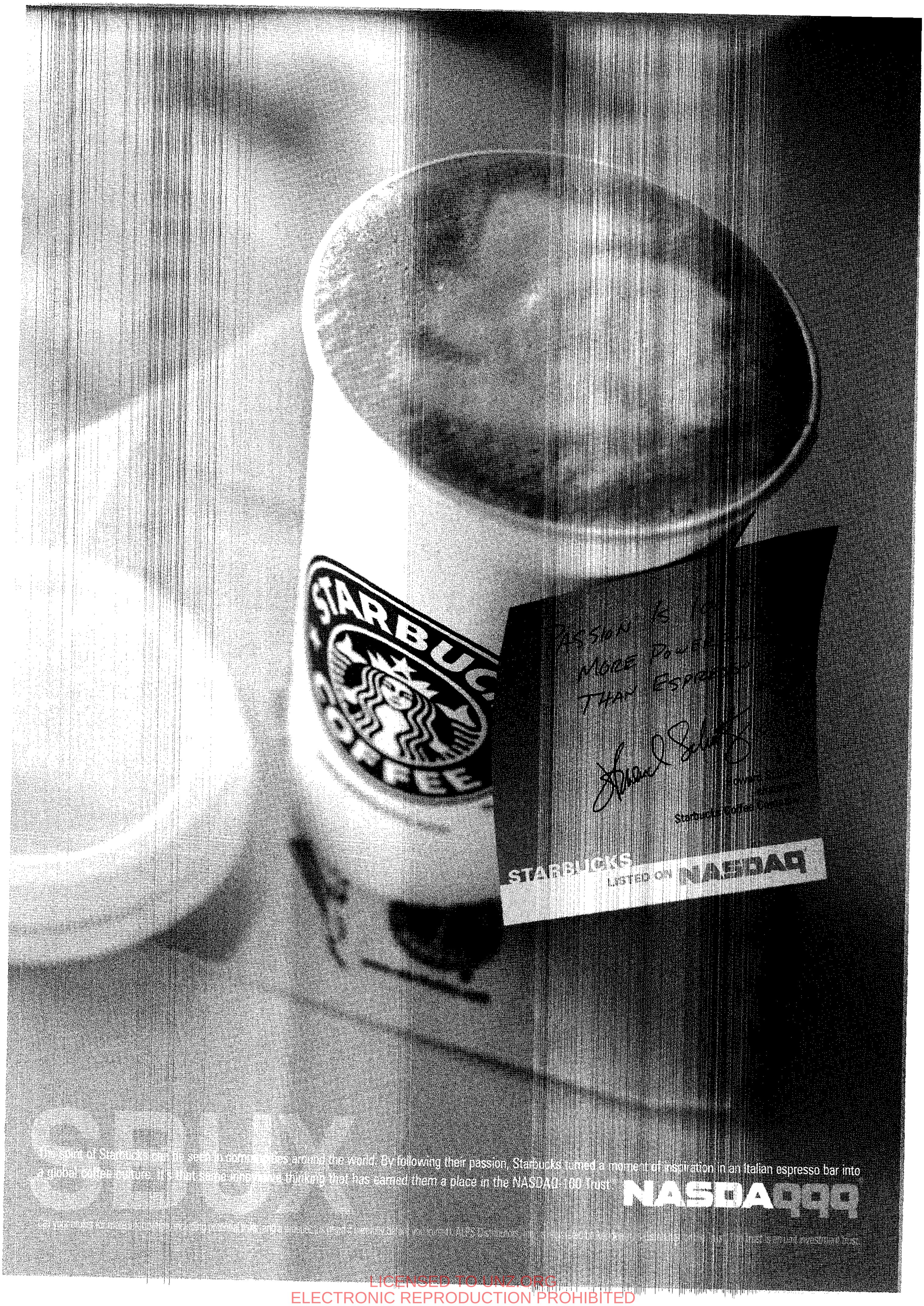
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.



Opening October 9, "How to Draw a Bunny," a portrait of Ray Johnson.

Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kew Gardens Cinema, 81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (718-441-9835).
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Twin, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 139-143 E. Houston St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

MICHAEL CRAWFORD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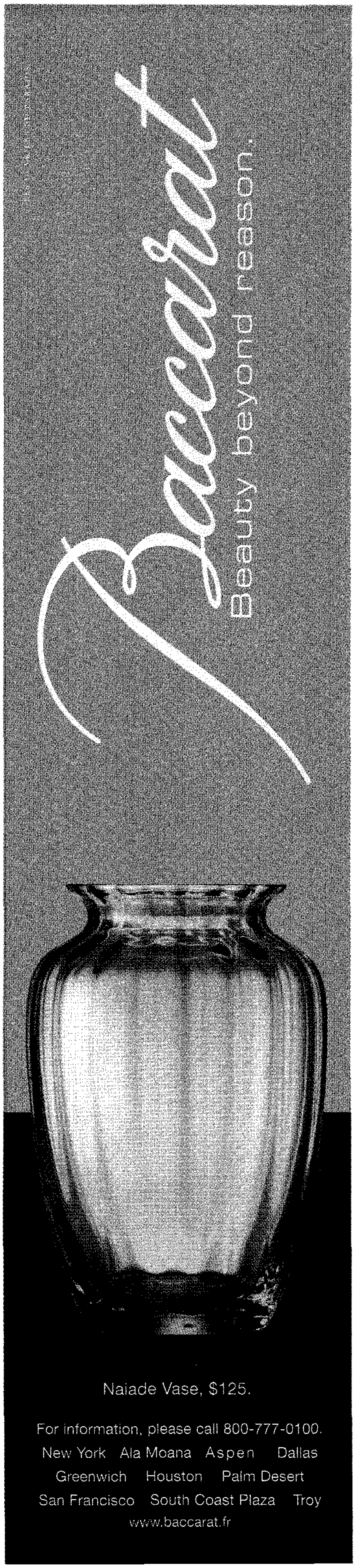

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REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Oct. 27: "Hollywood Independents: A History of United Artists." Oct. 12 at 2: "Scarface" (1932, Howard Hawks). ♦ Oct. 12 at 4: "Stagecoach" (1939, John Ford). ♦ Oct. 13 at 2: "A Star Is Born" (1937, William Wellman). ♦ Oct. 13 at 4:30: "The Four Feathers" (1939) (†). ♦ Oct. 19 at 2: "Sweet Smell of Success" (1957, Alexander Mackendrick). ♦ Oct. 19 at 4: "Birdman of Alcatraz" (1962, John Frankenheimer). ♦ Oct. 20 at 2: "Night of the Hunter" (1955, Charles Laughton). ♦ Oct. 20 at 4: "Paths of Glory" (1957, Stanley Kubrick). ♦ Repertory nights. Oct. 12-13 at 6:30: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French). ♦ Oct. 19-20 at 6:30: "All That Heaven Allows" (†).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Oct. 9 at 6:50 and 9:30: "Burn, Witch, Burn!" (1962, Sidney Hayers). ♦ Oct. 10 at 4:30, 6:30, and 9:10: "Short Dreams" (four short films). ♦ New Czech films. Oct. 11-13. ♦ The American cinema of Fritz Lang. Oct. 14 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Western Union" (1941). ♦ Oct. 15 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "The Return of Frank James" (1940). ♦ Oct. 21-22 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Rancho Notorious" (1952). ♦ Kino silents. Oct. 16 at 7:30: "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929, G. W. Pabst). ♦ An Ulrich Seidl retrospective. All films are in German. Oct. 17 at 6:20 and 9:30: "Dog Days" (2001). ♦ Oct. 18 at 6:50 and 9:10: "Loss Is to Be Expected" (1992). ♦ Oct. 19 at 2 and 6:30: "Animal Love" (1995). ♦ Oct. 19 at 4:15 and 9:30: "Models" (1999). ♦ Oct. 20 at 2 and 6:50: "Good News" (1990). ♦ Oct. 20 at 4:30 and 9:10: "The Bosom Friend" (1997).

DIRECTORS GUILD THEATRE
110 W. 57th St. (718-784-4520)—Oct. 20 at 7: "The Truth About Charlie" (2002, Jonathan Demme), followed by a conversation with Demme.

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Through Oct. 10: A William Wyler retrospective. Oct. 9-10 at 3:10 and 7:15: "Detective Story" (1951). ♦ Oct. 9-10 at 1, 5:10, and 9:10: "The Desperate Hours" (1955). ♦ Oct. 11-17 at 2 and 7: A new print of Andrei Tarkovsky's "Andrei Rublev" (1966; in Russian). ♦ Oct. 18-22 at 2, 5:30, and 8:40: A new print of "Solaris" (1972, Tarkovsky; in Russian).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Through Dec. 17: Neo-noir films. Oct. 15 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Tchao Pantin" (1983, Claude Berri; in French). ♦ Oct. 22 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9:30: "Monsieur Klein" (1967, Joseph Losey; in French).

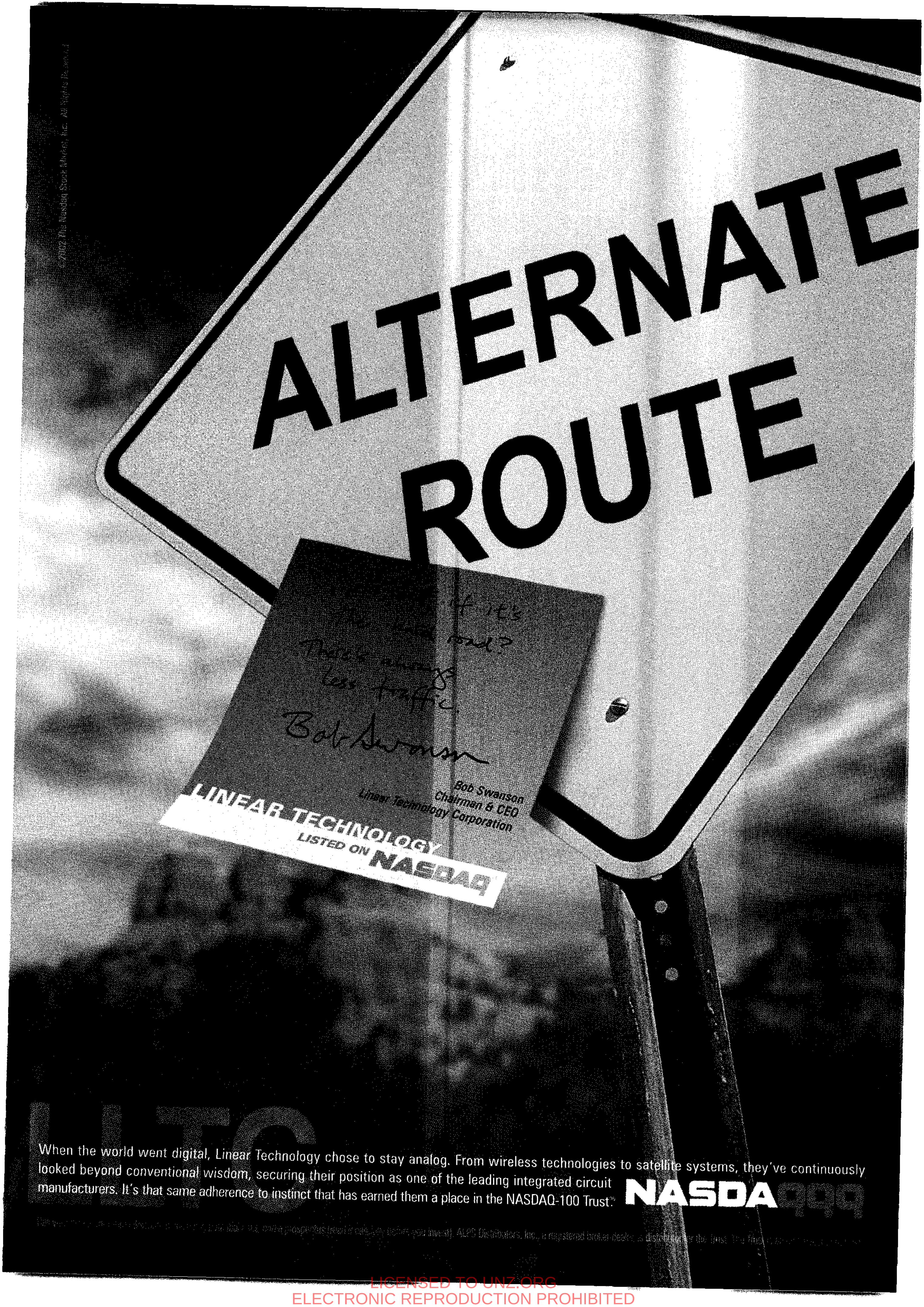
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
127 E. 23rd St. (777-4900)—The museum has opened a temporary home for its Film and Media programs in the restored Gramercy Theatre. Oct. 11-Nov. 7: "To Save and Project," a celebration of film preservation. Oct. 11 at 6:30 and Oct. 14 at 2: "In a Lonely Place" (1950, Nicholas Ray). ♦ Oct. 11 at 8:30: "Fail-Safe" (1964, Sidney Lumet). ♦ Oct. 12 at 1: "Hilary Harris: Experimental and Non-Fiction Films" (1958-75). ♦ Oct. 12 at 3 and Oct. 14 at 8:30: "Abhijan (The Expedition)" (1962, Satyajit Ray; in Bengali). ♦ Oct. 12 at 6 and Oct. 14 at 4: "The Phantom Chariot" (1921, Victor Sjöstrom). ♦ Oct. 12 at 8:30: "The Exile" (1947, Max Ophuls). ♦ Oct. 13 at 1 and Oct. 18 at 4:30: "Bucking Broadway" (1917, John Ford). ♦ Oct. 13 at 3: "Great Expectations" (†). ♦ Oct. 13 at 6:30: "Les Bonnes Femmes" (1960, Claude Chabrol; in French). ♦ Oct. 14 at 6:15: "Prix de Beauté (Miss Europe)" (1930, Augusto Genina). ♦ Oct. 17 at 2:45 and Oct. 20 at 7: "Invasion" (1969, Hugo Santiago; in Spanish). ♦ Oct. 17 at 5:45: "The Witness" (1969, Péter Bacsó; in Hungarian). ♦ Oct. 17 at 8:15: "The Water Magician" (1933, Kenji Mizoguchi; in Japanese). ♦ Oct. 18 at 2: "Gance, Buñuel, and Epstein: Three Surrealist Films" (1915-29). ♦ Oct. 18 at 6:30 and Oct. 19 at 1: "The Bigamist" (1953, Ida Lupino). ♦ Oct. 19 at 3: "Hearts and Minds" (1974, Peter Davis). ♦ Oct. 20 at 1: Segundo de Chomón's trick films (1902-07) and "Rumplestiltskin" (1915, Raymond B. West). ♦ Oct. 21 at 6: "The Hill Park Mystery" (1923, A. W. Sandberg). ♦ Oct. 21 at 8:15: "The Stain" (1914, Frank Powell). ♦ Starting Oct. 18: "Variations on an Enigma," a tribute to the actress Delphine Seyrig. Oct. 18 at 8:45: "Muriel" (1963, Alain Resnais; in French). ♦ Oct. 19 at 6: "The Garden That Tilts" (1975, Guy Gilles; in French). ♦ Oct. 19 at 8: "Accident" (1967, Joseph Losey). ♦ Oct. 20 at 3: "Stolen Kisses" (1968, François Truffaut; in French). ♦ Oct. 20 at 5: "Mr. Freedom" (1969, William Klein; in English and French). ♦ Oct. 21 at 2: "The Image of Dorian Gray in the Yellow Press" (1984, Ulrike Ottinger; in German).

THE NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL
Lincoln Center (875-5050)—Through Oct. 13: New films. Oct. 9 at 6: "Turning Gate" (2002, Sang-soo Hong; in Korean). ♦ Oct. 9 at 9: "Waiting for Happiness" (2002, Abderrahmane Sissako; in French). ♦ Oct. 10 at 6: "Blind Spot: Hitler's Secretary" (2002, André Heller and Othmar Schmiderer; in German). ♦ Oct. 10 at 8:45: "Safe Conduct" (2002, Bertrand Tavernier; in French). ♦ Oct. 11 at 6 and Oct. 12 at 9: "Friday Night" (2002, Claire Denis; in French). ♦ Oct. 11 at 9 and Oct. 12 at 6: "Monday Morning" (2002, Otar Iosseliani; in French, Italian, and Romanian). ♦ Oct. 12 at 11 A.M.: "Love and Diane" (2002, Jennifer Dworkin). ♦ Oct. 12 at 3: "To Be and to Have" (2002, Nicolas Philibert; in French). ♦ Oct. 13 at 8:30: "Talk to Her" (2002, Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

SUNSHINE CINEMA
139-143 E. Houston St. (358-0573)—Midnight movies. Oct. 11-12: "Reservoir Dogs" (1992, Quentin Tarantino). ♦ Oct. 18-19: "Ghostbusters" (1984, Ivan Reitman).

THALIA THEATRE
2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400)—Oct. 12 at 2 and 7: "Double Indemnity" (1944, Billy Wilder). ♦ Oct. 12 at 4 and 9: "The Woman Next Door" (1981, François Truffaut; in French). ♦ Oct. 13 at 2 and 7: "Rebecca" (†). ♦ Oct. 13 at 4:30 and 9:30: "Jezebel" (1938, William Wyler). ♦ Oct. 19-20 at 2 and 7: "Lagaan: Once Upon a Time in India" (2001, Ashutosh Gowariker; in Hindi and English).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through Oct. 10: "The Actor as Activist: Celebrating Shabana Azmi." Unless otherwise noted, all films are in Hindi. Oct. 9 at 4 and 9 and Oct. 10 at 6: "Paar" (1984, Goutam Ghose). ♦ Oct. 9 at 6:20: "Congregation" (1986, Muzaffar Ali). ♦ Oct. 10 at 3:15: "Sati" (1989, Aparna Sen). ♦ Oct. 10 at 8:20: "Mandi" (1983, Shyam Benegal). ♦ Special presentation. Oct. 11 at 6:30 and 9:30: "Come Drink with Me" (1965, King Hu; in Mandarin). ♦ Oct. 12-13: "Views from the Avant-Garde," experimental films. See www.filmlinc.com for a complete schedule. ♦ Golden Silents. Oct. 16-17 at 8: "Séraphin ou les Jambes Nues" (1921, Louis Feuillade) and "The Crazy Ray" (1923, René Clair), with live accompaniment by the Octuor de France ensemble. ♦ Starting Oct. 17: "Scary Movies: Thirty Years of Horror." Most of the films will be preceded by a conversation with the director. Check the above Web site for details. Oct. 17 at midnight: "The Ring" (2002, Gore Verbinski). ♦ Oct. 18 at 2 and 6:15: "Prince of Darkness" (1987, John Carpenter). ♦ Oct. 18 at 4 and 8:30 and Oct. 22 at 1: "The Thing" (1982, Carpenter). ♦ Oct. 19 at 1: "It's Alive" (1974, Larry Cohen). ♦ Oct. 19 at 3: "God Told Me To" (1976, Cohen). ♦ Oct. 19 at 6: "The Evil Dead" (1982, Sam Raimi). ♦ Oct. 19 at 9: "Evil Dead 2: Dead at Dawn" (1987, Raimi). ♦ Oct. 20 at 1:30: "Cronos" (1993, Guillermo Del Toro; in English and Spanish). ♦ Oct. 20 at 4:30: "Death Line" (1972, Gary Sherman). ♦ Oct. 20 at 7: A talk with the special-effects master Stan Winston. ♦ Oct. 20 at 9: "Pumpkinhead" (1987, Winston). ♦ Oct. 22 at 3:15: "Possession" (1981, Andrzej Zulawski; in French).



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READING GLASSES

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"Lullaby" by Chuck Palahniuk

Author Focus: Chuck Palahniuk, 40, is the author of seven books, including the acclaimed best-sellers "Fight Club" and "Choke." His latest novel, "Lullaby," has just been published by Doubleday and it's as madly unsettling and as darkly comic as his previous works.

Don't be surprised if a group of fans dressed as waiters with black eyes à la "Fight Club" show up at Chuck Palahniuk's Bacardi O-sponsored reading. And don't be shocked if they start lobbing dinner rolls into the audience, either. Perhaps someone decked out as Santa Claus will troop in and distribute cookies. It's all happened before, and it's part of the cult Palahniuk attracts. Public appearances "have turned into strange circuses where people in the audience are as much a part of things as I am," says the bemused author who will be reading from his new novel, "Lullaby."

Parts perverse love story, satire, and supernatural horror tale, "Lullaby" features a journalist anti-hero, Carl Streator, who is assigned to write a newspaper series on Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. Streator discovers an eerie coincidence in each sorrowful home: The same anthology is present and open to the same page. On it is a deadly "culling song" that when read aloud—or even thought—instantly kills the listener. "Imagine a plague you catch through your ears," writes Palahniuk of the verbal virus.

CHUCK PALAHNIUK

This terrible knowledge turns Streator into a serial killer, and leads him on a bizarre, cross-country journey with a woman who shares his lethal way with words. A supporting cast of Wiccans, a necrophiliac paramedic, and several librarians who meet quick deaths also populate this disturbing tale.

After earning a degree in journalism and working as a reporter for six months, Palahniuk quit to spend thirteen years as a diesel mechanic ("The money was three times better"). Hiding under trucks at work, and inspired by writers who include the equally minimalist and unsentimental Amy Hempel, Thom Jones, and Junot Diaz, he wrote. Asked if writing is pain or pleasure, he replies, "Pleasure. But I don't have much distinction between the two." He adds, "When I decided the rest of my life was going to be about writing the perfect sentence, life became simple and effective. Weird miracles are now a daily event."

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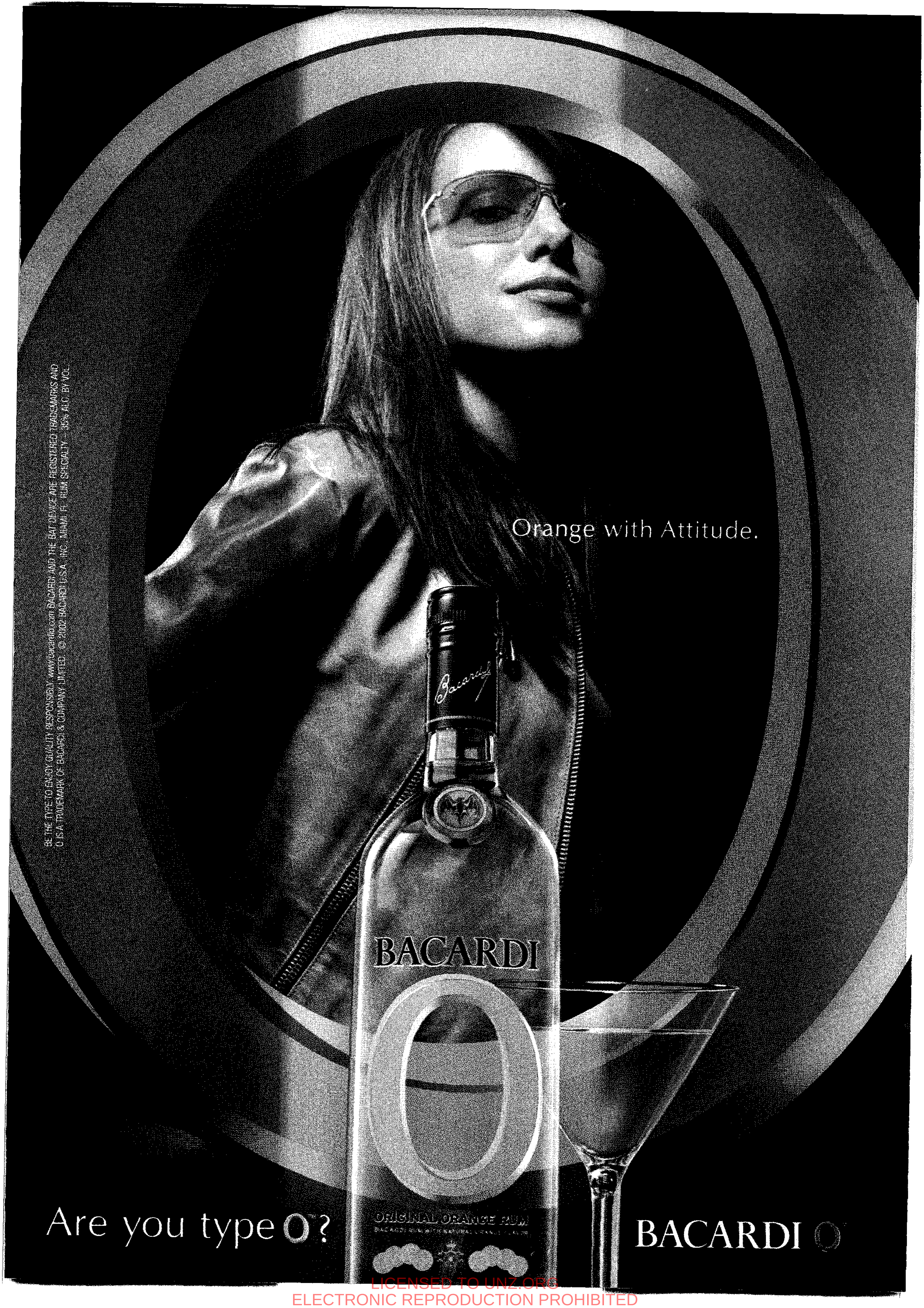
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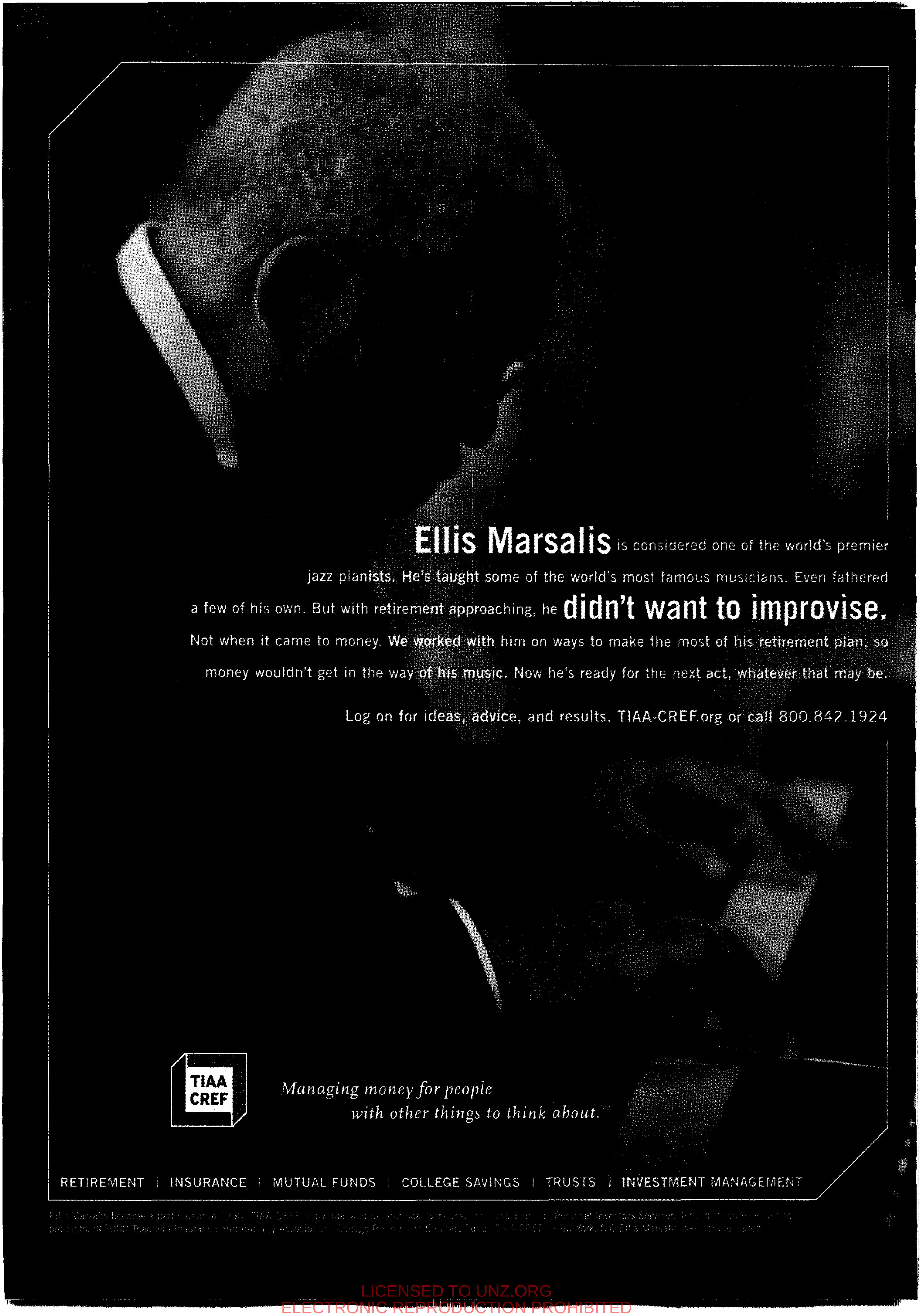

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THE
NEW YORKER

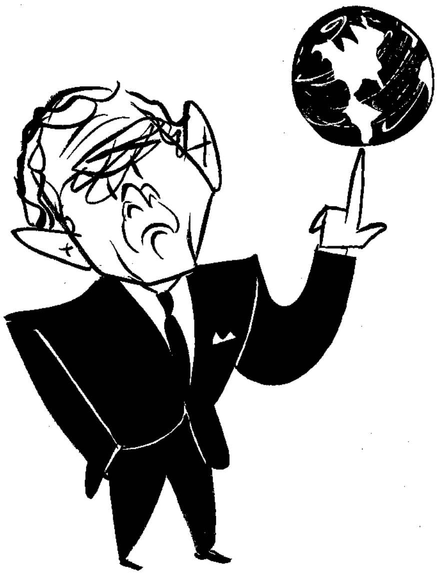
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
MANIFESTO

The world is not a place that George W. Bush was terribly familiar with until recently. Any college student who has done a semester abroad has logged a lot more time under foreign skies than he has; and, as he himself told Jim Lehrer, of PBS, during the campaign, "I'm not going to play like I've been a person who's spent hours involved with foreign policy. I am who I am." It's different now, of course. He's still who he is, but he is also, as he likes to say, the President; and he has come a long way since September 11th. Bush now has a world view. He has to have one, for that matter: it's the law—specifically, the Department of Defense Reorganization Act of 1986, which requires every President, on a regular basis, to formulate his and his Administration's thoughts about America's global role. Hence the appearance the other day of a pamphlet entitled "The National Security Strategy of the United States of America."

It's a curious document. At nearly thirteen thousand words, it's roomy enough to accommodate some favorite ideological tchotchkes. For example, as a way of enhancing "national security," it promises to press "other countries" to adopt "lower marginal tax rates" and "pro-growth legal and regulatory policies"—your doctor's names for tax cuts for the rich and environmental laxity. And it exalts economic relationships as more fundamental than political and social ones (a mental habit that orthodox conservative ideologues share with their orthodox Marxist counterparts), as in this passage praising free trade as a "moral principle": "If you can make something that others value, you should be able to sell it to them. If others make something that you value, you should be able to buy it. This is real freedom, the freedom for a person—or a nation—to make a living." (As distinct, presumably, from the secondary, not quite real freedoms of thought, conscience, and expression.) The main thrust of the document, however, is twofold. First, it stresses preëmption over deterrence as a strategy for dealing with threats. Second, it posits that American military power must be the operating framework for this new strategy—not just as a practical expedient, temporary and unavoidable, but as an inherently valuable and permanent ideal.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL



"Traditional concepts of deterrence," the Bush authors write, "will not work against a terrorist enemy whose avowed tactics are wanton destruction and the targeting of innocents; whose so-called soldiers seek martyrdom in death and whose most potent protection is statelessness." It's hard to argue with this. Deterrence is a problematical doctrine for the world that has emerged in the past decade and especially in the past year. Deterrence worked well (well, worked) in the Cartesian clockwork universe of the Cold War, with its two balanced superpowers, each armed to the teeth, each with something to lose, one "good" and one "evil" but both essentially rational, both philosophically rooted in the Enlightenment, and both professing dedication to a vision of a secular democratic commonwealth. (The Soviet claim to such a vision was as false as the vision itself was attractive. The falsity gave Communism its singularly diabolical, Orwellian character; the attractiveness was a factor in the final internal crisis of the regime, when, in the most ironic manner possible, the Soviet state withered away.) Of course, Cold War-era deterrence looks a lot better in retrospect than it did at the time. The superpowers came to it by default, as the best of a bad lot of choices. It came close to failing more than once, and its failure might have meant something akin to the end of the world.

Global fault lines are different now, and not so tidy. Liberal democracy versus fanatic Islamist fundamentalism: that's not a dialectic, or even a geographic rivalry—it's two worlds conceptually (though not, alas, physically) sealed off from one another. In the new situation, the consequences of nuclear use, though more horrible than those of any of history's previous paroxysms, would still be much less so than would have been the consequences of all-out nuclear war between the United States and the Soviet Union. The ultimate worst-case scenario is now obsolete, and vanishingly improbable. But the bad-case scenario, involving deaths in the tens or hundreds of thousands, is much, much more likely. Bush is right that traditional deterrence is inadequate in the case of stateless outlaw bands like Al Qaeda. And the reliability of deterrence in such cases as Iraq is at best debatable. "America is now threatened less by conquering states than we are by failing ones," the Bush authors write. "We are menaced less by fleets and armies than by catastrophic technologies in the hands of the embittered few." They're right about that, too.

So: preëmption, yes—when demonstrably necessary, and as a last resort. But unilateral preëmption? Not so fast.

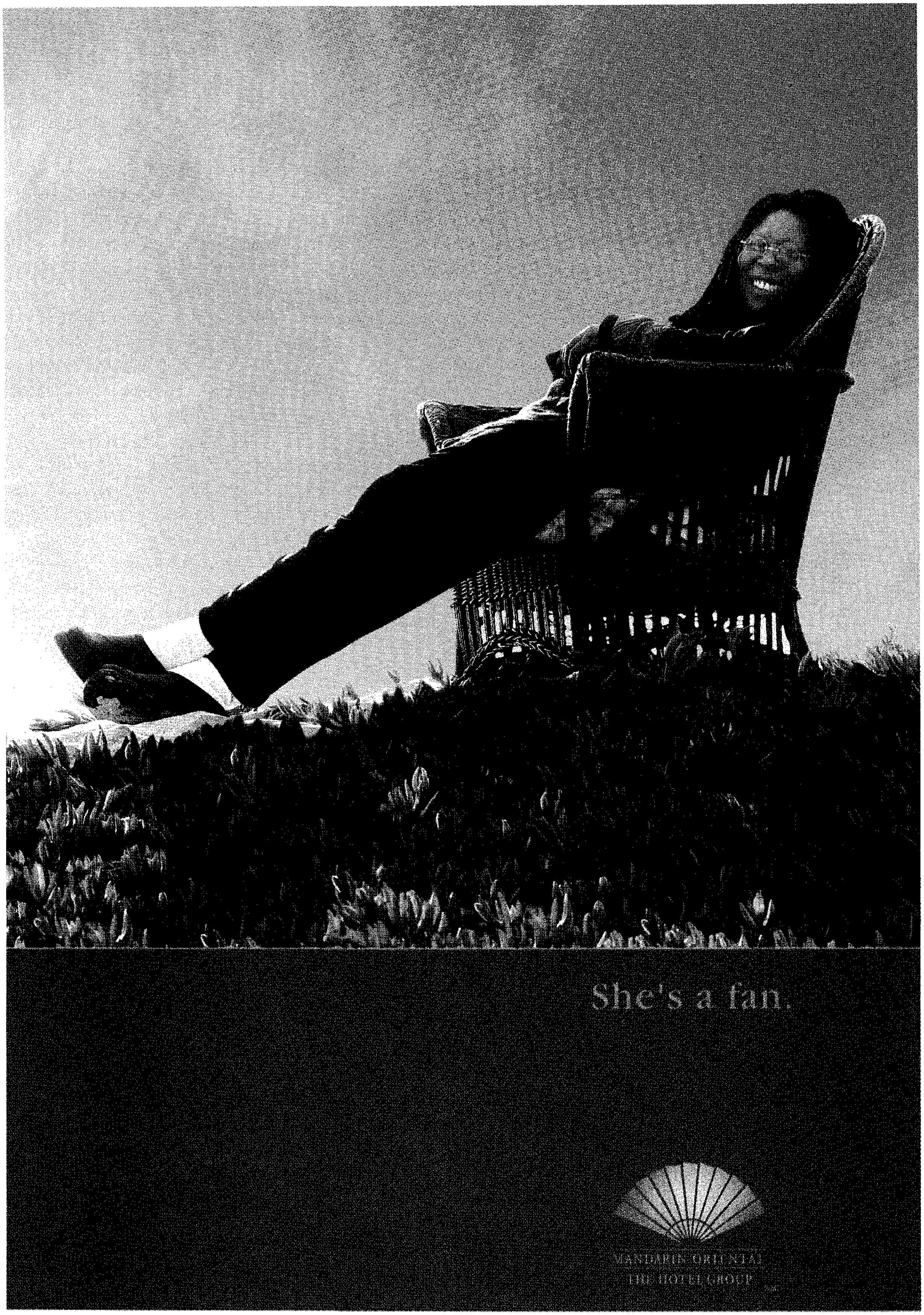
The key phrase in the Bush document, judging by the number of times it is repeated (five), is "a balance of power that favors freedom." The authors do not define it, except by implication. The usual definition of a balance of power ("a state of peace that results when rival nations are equally powerful and therefore have no good reason to wage war," according to E. D. Hirsch, Jr.,'s "New Dictionary of Cultural Literacy," an impeccably conservative source) is certainly not what they have in mind, since they also write, "Our forces will be strong enough to dissuade potential adversaries from pursuing a military build-up in hopes of surpassing, or equaling, the power of the United States." An overwhelming preponderance of power, not a static balance, is more like it.

The vision laid out in the Bush document is a vision of what used to be called, when we believed it to be the Soviet ambition, world domination. It's a vision of a world in which it is American policy to prevent the emergence of any rival power, whatever it stands for—a world policed and controlled by American military might. This goes much further than the notion of America as the policeman of the world. It's the notion of America as both the policeman and the legislator of the world, and it's where the Bush vision goes seriously, even chillingly, wrong. A police force had better be embedded in and guided by a structure of law and consent. There's a name for the kind of regime in which the cops rule, answering only to themselves. It's called a police state.

The Bush doctrine's answer to this objection is essentially this: Hey, we're the good guys. People—especially people who share our values, like the citizens of democratic Europe, but everybody else, too—should embrace American hegemony, because surely they know that we would use our great power only for good things, like advancing democracy, keeping powerful weapons out of the hands of terrorists, and facilitating peaceful commerce. And so we have done, most of the time; and so no doubt we would do, most of the time. But what a naïve view of power and human nature! What ever became of the conservative suspicion of untrammelled power, the conservative insight that good intentions are not, are never, enough? Where is the conservative belief in limited government, in checks and balances? Burke spins in his grave. Madison and Hamilton torque it up, too. Are we now to assume that Americans are exempt from fallen human nature? That we stand outside history? It's as if the Bush authors' brains had been softened by an overdose of anti-"moral equivalency" vaccine. Conservatives used to fault liberals (often unfairly, but never mind) for thinking that there was no such thing as evil, that the Soviets (and the criminals, and the terrorists) were just put upon and misunderstood. Conservatives spend a lot of time congratulating themselves on their "moral clarity." The Soviet Union was an evil empire; Osama is evil; the axis of evil is evil. Nothing more need be said, nothing more need be understood. And if the other side is absolutely evil then we must be absolutely good, so it's fine for us to be absolutely powerful. We should be neither surprised nor indignant if our friends in Europe and elsewhere don't see things in quite the same way.

There's a contradiction at the heart of the Bush strategy. It implicitly recognizes that national sovereignty is in many ways an outdated and dangerous doctrine, one that must increasingly give way to other exigencies. Is the sovereignty of the Iraqi state to be valued more than the right of Iraq's neighbors and the rest of the world to be reasonably free of the fear of being vaporized or sickened unto death by Iraqi weapons of mass destruction? Of course not. So the Bush doctrine, in spite of itself, recognizes the logic of something like (to use a term that is the ultimate red flag for conservatives) world government. But its idea of world government looks very much like a benevolent American dictatorship—a dictatorship of the entrepreneuriat, you might say. And if the Europeans are a little alarmed, it's not just because of their own military insignificance, or because they're a bunch of weak-wristed, spineless wimps who resent the sight of somebody strong, tough, and decisive. It's because, from Napoleon through Stalin and beyond, a century and a half of blood-soaked history taught them that untrammelled national power seldom ends by reaching a salutary balance.

A huge opportunity was lost at the end of the Cold War, especially during the Clinton Administration, when a long interlude of relative calm, combined with the rapid spread of democracy and market economics, opened up a chance for deep, thoroughgoing reform of the international system, including the United Nations itself, to make international organizations more energetic and more responsible and to create an international military capability that could be strong, flexible, and quick enough to, yes, police the world. Were these—are these—impossible goals? Why should they be? The nearly bloodless disappearance of the Soviet Union and the ideology behind it, the mostly peaceful transformation of the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apartheid state into a multiracial democracy, the emergence of India and (Communist!) China as twin engines of capitalism—weren't these things impossible, too?

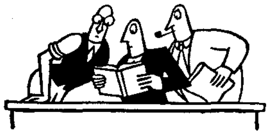
We have, increasingly, a global economy and a global society. The global polity is underdeveloped by comparison. If borders cannot protect the innocent, they should not be allowed to protect the guilty. There may be times, when all else fails, that unilateral American military action will be necessary, and Iraq may turn out to be one of those times. But the animating vision of American foreign policy should not be a Pax Americana, a global American empire, but a world of law and consent. American hegemony is preferable to fundamentalist Islamist hegemony, just as it was preferable to Soviet hegemony. But it's hard to imagine feebler praise.

When the United States government recognizes "friendly" military dictators abroad, we generally stipulate that their rule is expected to be transitional, that they are meant to regard their power as temporary and extraordinary, and that they are supposed to use it to prepare the institutional conditions for the introduction or reintroduction of democracy. A kind of global American military dictatorship may be for the moment something close to an unavoidable reality. But the Bush document seems to embrace it as a final end. It finds room for a denunciation of the International Criminal Court, but not for the slightest suggestion, however theoretical or remote, that a workable, democratic structure of international law might someday be a better, more just guarantor of peace and security than the power and intentions of any single country.

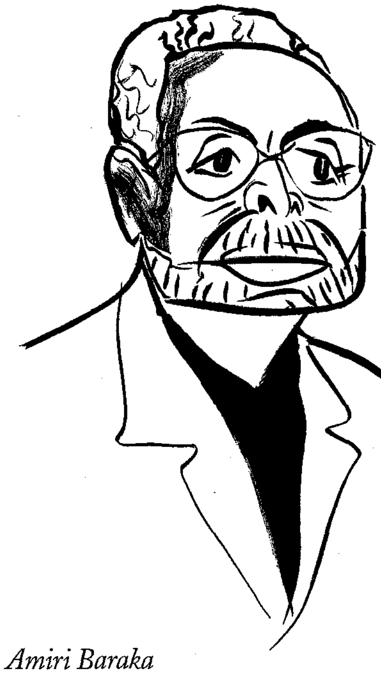
The Bush vision is in the end a profoundly pessimistic one, and, as such, more than a little un-American. It is, among other things, a vision of perpetual war. "World peace" used to be such an uncontroversially good thing that Miss America contestants, even at the height of the Cold War, could safely say that they were in favor of it. Now they'll have to say, "As Miss America, I hope to help little children and work on behalf of United States world domination." It's a dismal dream, and an ignoble guide for American foreign policy.

—*Hendrik Hertzberg*

PATHETIC FALLACY DEPT.
GOODBYE, PARAMUS



Last week was a nutty one in New Jersey. Bob Torricelli stepped down, and Amiri Baraka did not. Baraka, the poet, dramatist, and activist formerly known as LeRoi Jones, is the state's poet laureate. Why he is the poet laureate is a good question, considering that he's a revolutionary, a Marxist, and a conspiracy theorist, who not only goes around calling people "Nazis" but pronounces it "Nazzies" (as in snazzy). There is nothing necessarily wrong with any of these inclinations per se, but they would seem to give a politician pause. Still, in August, Governor James E. McGreevey, courageously or foolishly, proclaimed Baraka laureate, a sinecure worth ten thousand dollars a year, and managed to get in a few quiet weeks before he was made to regret the appointment, on learning that Baraka had written (and read aloud at a festival) a poem about September 11th, titled "Somebody Blew Up America." Baraka's poem suggested, among other things, that four thousand Israelis who worked in the World Trade Center had been tipped off about the terrorist attack and stayed home that day. This, of course, is a version of an insidious but widely discredited rumor that has been embraced in places like Damascus and Marseilles but is beneath the dignity of Trenton and Newark. The Anti-Defamation League went bananas, and the Governor called for Baraka's resignation.

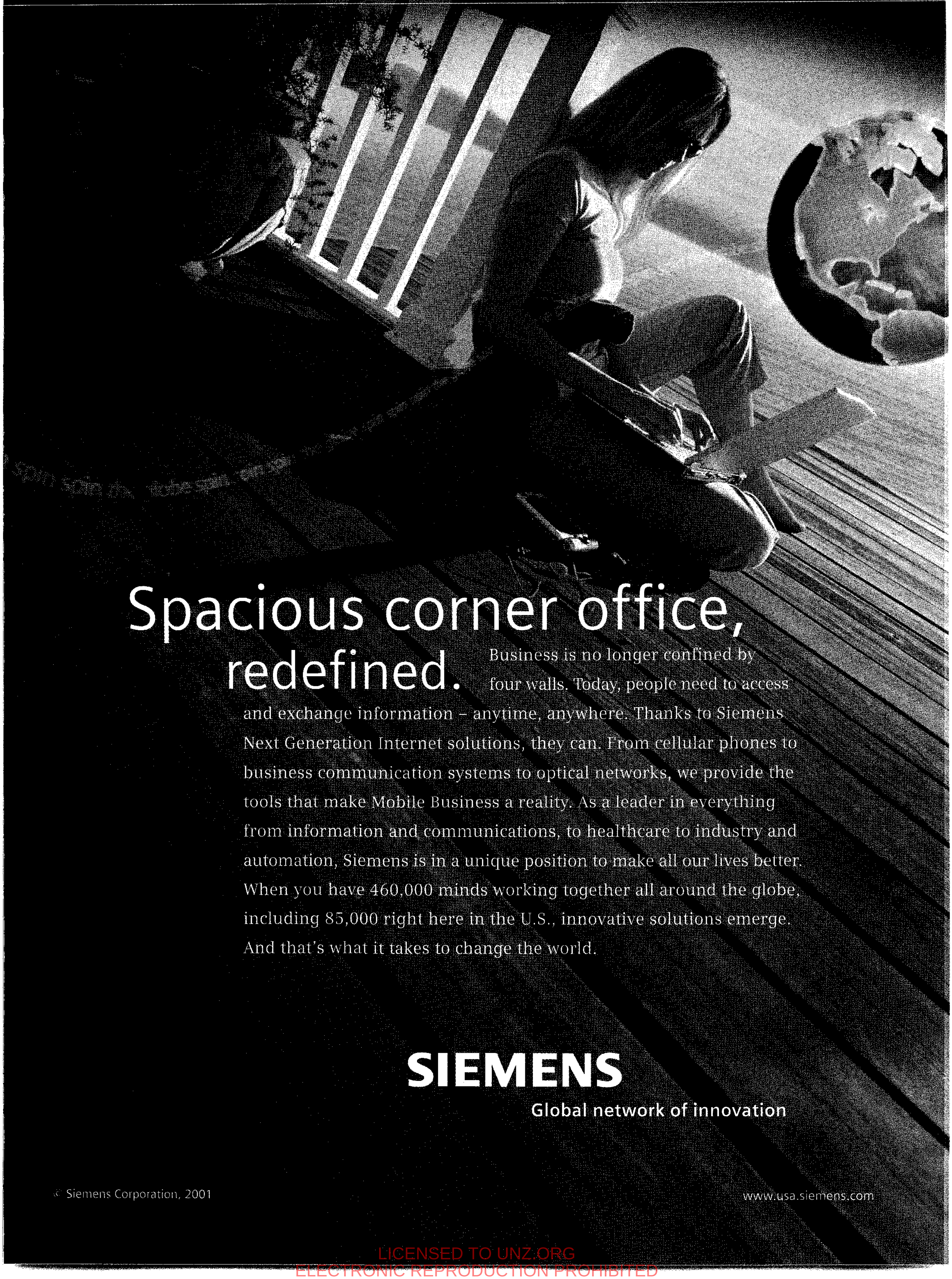


Amiri Baraka

Last week, Baraka used an appearance at an event at the Newark Public Library to respond to his critics. The television reporters, rowdy disciples, and bewildered library patrons who packed the grand panelled hall on the second floor brought a prizefight atmosphere to the musty stacks. When Baraka, hunched, gray-bearded, gray-suited, took the lectern, he said, "This is my statement: I will not apologize, I will not resign." There was raucous applause and cries of "Yessir!" Baraka began reading: "The recent dishonest, consciously distorted, and insulting non-interpretation of my poem by the Anti-Defamation League is fundamentally an attempt to defame me and, with that, an attempt to repress and stigmatize independent thinkers everywhere."

There followed a forty-five-minute diatribe, in which he defended his work, fleshed out his sources (Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney, the Jordanian newspaper *Al Watan*, and other such impeccables), and pressed his case that the terrorist attacks of 9/11 were part of a global white-supremacist conspiracy. While short on logic, it was long on citation. (He even said "op. cit.") Distressingly, crowd reaction was split—generally, blacks nodding their heads, whites shaking theirs. He concluded with some words about poetry, citing Keats and Du Bois, Truth and Beauty, and the imperative "to illuminate the human mind and bring light into the world."

Afterward, he made his way out of the hall, greeting well-wishers, State of the Union style, and rode down an elevator with a few associates. ("Ask someone to bring me a barbecue sandwich," he told one of them.) Then he stepped out into a garden next to the library, for a press conference. There was some good mayhem in the garden. Cameramen jostled and joshed. There were arguments, intra- and interracial, about racial profiling, Zionism, and Ralph Nader. A woman from the A.D.L. offered comment. A black man with a gray energy & power • industry & automation • information & communication • medical systems & healthcare • financing • lighting • transportation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beard sidled up to white reporters and muttered, "Watch out, I'll stick a foot up in your ass." Some activists had duct-taped a banner to the garden wall with lines from "Somebody Blew Up America," which takes the form of an extended inquiry as to who perpetrated various atrocities and misdeeds: "Who made Bush president / Who believe the confederate flag need to be flying / Who talk about democracy and be lying."

A producer from CNN asked, "Do you know who?"

Baraka said, "I don't purport to be a statistician. I don't have a mainframe. If I had a staff, like you do at CNN, I could answer these questions."

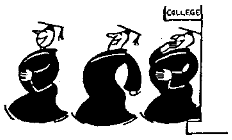
"So there isn't actually a known answer to your questions?"

Baraka looked at her with some disdain. "No." After a moment, he said, "It seems to me that the government and the A.D.L. ought to apologize to me." Then he grinned. "They should also pay me." His poet-laureate check, apparently, was late.

It was hard not to wonder, as the crowd dispersed, about the role of poetry in today's fractious world. In 1969, Baraka wrote, in "Black Art," "Poems are bullshit unless they are / teeth or trees or lemons piled / on a step. . . . We want live / words of the hip world live flesh & / coursing blood." Or perhaps it made more sense to turn to New York's official state poet, John Ashbery. "The true crisis is only now coming to rest," he writes, in "This Deuced Cleverness." "Birdie, on your tree, / I like you. Can't we be friends?"

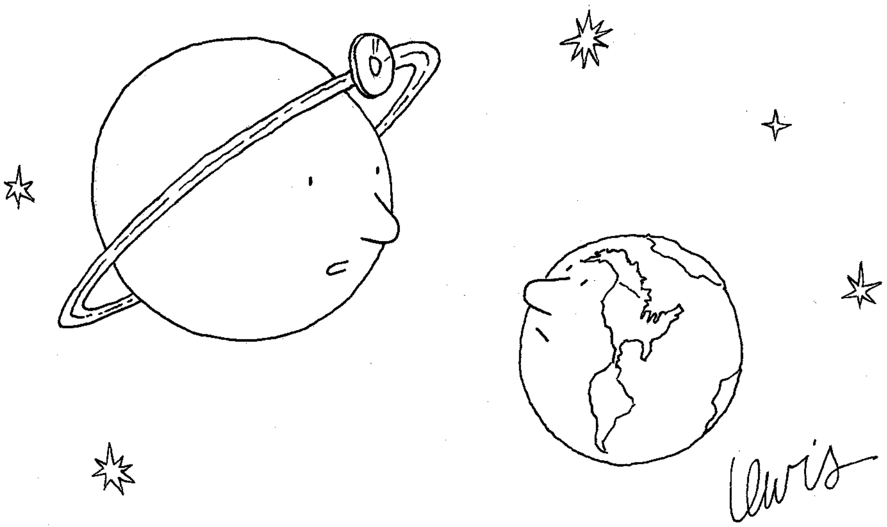
—*Nick Paumgarten*

THE PICTURES INSATIABLE



Achievements stud the college record of James Ponsoldt, Yale '01: varsity wide receiver; managing editor of the *Yale Daily News Magazine;* student-council president. But as he prepared his résumé after graduation he omitted his boldest accomplishment. Two years ago, using the alias Sweet Jimmy the Benevolent Pimp, he and three college friends founded a club called Porn 'n Chicken, dedicated, sensibly enough, to watching porn videos and eating fried chicken. Meetings of the club's hundred members were announced by pseudonymous e-mails, and most of the attendees had no idea who was in charge.

Then the *Times* got wind of the enterprise, and stories followed in *Time* and *Premiere* after Sweet Jimmy and his co-conspirators—the equally shadowy Zeke (Silver) Cohen, Baby Gristle, and Dallas Everhard—announced plans to film the Ivy League's first porn movie, called "The StaXXX." "It got a little out of hand, because the media saw it as the perfect McStory," Ponsoldt said recently. "We wrote this manifesto, a mixture of Artaud and babble, about how we'd force Yale students to reëvaluate the social constructs and stigmas surrounding sexuality, including the exploration of 'non-physical intercourse'—and journalists printed it! Everybody wanted to see the future leaders of America with their pants around their ankles."



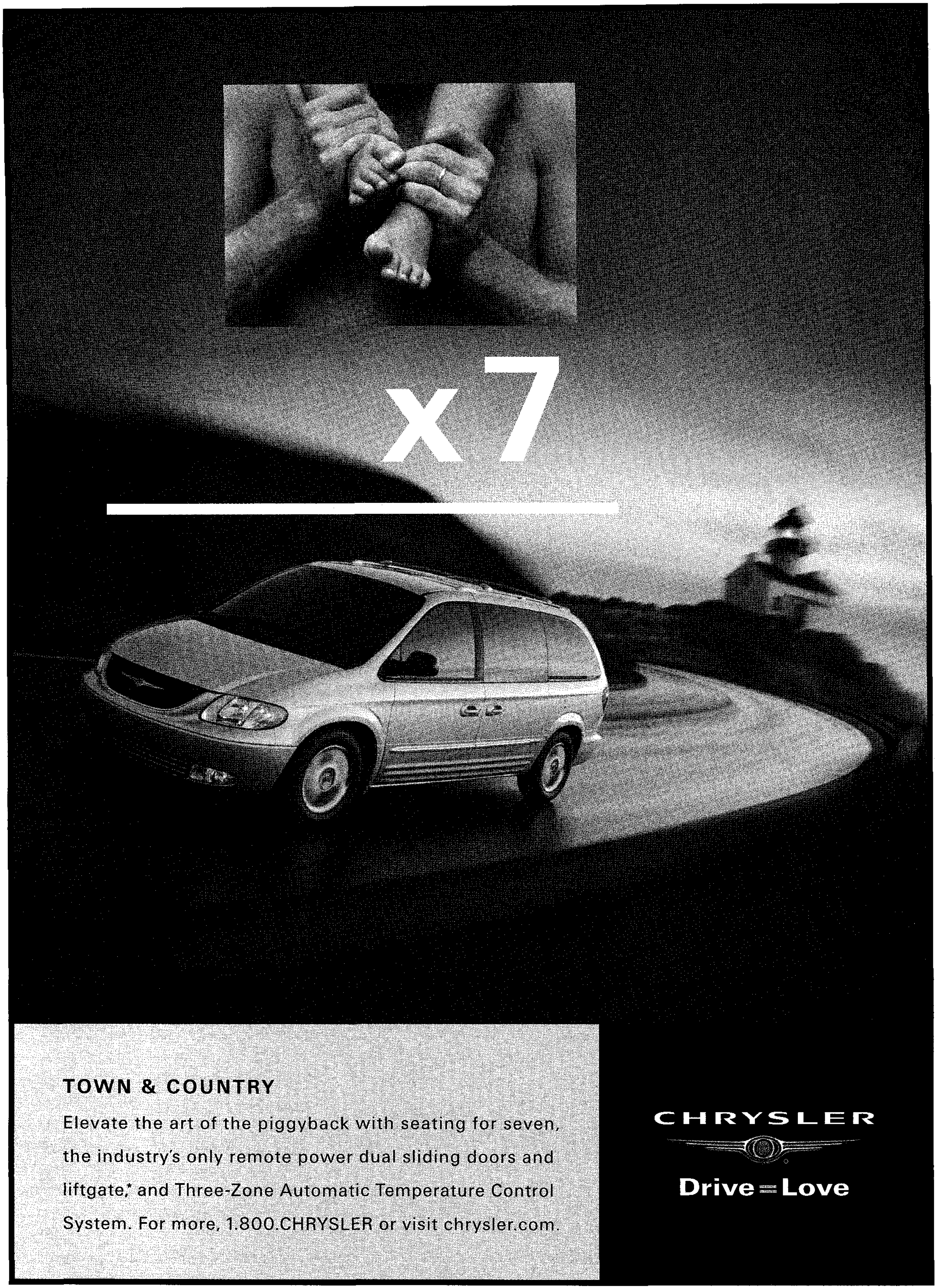
"I'm afraid you have humans."

History repeats itself: first as collegiate high jinks, then as TV movie. In this case, the movie is "Porn 'n Chicken," the first original film to be made by Comedy Central, which premières on the cable channel this Sunday night. Ponsoldt, a slight, gregarious twenty-four-year-old who resembles a maturing paperboy, was the film's camera intern and one of its associate producers. Not long ago, while "Porn 'n Chicken" was being filmed, he was taking notes on the set of a dorm room at Union Theological Seminary, adjacent to Columbia, which had been painstakingly made over (Cuervo poster; Tweety Bird plush toy) to look like a dorm room at "a generic Ivy League school."

The scene being shot was the first meeting of Porn 'n Chicken. As a dozen actors milled about—various geeks looking awkward; a brooding guy wearing a boa constrictor around his neck, as so many students do nowadays—the movie's writer-director, Lawrence Trilling, worked the cast into the mood appropriate to an inquiry into modes of genital dominance/submission. "Grab a can of beer, Bruno," he urged. "Now, you guys take wide looks around, like 'Where's the porn?' "

The idea behind the real Porn 'n Chicken was to help Ponsoldt relax. "After three years at Yale, I was super anal," he said. But when the club became popular, and its founders wrote a treatment of their story and shopped it around Hollywood, Ponsoldt realized that he was more stressed out than ever. "One problem was that our script didn't have an antagonist, because the Yale administration was pretty cool about the club, and some professors even came to our meetings," Ponsoldt said. "Our other problem was 'What's our third act?,' because we were still living the story, and just trying to graduate." Meanwhile, TV crews were prowling the campus, seeking to unmask Porn 'n Chicken's leaders. "I want to go back to Georgia and serve my community," Ponsoldt, who is from Athens, continued. "I want to write, direct, and act in films that have a social conscience. 'Pornographer' carries a huge stigma, so I was really wishing we'd done 'Pro Wrestling 'n Chicken.' "

When Comedy Central bought the treatment, his reservations vanished. Making a porn film can cripple a résumé, but making a film about making a



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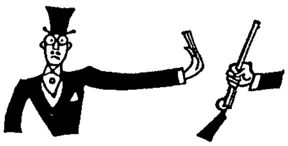
porn film (one that never got made, anyway) looks just fine. Ponsoldt is relaxing these days by performing standup comedy in Manhattan clubs while pursuing a master's degree in film at Columbia and finishing his first novel. He has also written or co-written five screenplays in the past year, one of them with his Porn 'n Chicken co-founders. "It's 'Long Day's Journey Into Night' set in rural Appalachia," he said, "with themes of rifts between generations, loneliness, becoming a man, and OxyContin addiction."

Comedy Central's "Porn 'n Chicken" gives the story an antagonist—the curmudgeonly Dean Widehead—and a finale in which Hutch gets the girl, outwits the Dean, and is accepted at a prestigious generic Ivy League law school. "It's in the spirit of endings from 'The Graduate' to 'Good Will Hunting,'" Ponsoldt said. "You're hopeful that in the end the good guys win out, and you're sure—as everybody always is—that you're a good guy."

—*Tad Friend*

THE BIG IDEA
A DOCTRINE PASSES



For more than fifty years, the security of the world has been kept in fragile balance by an elegant idea, shaped in large part by a man who is a skeptic about big ideas. George F. Kennan, who is now ninety-eight years old, coined the phrase "containment," and with it the doctrine of deterrence designed to keep the world's superpowers poised in a perpetual standoff, relegated to their separate spheres of influence, forced into peace by the threat of a nuclear war too terrible to win.

Kennan, who lives in Princeton, where he has been affiliated with the Institute for Advanced Study for the past half century (he served as Ambassador to the Soviet Union in the fifties and Ambassador to Yugoslavia in the sixties), is still remarkably vital and engaged by current affairs. But his doctrine of containment, in the face of President Bush's new policy of preëmptive self-defense, is suddenly endangered. Last week, Kennan, who became famous for the clarity of his dire alarms about Stalin, spoke out for the first time about what he sees as the perils of the interventionist approach to Iraq. Asked his opinion of the new Bush doctrine, Kennan fired off the equivalent of one of his bleak foreign-service cables, choosing each word with the care of an old-school diplomat.

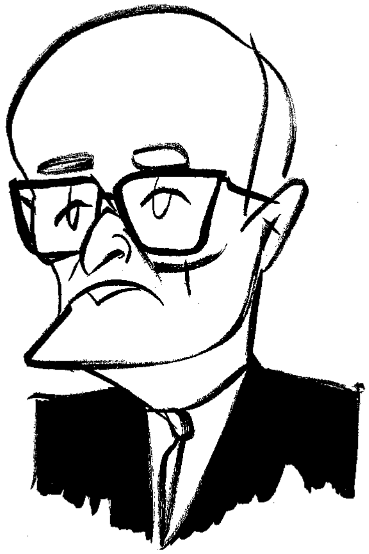
"I deplore doctrines," Kennan said. "They purport to define one's behavior in future situations where it may or may not be suitable." He said that "containment" was merely a word he chose, in a letter in 1946, in answer to a particular situation. "This being the case, I could no more approve of a doctrine of preëmption than any other."

As for the Bush Administration's proposed preëmptive strike on Iraq, Kennan sees grave peril and little justification. "I could see justification only if the absence of it would involve a major and imminent danger to our own country, or, at worst, to our most intimate and traditional allies. Of this I see no evidence."

If Iraq has cultivated weapons of mass destruction, Kennan argued, the greatest threat would probably be to its neighbors, particularly Israel, rather than to the United States, and so "it would be up to the government of that country to estimate the extent of the danger and to find the most fitting answer to it."

He went on, "The apparently imminent use of American armed forces to drive Saddam Hussein from power, from what I know of our government's state of preparedness for such an involvement, seems to me well out of proportion to the dangers involved. I have seen no evidence that we have any realistic plans for dealing with the great state of confusion in Iraqian affairs which would presumably follow even after the successful elimination of the dictator. . . . I, of course, am not well informed. But I fear that any attempt on our part to confront that latent situation by military means alone could easily serve to aggravate it rather than alleviate it."

Some think of Kennan as a hawk because of his early and tough call for resistance to Soviet expansionism. But Kennan is, if anything, more of a pessimist, with a tragic sense of the perils of overreaching. (He opposed the Vietnam War and expressed doubts about the American intervention in Kosovo.) In this vein, he said last week that he endorsed Al Gore's recent statements questioning Bush's pursuit of Iraq and Al Qaeda at the same time. "I admired Gore's speech, not only for its political content, with which I extensively agree, but for the quietness and restraint of the language. . . . I, too, have questions about the relationship of any attack by our forces on Saddam's power to the obligations we have already incurred in the struggle against Al Qaeda. I wish the President had been prevailed upon to tell us whether it is a situation of two wars, against different opponents and for different purposes, that we are proposing to wage."



George F. Kennan

If containment was good enough for Stalin, Kennan seems to believe, it is good enough for Saddam Hussein. After all, Kennan actually dealt personally with Stalin, whom he recalls as having had the "pocked face and yellow eyes of an old battle-scarred tiger." Kennan suggested last week that Hussein has neither the global reach nor the resources of Stalin. "That Saddam was an admirer and perhaps an intentional imitator of Stalin I do not doubt," he said. "But the streak of adventurism that has marked Saddam's behavior was quite foreign to Stalin."

Underlying Kennan's caution, apparently, is the lesson he learned firsthand in 1946, the year that containment was born. This was, as he put it, "the recognition that wherever, in this modern age, one has to choose between war and no war, such is the fearfulness of modern armaments that one should give every conceivable preference to the possibilities and arguments for peace before resorting to the sword."

—*Jane Mayer*

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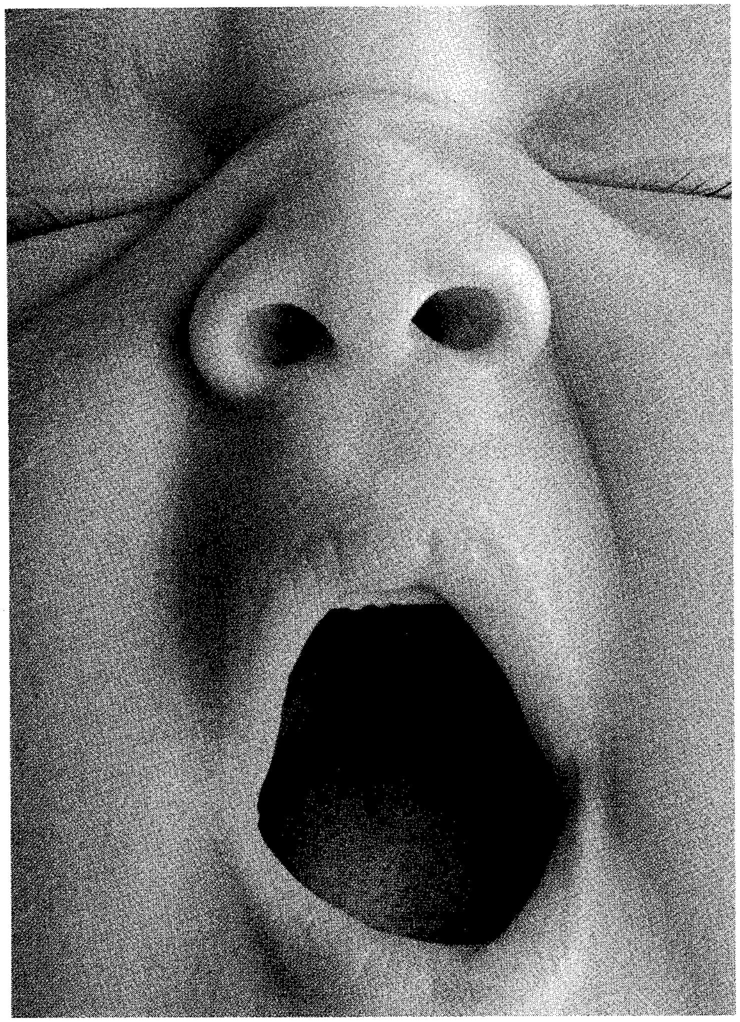

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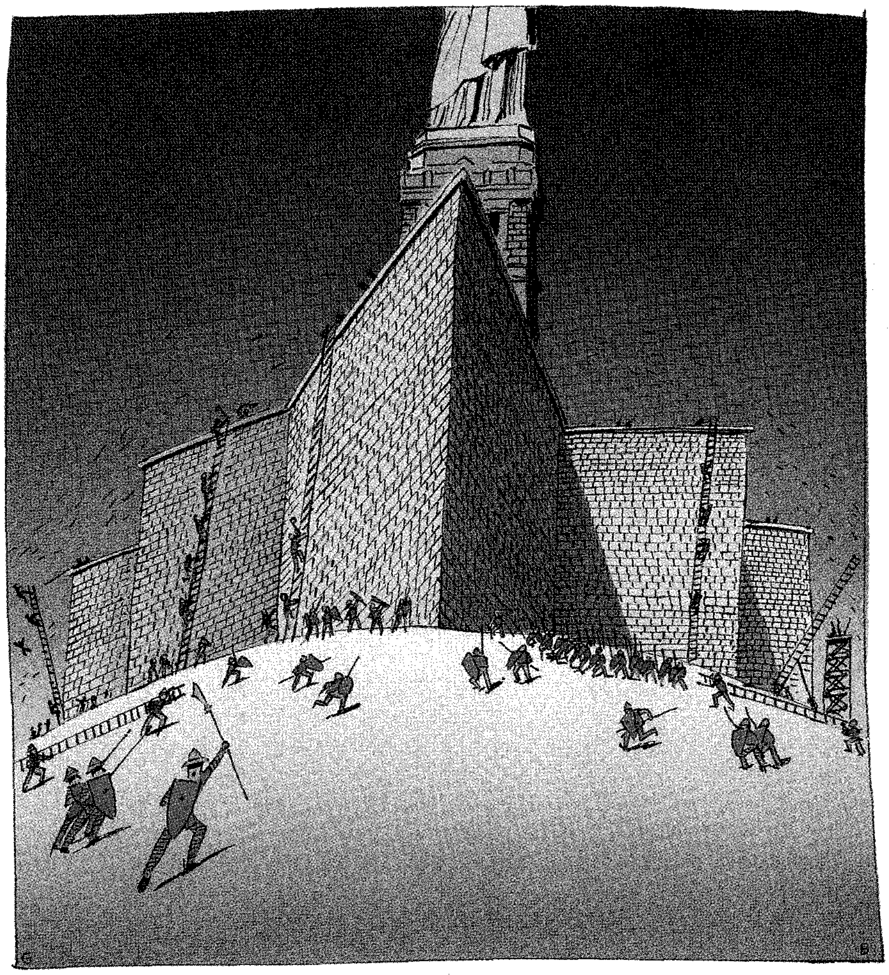
ANNALS OF FOREIGN POLICY

OUR WAY

The trouble with being the world's only superpower.

BY FAREED ZAKARIA

Years from now, when historians try to explain the world of the early twenty-first century, they might mention the Parsley crisis. It took place in July, when the government of Morocco sent twelve soldiers to a tiny island called Leila, a few hundred feet off its coast, in the Strait of Gibraltar, and planted its flag there. The island is uninhabited, except for some goats, and all that thrives on it is wild parsley, hence its Spanish name, Perejil. But its sovereignty has long been contested by Morocco and Spain, and the Spanish government reacted forcefully to the Moroccan "aggression." Within a couple of weeks, seventy-five Spanish soldiers had been airlifted onto the island. They pulled down the Moroccan flag, hoisted two Spanish flags, and sent the Moroccans home. The Moroccan government denounced the "act of war" and organized rallies, where scores of young men chanted, "Our souls and our blood are sacrifices to you, Leila!" Spain kept its military helicopters hovering over the island and its warships off the coast of Morocco. Absurd as the affair was, someone was going to have to talk the two countries down.



Most nations, including America, are unsure of the consequences of a unipolar world.

That role fell not to the United Nations, or to the European Union, or to a friendly European country like France, which has good relations with both sides. It fell to the United States. Once it became clear that nothing else was working, Secretary of State Colin Powell began a hectic round of telephone diplomacy, placing more than a dozen calls to the Moroccan king and foreign minister. After a few days, both countries agreed to leave the island unoccupied and begin talks, in Rabat, about its future status. Both governments issued statements thanking the United States for helping to resolve the crisis.

It is a small example but a telling one. The United States has no interests in the Strait of Gibraltar. Unlike the European Union, it has no special leverage with Spain or Morocco. Unlike the United Nations, it cannot speak for the international community. But it was the only country that could resolve the dispute, for a simple, fundamental reason. In a unipolar world, it is the single superpower.

A world with just one major power is unprecedented. For several centuries before 1945, European states of roughly equivalent standing dominated global affairs in a multipolar system. Many powers jockeying for advantage meant shifting alliances and almost constant war. It fixed in people's minds the image of international politics as Realpolitik, a ruthless, ever-changing game of might. Eventually, the system tore itself apart in the two world wars of the twentieth century. Throughout the Cold War, from 1945 until 1991, the world was bipolar. Because there were only two camps, the system was less chaotic, but every confrontation got tied back to the contest between the United States and the Soviet Union. Even isolated flash points—Quemoy and Matsu, Congo, Angola, Nicaragua—quickly became tests of the two superpowers' resolve.

Most nations—including the United States—are still unsure of the character and the consequences of the unipolar world. The confusion has increased dramatically since the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, which for many Americans revealed the country's vulnerability: America's overwhelming military power cannot keep it safe. The attacks underscored the point that Harvard's Joseph S. Nye, Jr., made in

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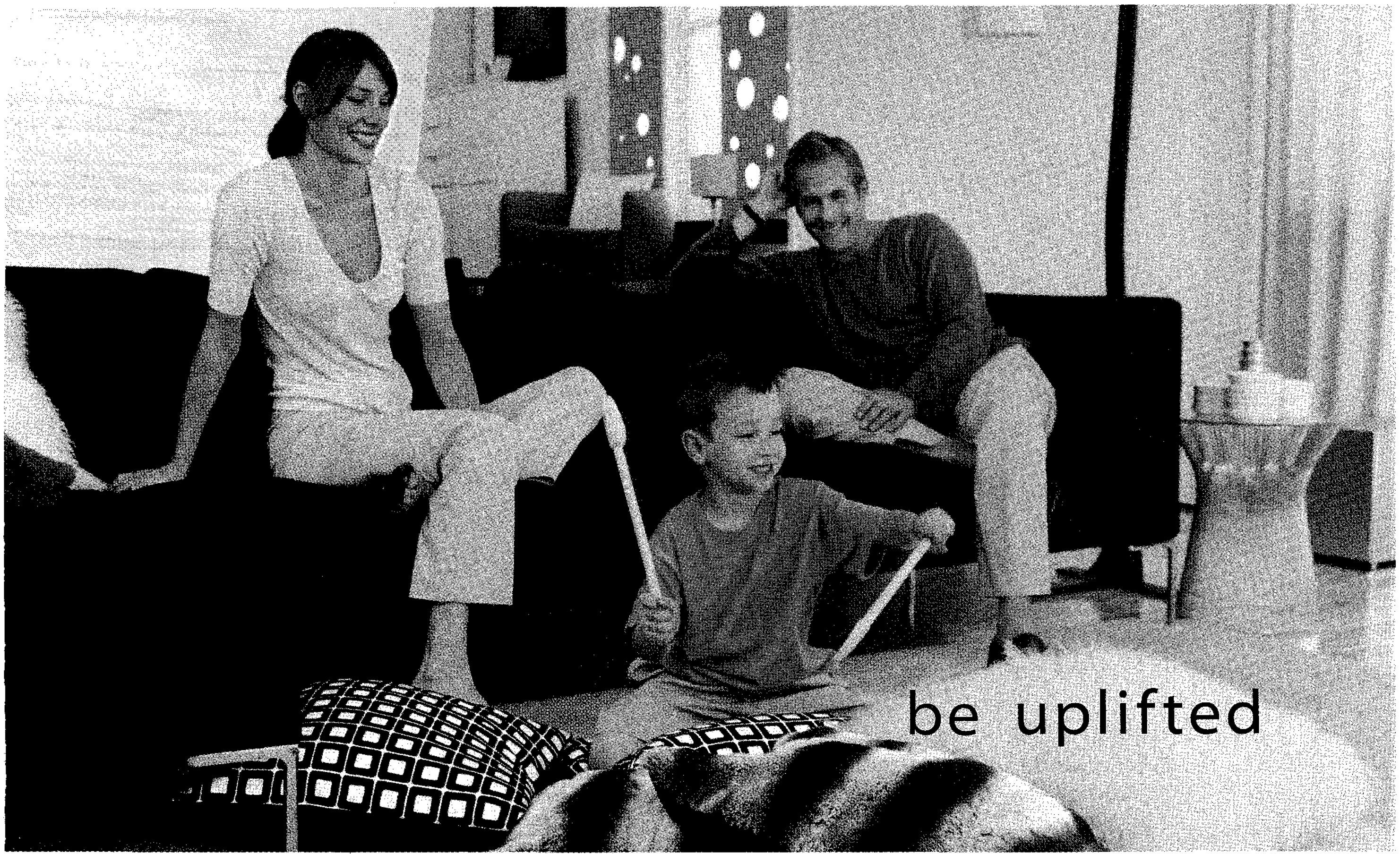

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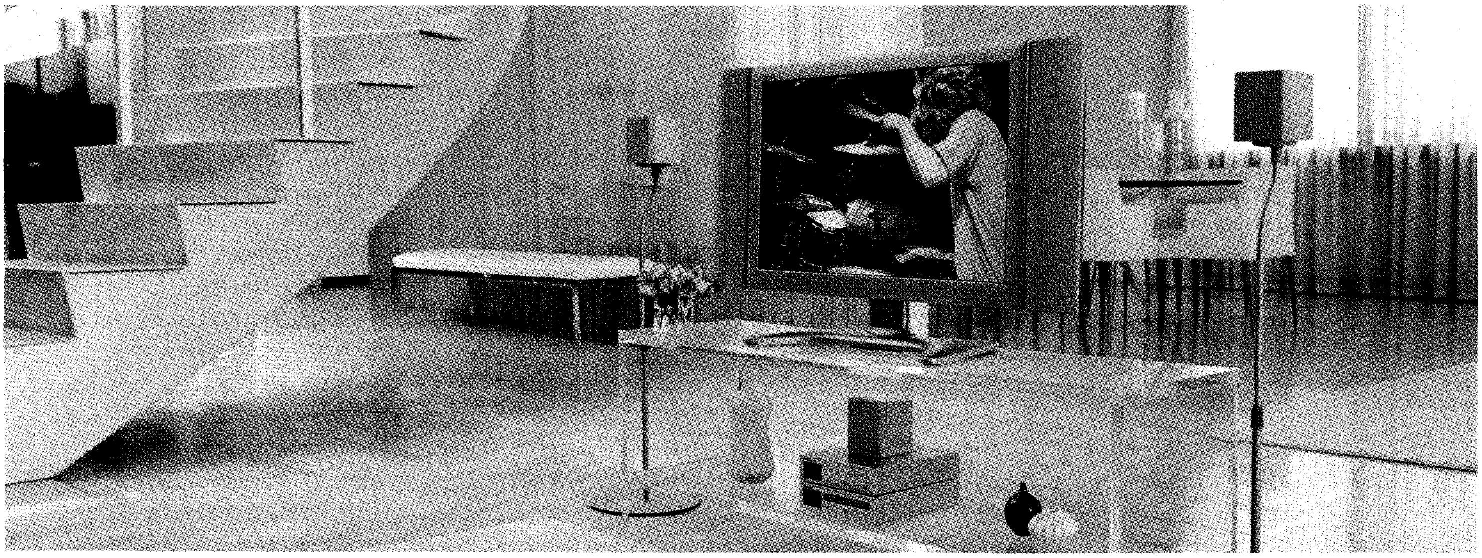

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"We were wondering if now would be a good time to panic."

• •

his recent book, "The Paradox of American Power," which argues that while American power is unmatched, it has its limits in a modern, globalized age. Much of the Western world has lived for some decades with the knowledge that terrorism can plague an open society. But the September attacks were more nihilistic, more deadly than any that had come before. And they were, in a sense, a consequence of the new unipolar world. Americans like to think that this country was attacked because it is free. But so are Italy and Denmark, whose cities stand undisturbed. America was attacked because it is the master of the modern world, deploying its economic, political, and military powers across the globe. Because America is "No. 1," it is also target No. 1.

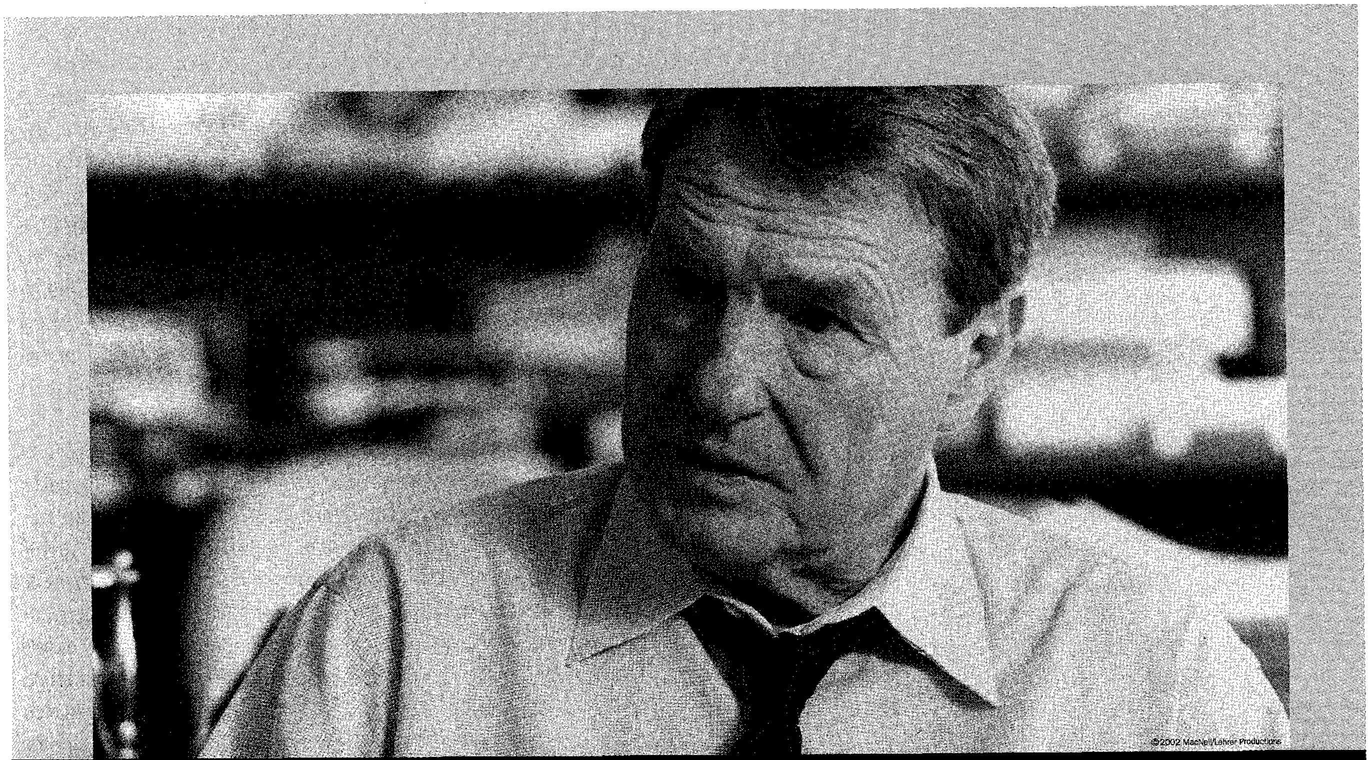
The immediate effect of the attacks, however, has been a reassertion of American dominance. As the rest of the world watched, Washington moved terror to the top of the global agenda; ousted a regime in Afghanistan, almost entirely from the air; and increased its annual defense budget by almost fifty billion dollars, which is more than the total defense spending of Great Britain. It is now maneuvering, despite initial opposition from almost every other country, to get the United Nations to force Iraq to disarm or face war.

America's relative position in the world has no real historical precedent. Imperial Britain, which at its peak reigned over a quarter of the world's population, is the closest analogy to the United States today, but it is still an inadequate one. To take an example, the symbol of Britain's supremacy was its Navy, which—at great cost to the British treasury—was kept larger than the next two largest navies combined. The United States military today is bigger, in dollars spent on it, than the militaries of the next largest fifteen countries combined—and those expenditures amount to only about four per cent of the country's gross domestic product.

America's dominance now seems self-evident, but most policy experts were slow to see it. In 1990, as the Soviet Union was collapsing, Margaret Thatcher expressed a commonly held view that the world was moving toward three regional groups, "one based on the dollar, one based on the yen, one on the Deutsche mark." The Gulf War changed the atmosphere, but only momentarily. Beset by a recession and mounting deficits, President George H. W. Bush sent his Secretary of State, James Baker, to raise funds from the allies to pay for the war. American economic troubles played a part—"We have more will than wallet," Bush had declared in his Inaugural address—but mostly everyone assumed that unipolarity was a passing phase.

Talk of America's weakness dominated the 1992 Presidential election. "The Cold War is over: Japan and Germany won," the late Paul Tsongas said throughout his campaign for the Democratic nomination. Henry Kissinger, in his 1994 book, "Diplomacy," predicted the emergence of a new multipolar world, as did most scholars. Foreigners concurred: Europeans believed that they were on the path to unity and world power, and Asians spoke confidently of the rise of "the Pacific Century."

Despite these claims, however, foreign problems, no matter how distant, seemed to end up in Washington's lap. When the crisis in the Balkans began, in 1991, the President of the European Council, Jacques Poos, of Luxembourg, declared, "This is the hour of Europe. If one problem can be solved by the Europeans it is the Yugoslav problem. This is a European country and it is not up to the Americans." It was not an unusual or an anti-American view. Most European leaders, including Thatcher and Helmut Kohl, shared it. But several bloody years later it was left to America to stop the fighting. By the time Kosovo erupted, Europe let Washington take the lead. During the East Asian economic crisis, East Timor's struggle for independence, successive Middle East conflicts, and Latin-American defaults, the same pattern emerged. In many cases, other countries were part of the solution, but unless America intervened the crisis persisted. During the nineteen-nineties, American action, with all its flaws, proved a better course than inaction. In the same period, the American economy went into its longest postwar boom and, in the process, reversed a decades-old and seemingly normal relative decline. In 1960, the United States' share of world output was thirty per cent; by 1980 it had dropped to twenty-three per cent; today it is twenty-nine per cent. The American economy is now larger than the next three largest economies—those of Japan, Ger-



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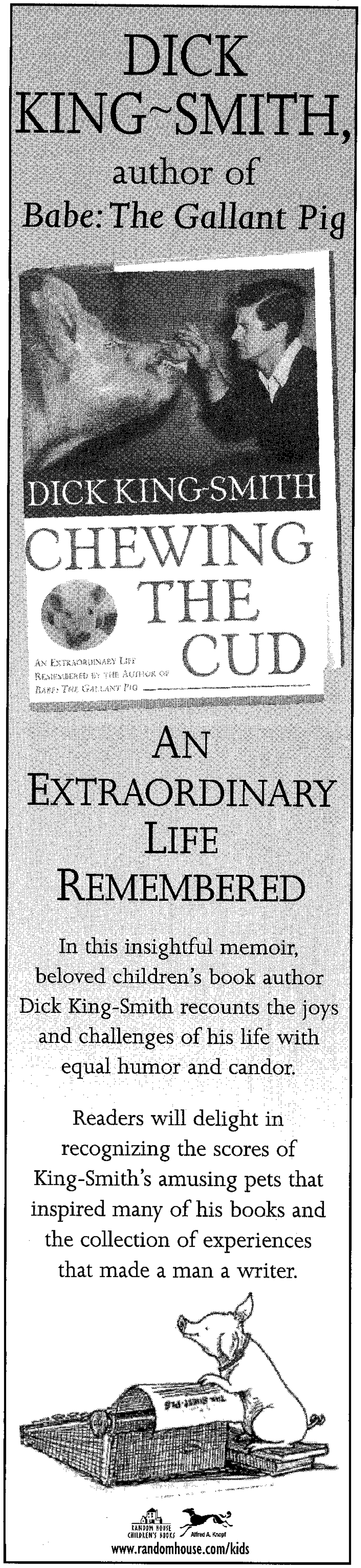
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In this insightful memoir, beloved children's book author Dick King-Smith recounts the joys and challenges of his life with equal humor and candor.

Readers will delight in recognizing the scores of King-Smith's amusing pets that inspired many of his books and the collection of experiences that made a man a writer.

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many, and Great Britain—combined.

American Presidents, however, were slow to embrace their imperial destiny. Bill Clinton came into office promising to stop worrying about foreign policy and to focus "like a laser beam" on the economy. But the pull of unipolarity is strong. By his second term, he had become a foreign-policy President. George W. Bush, in his campaign, reacting to what he saw as a pattern of overinvolvement in international affairs—from economic bailouts to nation-building—promised to scale back America's commitments. Today, the President who urged that America be "a humble nation" issues diktats to the world community, supports nation-building and bailouts, and is increasing America's foreign-aid budget by fifty per cent. The shift was made complete last month, with the publication of the White House's "National Security Strategy," an unapologetic acceptance of American hegemony.

As America's power became more apparent, foreign governments voiced their growing distaste for it. Clinton's chief economic advisers, Robert Rubin and Lawrence Summers, and their de-facto subordinates at the International Monetary Fund were frequently accused of arrogance as they travelled in developing nations. Diplomats like Madeleine Albright and Richard Holbrooke were disparaged in Europe for acting as if America were, in Albright's phrase, the "indispensable nation." The French foreign minister, Hubert Vedrine, devised the term "hyperpower" to describe Bill Clinton's America.

The complaints have risen to a clamor during the current Bush Administration, which has shown a disdain for allies, treaties, and international organizations. In its first two years it has reneged on more international treaties than any previous Administration. Often its actions seem gratuitous. The Kyoto treaty on global warming, for example, was moribund before the Administration loudly pronounced it dead. (Few European countries are close to meeting their goals, and by leaving out China and India the treaty forfeited the possibility of having any real effect.) But by withdrawing in such confrontational tones the Administration sent a signal that the world's largest consumer of energy was unconcerned about the environment. American allies—even, on occasion, Great Britain—complain that they are informed of, rather than consulted about, American policy. Even when the Administration has ended up pursuing policies multilaterally it has done so muttering and grumbling—as it has in taking its case against Iraq to the United Nations—so that much of the good will it might have generated has been lost.

Some neoconservative writers assert that such rancor is an unavoidable by-product of hegemony. In an influential article published this summer in the journal *Policy Review*, Robert Kagan argues that European and American differences over multilateral coöperation are a result of their relative strengths. When Europe's big countries were the world's great powers, they cared little for international coöperation, and celebrated Realpolitik. Europe is now weak, he writes, so it favors rules and restraints. America, for its part, wants complete freedom of action: "Now that the United States is powerful, it behaves as powerful nations do." But this view misinterprets history and misunderstands the unique place that America occupied in twentieth-century diplomacy. America was the most powerful country in the world when it proposed the creation of an international organization, the League of Nations, to manage international relations after the First World War. It was the dominant power at the end of the Second World War, when it founded the United Nations, created the Bretton Woods system of international economic coöperation, and launched most of the world's key international organizations. For much of the twentieth century, America embraced international coöperation not out of fear and vulnerability but from a position of confidence and strength. If the Bush Administration rejects this approach, it is indeed, as Richard Holbrooke has charged, making "a radical break with fifty-five years of a bipartisan tradition that sought international agreements and regimes of benefit to us."

But unilateralism is also a reversion to an older American reflex. It is, perhaps, the most venerable tradition in

American foreign policy, rooted in the belief that the United States is an exceptional country, set apart from the scheming nations of the Old World. Most American statesmen agreed with Thomas Jefferson when he warned against "entangling alliances." The fear was, quite simply, that associating with European powers would be morally corrupting. John Quincy Adams, in his famous July 4th speech of 1821, declared, "America does not go abroad in search of monsters to destroy." He then explained why: "She well knows that by once enlisting under other banners than her own . . . she would involve herself . . . in all the wars of interest and intrigue, of individual avarice, envy, and ambition. . . . She might become the dictatress of the world: she would be no longer the ruler of her own spirit." Unilateralism did not mean isolationism. America started as thirteen colonies nestled east of the Allegheny Mountains and became a vast continental empire through aggressive diplomacy, financial deals, and, on several occasions, war. Foreign policy has always been worthwhile when the goal was transformation—in this case, the Americanization of new lands. But diplomacy as usual was to be shunned. International politics was to be transcended, not engaged in.

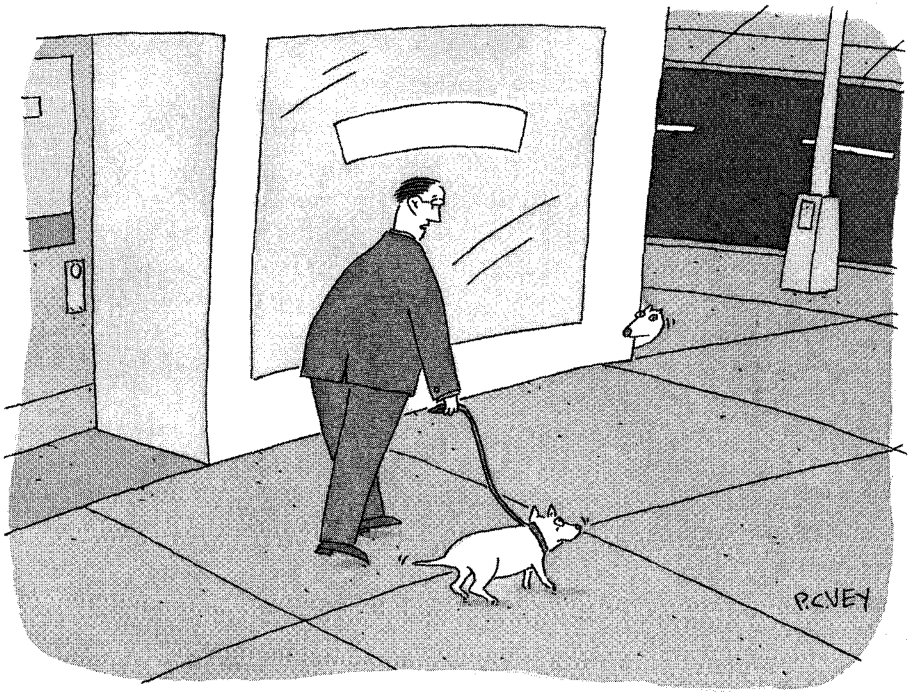
Unilateralism still has a popular appeal, especially in the South, which is now the base of the Republican Party. But it cannot be an organizing principle of foreign policy. It is a disposition, or, at most, a means. The fundamental questions about America's approach to the world are about ends. The Bush Administration has often used America's extraordinary power effectively, getting its way on a host of specific issues, from the A.B.M. treaty to Iraq's weapons production. But what do these issues add up to more broadly? What are the purposes of American hegemony?

The historical answer to that question is to be found in the British missionary movement of the nineteenth century, whose stated aims—to civilize developing countries, abolish the slave trade, act against human-rights abuses, and ostracize despotic governments—were adopted by the liberals, most prominently William Gladstone. In modern times, this Anglo-American vision of an idealistic foreign policy is most closely associated with President Woodrow Wilson.

Wilson was, in many ways, a failure as a politician. A stern man with few skills at negotiation or mediation, he was unable to get his own country to accept his most important project, the League of Nations. The Senate killed it, unwilling to commit America to the defense of something as vast and as vague as world order. But, for all his practical failings, his ideas have endured, indeed triumphed. Today, when someone argues in favor of human rights and democracy, advocates self-determination for minority populations or the dismantling of colonial empires, criticizes secret and duplicitous diplomacy, or supports international law and organizations, he is rightly called Wilsonian. And while the particular mixture of ingredients has varied, almost every American President in the past half century has been, at least rhetorically, a Wilsonian.

Of course, like every powerful nation, the United States has pursued its own interests, often harshly—for instance, in Central America. And when the Cold War seemed most threatening—during the Vietnam War and amid rising Soviet expansion in the Third World—Americans turned to calculation and Realpolitik, carried out most intensively by Henry Kissinger. This *raison d'état* is still evident in our support of dictatorships from Saudi Arabia to Turkmenistan. But when the United States' position in the world has felt secure its goals have been the broad, idealistic ones that Wilson embodied. "We have it in our power," Ronald Reagan often used to say, quoting Thomas Paine, "to begin the world over again." George H. W. Bush is often seen as a narrow-minded realist, and he would certainly not accept the label "Wilsonian." Yet, when searching for a way to describe his hopes for the world after the Cold War and the Gulf War, he grasped for one of Wilson's most famous ideas. "What is at stake," Bush said, "is a big idea—a new world order, where diverse nations are drawn together in common cause to achieve the universal aspirations of mankind: peace and security, freedom, and the rule of law." A few weeks later, in a speech to a joint session of Congress, Bush evoked "a world where the United Nations, freed from Cold War stalemate, is poised to fulfill the historic vision of its founders. A world in which freedom and respect for human rights find a home among all nations."

George W. Bush, in the first months of his term, did not speak much about the broad goals toward which his Administration's foreign policy was aimed. Some of his pre-September 11th ob-

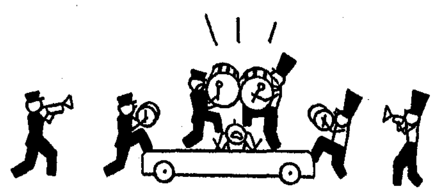


"Now, don't get too excited—it could just be a hand puppet."

sessions—particularly missile defense—suggested a notion of national security geared toward staying safe and aloof from the world (though missile defense is ineffective against terrorism). But in what was billed as an important speech, delivered in June at the West Point commencement, Bush began to outline a world view. He described the dangers of the new era and then asserted that "America has, and intends to keep, military strengths beyond challenge, thereby making the destabilizing arms races of other eras pointless, and limiting rivalries to trade and other pursuits of peace." It is a breathtaking statement, promising that American power will transform international politics itself, making the millennia-old struggle over national security obsolete. In some ways, it is the most Wilsonian statement any President has made since Wilson himself, echoing his pledge to use American power to create a "universal dominion of right." This claim is at the center of Bush's new National Security Strategy document, which says on its first page, "Today, the United States enjoys a position of unparalleled military strength and great economic and political influence. In keeping with our heritage and principles, we do not use our strength to press for unilateral advantage. We seek instead to create a balance of power that favors human freedom."

Many of Bush's recent proclamations are Wilsonian. He advocates democracy in Palestine and wants to build a modern, democratic state in Iraq as part of a wider effort to democratize the Arab world. Last month, at the United Nations, in explaining why Iraq was a threat to world peace, he said that "open societies do not threaten the world with mass murder." But while he adopts some of Wilson's loftiest ideals, Bush is also following some of his most fatal practices. Wilson's means were often highly unilateral. When he took the United States into the war, in 1917, he insisted that although it fought alongside France and England, it was not an ally but an "associated power." His entire approach to the war and its aftermath was to dissociate the United States from the sordid desires of its allies. Impatient with other countries' cultures and uninterested in their views, Wilson tended to issue declarations for the whole world. He believed strongly in the righteousness of his cause, and that was enough to allay any concerns he might have had about the reaction of foreign countries. In fact, he thought, their hostility was often proof of the revolutionary nature of his ideas. Some of this may have been true—just as some of Bush's frustration with European and United Nations diplomacy is understandable—but it insured that Wilson was a practical failure. Bush's high-handedness also promises to make his policies ineffective. Yet there is a way to conduct a robust and visionary foreign policy without triggering an avalanche of anti-Americanism around the world. It's called diplomacy.

The American who best understood how to balance idealism and power was Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Roosevelt adopted so many stances during his tenure—from isolationism in the early nineteen-thirties to bargains with Stalin in the nineteen-forties—that he could just as easily be termed a realist, an idealist, a pacifist, and an opportunist. But at the end of the Second World War he faced a challenge unlike any faced by a world leader before. Chief among the victors, presiding over a world in ruins, he had to decide what the postwar world should look like. He set in motion a series of international organizations—dealing with international security, trade, economic policy, food and agriculture, civil aviation—that had Wilsonian goals. Unlike Wilson's projects, however, the most important ones were to be run not as democracies but, rather, by the countries that had real power. That gave them a reason to support the system. The United Nations was to be run by those who had won the war—the United States, the Soviet Union, France, Britain, and China. The Bretton Woods system—the I.M.F. and the World Bank—was to be run by the country providing most of the cash, which was America. Thus, when America was even more powerful than it is today—by some measures it had fifty per cent of world output—it put into place a series of measures designed to rebuild its adversaries, institutionalize international coöperation on dozens of global issues, and alleviate poverty. No other nation would have done this: Churchill and Stalin were busy carving out spheres of influence. And few Presidents other than F.D.R. could have done it successfully.



It is difficult to recall today how expansive the American vision was. Roosevelt's successor, Harry Truman, has a reputation as a combative cold warrior; he is the man who founded NATO and launched America into the Korean War. But, from the time he was in high school until the day he died, Truman carried in his wallet lines from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall," which read, in part, "In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world. / There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe, / And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapped in universal law." Roosevelt and Truman knew that to transform the world one had to engage in it. Roosevelt thought poorly of many of his wartime allies and their goals—he despised French and British colonialism, for example—but he understood that those countries had to be accommodated. Truman understood that the United States could best combat Soviet Communism by creating permanent, entangling alliances with other countries. As a result, these two Presidents and their successors created the conditions for the triumph of a world quite different from any that existed in the past. Today, there is an international consensus in favor of democracy, some version of open markets and capitalism, and some international norms, rules, and restraints. This has happened because of the inherent strength of these ideas but also because they have been hitched to American power.

Perhaps most important, Roosevelt and Truman, having lived through the nineteen-thirties, knew how fragile the international system was and believed that it needed support. Having reaped the fruits of this system—upheld by all successive Presidents of both parties—we have come to believe that stability is natural. But the world order put into place by the United States in the past half century—an order based on alliances,

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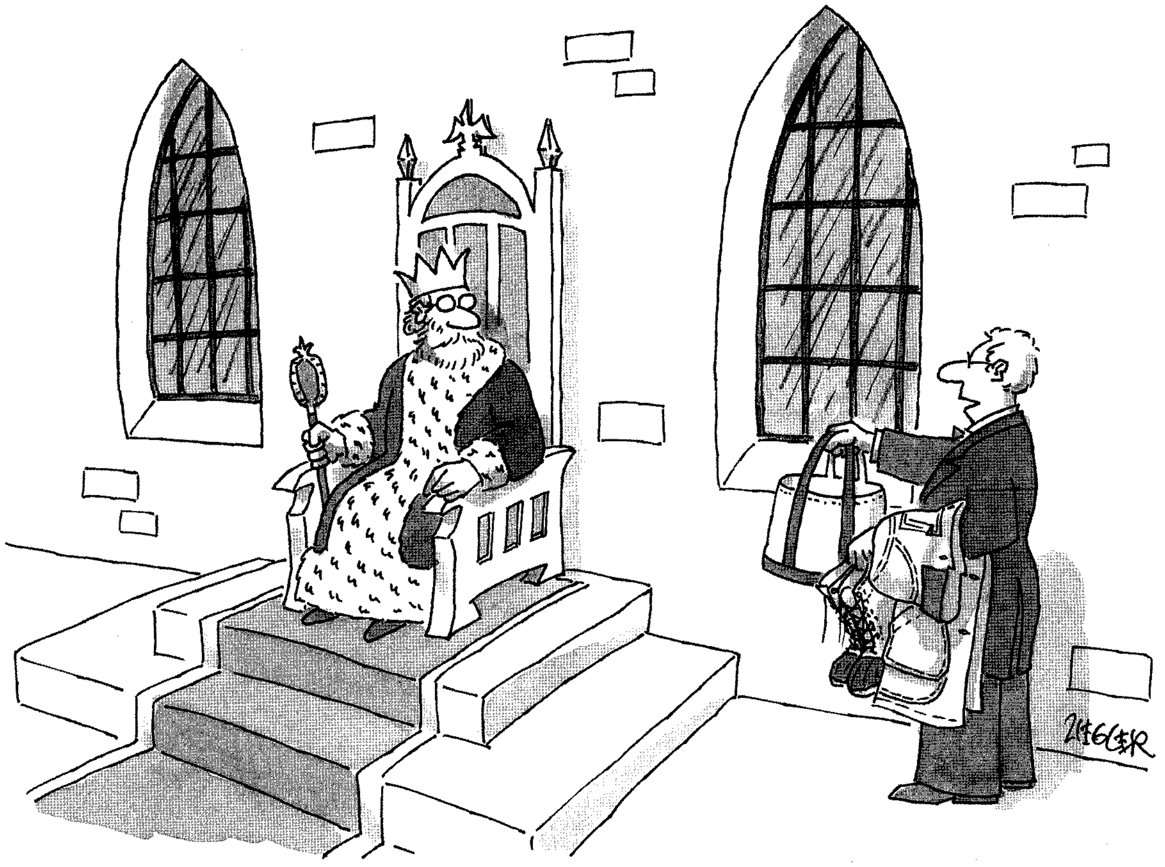

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

organizations, and norms—functions largely because of the respect paid to it by its superpower creator. Without that support, it will crumble into chaos.

America can uphold the international system by itself. That would certainly give it the most freedom of action. But America is not an imperial power. A country that will not provide security fifty miles outside Kabul—one year after September 11th—is not going to take on the burdens of intervention, occupation, and nation-building in crisis after crisis around the world. And why should it, when there is another way? So far, we have handed these "imperial" missions over to the very allies and organizations—the international community—of which we are often so skeptical. Today, there are roughly as many non-American as American troops in Afghanistan, and most of the costs of Balkan reconstruction have been borne by the European Union. In the past five years, the United Nations has engaged in nation-building in Bosnia, Kosovo, East Timor, Cambodia, and parts of Africa, and has done better than anyone might have expected. When the international system is given help from America—most crucially, in the establishment of peace and order—it can work surprisingly well. The Bush Administration is right to recognize that consensus is not an end in itself. And some American concerns about international organizations are valid. Within these organizations, America faces a special challenge: the United States has only one vote in most international organizations, and when other countries want to gang up on it they use these organizations to do so. But these are the kinds of problems that skillful diplomacy can resolve.

Working to a greater extent through allies and organizations would also make the United States more secure. This week we may snub Germany, but next week we will need its help in arresting suspects and shutting down bank accounts. We will need information from foreign governments on goods shipped from all over the world to insure that something dangerous—say, enriched uranium—does not sail into New York Harbor. In fact, the only sustained protection against the threat of terrorism will come from a new global process of customs and immigration controls which checks people and cargo around the world, using the same standards and sharing databases—in other words, a new international organization. Otherwise, America's borders will become the choke point of global traffic—something that would be bad for the economy as well as for the society. As important, American hegemony would gain the legitimacy that comes from operating through an international consensus.

Without this cloak of respectability, America will face a growing hostility around the world. During the Cold War, many nations disliked or disagreed with America—over Vietnam, for example—but they despised the Soviet Union. The enemy of their enemy was, in the end, their friend. But today, with no alternative ideology and no competitors, America stands alone in the world. Everyone else sits in its shadow. This doesn't mean that other countries will form military alliances against America; that would be pointless. But countries will obstruct American purposes whenever and in whatever way they can, and the pursuit of American interests will have to be undertaken through coercion rather than consensus. Anti-Americanism will become the global language of political protest—the default ideology of opposition—unifying the world's discontents and malcontents, some of whom, as we have discovered, can be very dangerous.

"It is better to be feared than loved," Machiavelli wrote. But he was wrong. The Soviet Union was feared by its allies; the United States was loved, or, at least, liked. Look who's still around. America has transformed the world with its power but also with its ideals. When China's pro-democracy protesters gathered in Tiananmen Square, they built a makeshift figure that suggested the Statue of Liberty, not an F-16. America remains the universal nation, the country people across the world believe should speak for universal values. Its image may not be as benign as Americans think, but it is, in the end, better than the alternatives. That is what has made America's awesome power tolerable to the world for so long. The belief that America is different is its ultimate source of strength. If we mobilize all our awesome powers and lose this one, we will have hegemony—but will it be worth having? ♦

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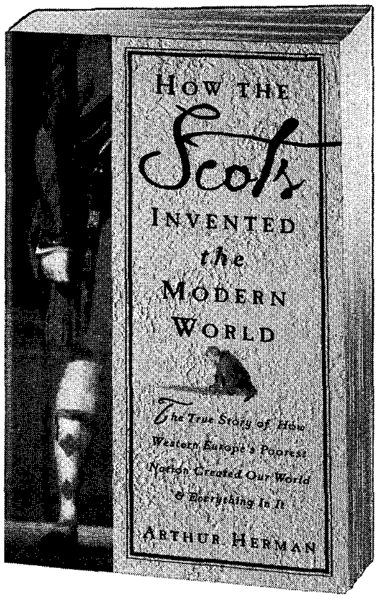
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LETTER FROM FINLAND

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

What does summer camp have to do with international peace?

BY REBECCA MEAD

The future President of Turkey pulled off his T-shirt, hiked up his swimming trunks, and waded into the lake, progressing relentlessly if flinchingly to shorts-soaking depths. This was Gökberk Kutku's first overseas assignment, to a four-week retreat in a town called Pirkkala, in southeastern Finland, where he, along with some fifty representatives from eleven other nations, had come to exchange ideas about how to resolve persistent global ills: the conflict in the Middle East; the threat of terrorism; poverty in the developing world. Kutku, who prefers to go by the nickname Speedy, had a clear agenda for what he wished to achieve in his forthcoming premiership. "I want to save Turkey," he explained, walking a wooded path to the lakeside. "Turkey is now in a difficult time. We have got a lot of problems with our money. We borrow a lot of money from other countries and we can't pay it back." The meetings in which Speedy participated with his international peers often went late into the night, and facilitators drew upon out-of-the-box strategies: not just lake-swimming sessions but creative role-playing exercises and sing-alongs of "Kum-Ba-Yah." Over the four weeks, some useful conclusions were reached about the necessity for negotiation rather than confrontation in global hot spots, though there were some fiercely argued disagreements, particularly between representatives from the United States and their counterparts from Northern Europe, over the military intervention in Afghanistan. Inevitably, there were some tears. And many hundreds of Chupa Chup lollipops were consumed.

Speedy's Presidency is still a long way off and is, at best, speculative: he is currently a sixth-grade student in Bursa, a large city in Western Turkey. Along with forty-six other eleven-year-olds, he was in Pirkkala to attend a summer camp hosted by an organization called Children's International Summer Villages. For fifty years, C.I.S.V. has brought children from different countries together in different locations, on the theory that international harmony can be fostered by encouraging young Slovaks, say, to run frantically in circles around a playground before pouring water on the heads of young Mexicans. As the story goes, C.I.S.V. was founded in 1951 by Doris Allen, a psychologist at the University of Cincinnati, after her seven-year-old son said to her, "There won't be any more wars, will there, mother?" (Dr. Allen died earlier this year; she was a hundred years old.) C.I.S.V. is a volunteer organization, and receives funding from the governments of some of the participant countries. Under its auspices, about three thousand eleven-year-olds every year attend around fifty summer villages all over the world, and there are programs for children of other ages, too.

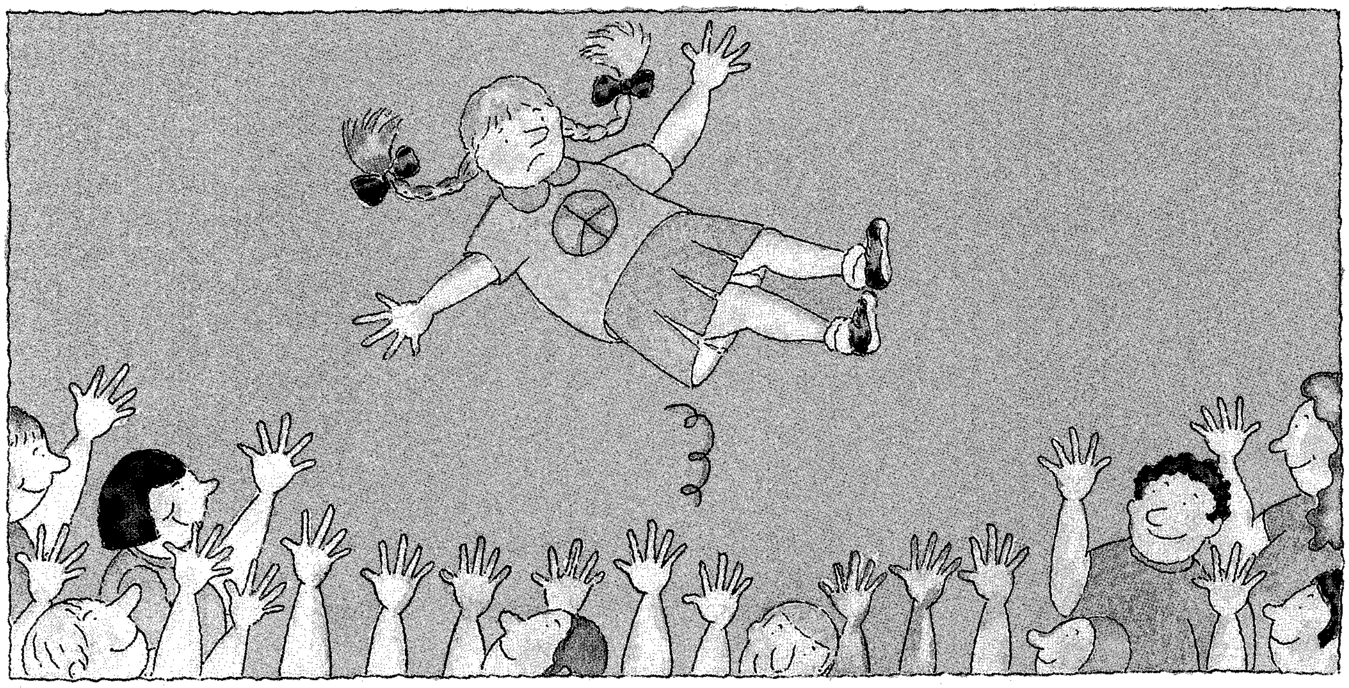
The delegations to the Pirkkala village—actually, an elementary school whose classrooms had been converted into dormitories—were from countries less antagonistic to one another than those of the Middle East. There were children from Austria and Germany; Finland, Norway, and Sweden; and Mexico, Costa Rica, and Brazil; with Slovakia, Greece, and Turkey thrown in for good measure, as well as the United States. (Each country sent four children and an adult delegation leader; there were also six sixteen-year-old "junior counsellors," from Finland, Sweden, Belgium, Canada, and Jordan, and four adult Finns, who were in charge.) At one point last spring, it was hoped that a delegation from Japan would be joining the village, thereby fracturing the dominance of the Nordic-Teutonic-Latin axis, but that fell through. The Pirkkala village seemed to be composed entirely of towheaded boys with crew cuts and girls with tumbling dark hair and slim hips. There was one black participant, a sixteen-year-old junior counsellor from Belgium named Maxim, who was an object of exotic fascination for the children on account of his predilection for wearing a skirt at every possible opportunity and, occasionally, a set of furry bunny ears, and addressing the male camp director as "Madam."

Many of the children were members of the international class of the wealthy. The South American kids all seemed to have parents who owned factories or ran three companies: Adriana, one of the girls from Costa Rica, when asked whether she had ever been to the United States, replied, "I have an apartment there." (Parents of the fifth graders in the United States delegation paid fifteen hundred and fifty dollars for their children to attend. Parents must also pay for their children's airfares and that of their leaders. In the case of the Costa Rican delegation, they must pay for a four-day visit to London that was tacked on to the end of the trip.) The lingua franca of the camp was English, and though the delegations of some countries were more fluent than others—Norwegian eleven-year-olds, like Norwegian adults, speak English far better than do at least two out of three recent American Presidents—all the children seemed to have mastered the correct deployment of "like" in a sentence, such as "That game where we poured water over the Mexicans was, like, so cool."

Few of the children had political careers mapped out quite as extensively as Speedy did. However, Adriana, the property-owning Costa Rican, did say that when she grew up she wanted to be a lawyer. "I want to stand up in the court saying, 'Objection!' because I like to argue," she explained. Maxim, the flamboyant junior counsellor, said that he hoped to learn about other nations and help other people by becoming a steward. "But I would want to work on a cruise line, not an airline, because if a ship wrecks you at least have a chance of being rescued," he said. Several of the boys declared a desire to become fighter pilots; they seemed not to have considered that this ambition might not square with their wish to attend a peace camp.

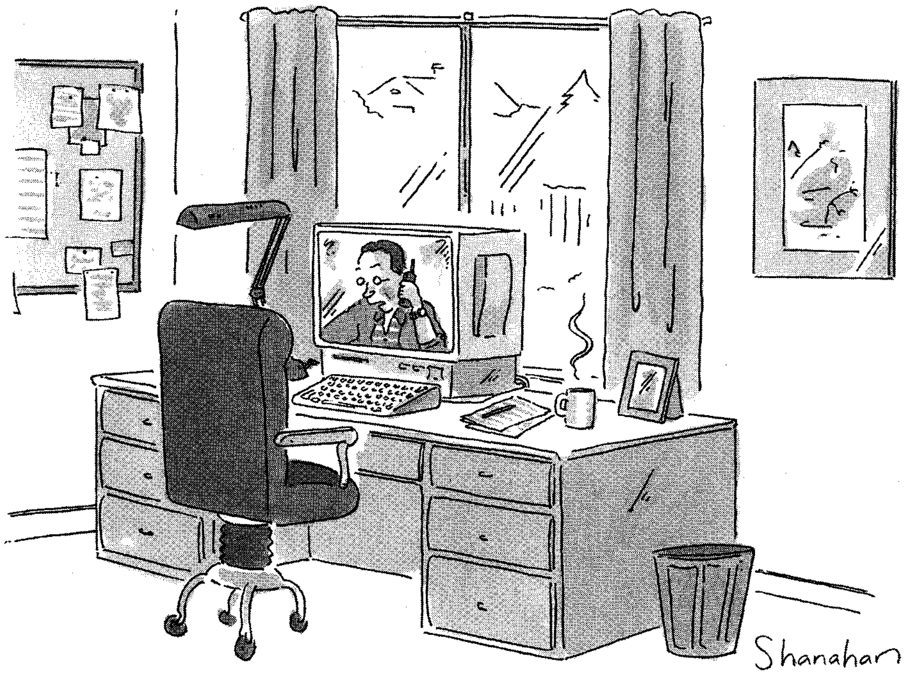
The Pirkkala day began at eight-thirty every morning. This was four and a half hours after the rising of the Finnish summer sun but was usually too early for the campers, who cringed beneath pillows as a boom box played loud Europop as a reveille. After raising the camp flag, the children trooped into the cafeteria for breakfast and sat down at placemats they had made for themselves, which were rearranged each mealtime. Shuffling the seating arrangements encouraged the children to discover points of commonality. One popular topic for discussion was food allergies. Over dinner one evening, Isabell, from Sweden, explained that she was allergic to milk. "I'm allergic to nuts," Irya, from Norway, chimed in, at which point Martin, another Norwegian, said, "I'm allergic to fish, oranges, kiwis, and bananas—though I'm not completely sure about bananas." Mealtimes provided an opportunity for the children to become aware of their cultural differences, too. Here they learned that Turkish kids don't eat pork; that Mexican kids prefer to keep a bottle of hot sauce close at hand, particularly when faced with the calorific blandness of Finnish cuisine, which ranged from Tater Tots to pasta with cottage cheese; that Costa Rican girls are already asking for low-fat milk; and that everyone, basically, would prefer pizza.

Certain cultural differences presented unforeseen logistical issues for Anssi Helin, the camp director, an affable thirty-one-year-old Finnish kindergarten teacher's aide who wore Winnie the Pooh socks and occasionally sneaked behind the school building for a smoke. The Finnish kids were accustomed to communal nudity, as were the delegations from other hearty Northern Euro-



Each game, it turned out, was not really about running around but was a metaphor for a larger geopolitical problem.

VICTORIA ROBERTS



"Oops—I think I hit 'enter.'"

• •

pean nations; but the Costa Rican girls would visit the girls' showers only in their bathing suits. One of the Turkish girls returned in tears to the school after her "home stay"—children go in pairs to stay for the weekend with host families, where they learn about native culture by taking saunas and watching Harry Potter videos translated into Finnish—because her host family had taken her to their summer cottage, where there was no shower and the toilet facilities consisted of the forest out back.

Although language-determined cliques inevitably occurred—the Latin-American girls all hung out together whenever possible, the Swedes and Norwegians chattered away, and the Slovakian children talked to each other—part of the C.I.S.V. concept is that even if children don't share a common language they will find ways to communicate with each other. Several of the boys spoke the international language of Budweiser commercials, and would squat slightly, tilt their heads to one side, raise an arm in a hip-hop gesture, and growl, "Waaazzupp!" to each other. A number of the children had considerable physical abilities: Elizabeth, a member of the United States delegation, who attends the Chapin School, in Manhattan, was known in the village for her swing-dancing moves, which involved picking up boys who were smaller than she and flinging them commandingly around before restoring them, gasping, the right way up. No less eager was her fellow-New Yorker Zoe, a tiny, dark-haired girl from the East Eighties, who could be seen quite frequently tucking her baggy T-shirt into her oversized shorts, a sure sign that a slightly inelegant cartwheel was about to happen.

Much of the day at a C.I.S.V. village is taken up with singing, dancing, and playing games, all of which are supposed to be fun ways of learning how to trust one another and achieve by peaceable means that which might otherwise be attained only by violent conquest. Thus the Pirkkala children learned campfire songs and rudimentary dances involving a lot of stamping and clapping. They engaged in activities such as "caterpillar," in which a group of children lie squished together in a row on the ground with their arms uplifted and their palms raised, like an inverted millipede, while one child at a time lies atop the hands and is passed along the line. This was easy when the child was, say, waiflike Thale, from Norway, most of whose body weight consisted of long blond hair, but was rather more difficult when the child was one of those girls who had made an early transition into puberty without also losing their baby fat.

Many of the games were variations on the theme of tag. But at the end of each skirmish the children sat down to discuss their feelings about it, under the guidance of the group leaders. Each game, it turned out, was not really about running around and tagging other kids but was a metaphor for a larger geopolitical problem. In one complicated analogy to global poverty and epidemic disease, the children were divided by lottery into groups of decreasing sizes; each group was then preyed upon by the smaller groups. The largest number of children were designated Rabbits, followed by Foxes and then Hunters and then, drawing upon very contemporary concerns with biological threats, by Viruses and, finally, by a single player, who was Death. During the game, the Rabbits scampered madly, the Foxes had a brief moment of supremacy before the Hunters were introduced, and the Viruses strode around complacently, striking other players down while keeping one eye out for Death. The part of Death was played by Martin, the Norwegian, a diminutive kid with a shock of blond hair, whose English was so good that he could use the verb "to suck" in a sentence without stumbling, and who wore himself out so much running around after Viruses that by the end of the game Elizabeth had picked him up in a modified swing-dance move and was carrying him around the field on her back.

After the game, the children gathered under the trees and were quizzed about how it had felt to spread disaster or be the victim of it. "I hated being a Rabbit," grumbled Richard, from Sweden. Martin was asked about his feelings about being Death. "It was cool," he said. This was clearly the wrong answer. "Weren't you getting tired of killing people?" Anna-Liisa, the American-delegation leader, asked. After Marcos, the Brazilian-delegation leader, said that he enjoyed being a Rabbit because he had coöperated with his fellow-Rabbits, Martin grudgingly came around. "I felt a little bit bad being Death because I had to kill everyone,"

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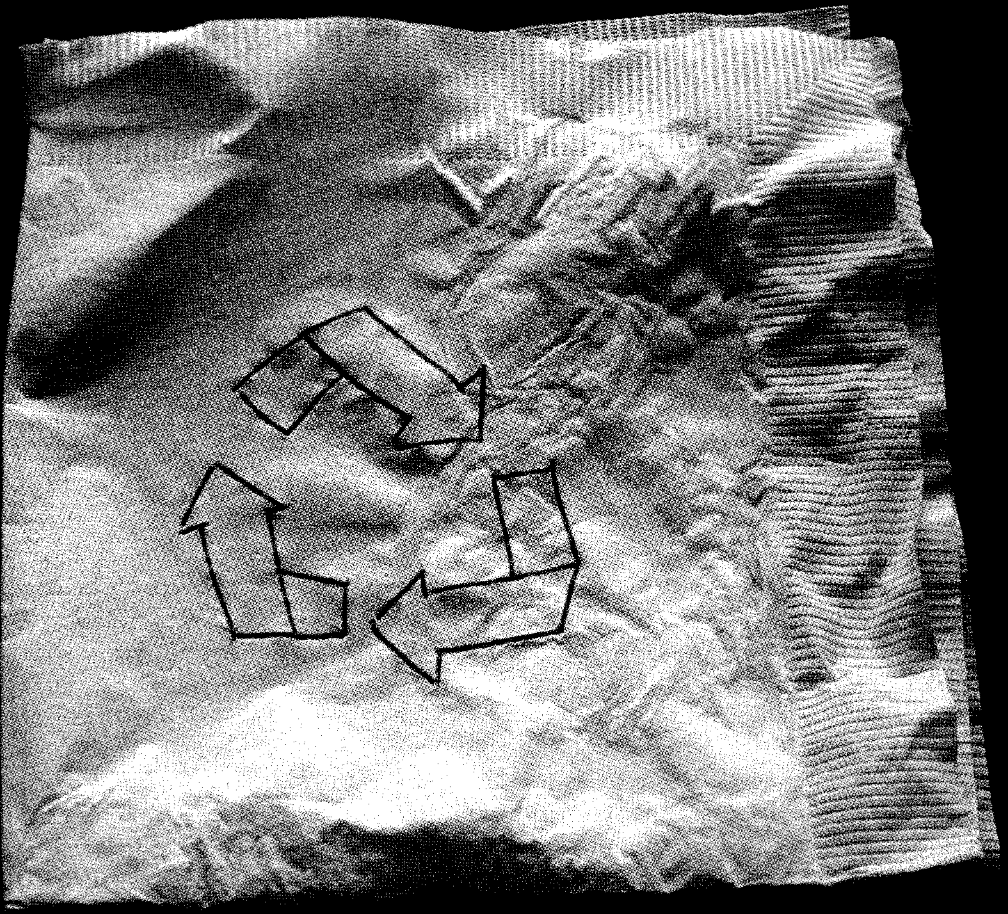

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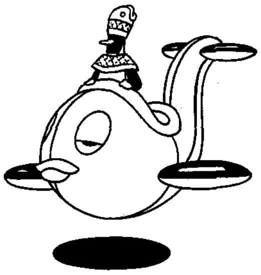
he admitted—although he said it with all the conviction of a politician who, having been caught making a racial slur when he thought the microphone was turned off, later expresses regret if he's offended anyone.

A peculiarity of a Children's International Summer Village is that while most of the activities are designed to encourage children to dismantle their preconceptions about the funny eating habits or personal-hygiene practices of others, one C.I.S.V. institution is designed specifically to reinforce the broadest of national stereotypes. This is known as the National Nights, when, two or three times a week, the evening's entertainment is provided by a different delegation, who take to the gymnasium stage for a presentation of their cultural heritage, and then provide food and gifts from their homeland. One night, the Swedes and the Finns teamed up for their National Night, much of the two nations' folk culture being similar, even if the Swedes are skeptical of Finland's claim to be the true home of Santa Claus. The Swedes performed their national dances, one involving dirndls and clogs and the other a reënactment of the traditional choreography to ABBA's "Mamma Mia," and showed a series of slides depicting Swedish life: blond people boating on lakes, mostly. Afterward, the Finnish leader, Mervi, stood up and announced balefully, "We have pretty much the same as Sweden; lakes and forests are what we have here. We also have Nokia, the cell-phone company"—at this, the children of every land raised their voices in celebration—"and there are five million people who live here, and that is all I can tell you about Finland."

More subtle national characteristics were displayed in other activities. One afternoon, the children were divided into groups of six or so, given cardboard and glue and paint, and told that they were to construct a model of their ideal city. After some head-scratching, each group got down to work in the playground, with each child constructing the element of the imagined city that he or she most prized. Andy, a heavyset Mexican boy, built a restaurant out of construction paper which he named El Rincón de Los Antojos. Adriana from Costa Rica considered making a disco but decided on a pizza parlor. One boy-heavy group of children designed their city around a skateboarding park. Speedy ransacked the garbage to find a toilet-paper tube and an empty yogurt container, which he painted and turned into an air-traffic-control tower. American Elizabeth and Norwegian Martin collaborated on a rock cave roofed with leaves, on which they placed a sign reading "Martin and Elizabeth's house."

The children were united in their industry, though there were inevitably some areas of conflict. Max, from New Jersey, contributed a tall skyscraper to the city he'd worked on—the World Trade Center, he said, although he wisely decided to stop at a single edifice. "Our city is called New New York," he said, assertively. "Why should it be New York?" Valentina, from Brazil, asked. "It's obviously New York," said Max, who was ultimately overruled by an international coalition of Finns and South Americans, who said they refused to submit to American bullying.

After the cities were completed, the groups inspected each other's work, expressing envy—why didn't we think of a Ferris wheel!—and admiration. Then all the children were taken away, out of sight of the cities; one group at a time, they were led back to the playground, where Giovanna, the Costa Rican leader, pointed at another group's city and told the group at hand to destroy it. Some of the children didn't need asking twice—the gleam in one Finnish boy's eye as he raced off to demolish the Skate Park suggested that when Santa Claus hostilities between his country and Sweden escalate he'll be volunteering for the front lines—though others, like Zoe, from Manhattan, were more hesitant, kicking at the cardboard towers half-heartedly while her co-builder Adriana leaped zestfully into the fray. Of eight groups, only one refused the order, on the ground that it wasn't nice to destroy someone else's work. Next, there was the inevitable discovery, on the part of the wreakers of havoc, that their own cities had been razed, too—and the shock of receiving Giovanna's next instruction, that they should rebuild their city with only the materials remaining. Then, as if that were not gloom enough, the children were gathered together for a long discussion about how the game made them feel.

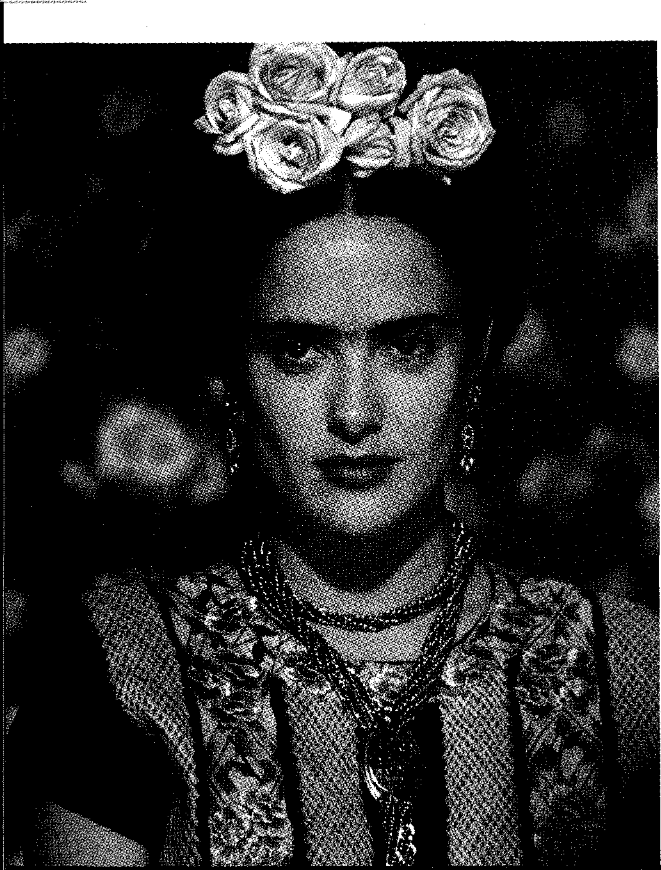


"At first, I didn't feel anything; it was just like having fun," Adriana said. "But then when I went to my city and saw that it had not been destroyed I felt so bad about what I had done. I realized that there are other people who think before they act, and that if violence like that keeps happening the world will be a disaster." Lukas, one of the Austrians, his voice heavy with Teutonic regret, said that he had only been following orders. Ramzi, a Greek boy of Lebanese descent, said, "War could stop if, like, people would stop interfering in other countries' problems."

Omar, the delegation leader from Mexico, asked what recent current events the game had reminded them of. "In New York City, they came and destroyed our buildings, and we hadn't done anything to them," Max, from New Jersey, said. "And now the people in Afghanistan can come back to their cities because we bombed the Taliban." Gregor, an Austrian, said, "I think it wasn't right that they flew into the Twin Towers, but it also isn't right for the U.S. to bomb everything." Omar concluded, "The real thing is that in war there are no winners."

Later on, Nihan, the Turkish-delegation leader, said that she hadn't reported to the group at large what her charges' response had been, because it wasn't the kind of thing that anyone was supposed to say at a C.I.S.V. camp. The Turkish kids' solution for how to avoid cities being destroyed was "Kill Osama bin Laden."

Dissent was not, in the end, much prized at the Pirkkala village, where the camp leaders had to walk that delicate line between encouraging the children to think for themselves when it came to refusing orders to destroy build-



During her lifetime she was barely known outside her native Mexico, but since her death in 1954, artist Frida Kahlo has emerged as a compelling reflection of the nation itself. Kahlo's work—especially her haunting self-portraits—captures Mexico's rich colors as well as its complex character and soul. Her cinematic life, blending elements of art, culture, and politics, is also a chronicle of the twentieth century. Now destined for the screen, the new Miramax film, "Frida," opens in theatres this month.

MEXICO ON MY MIND

FRIDA ON LOCATION

▪ A Portrait in Words

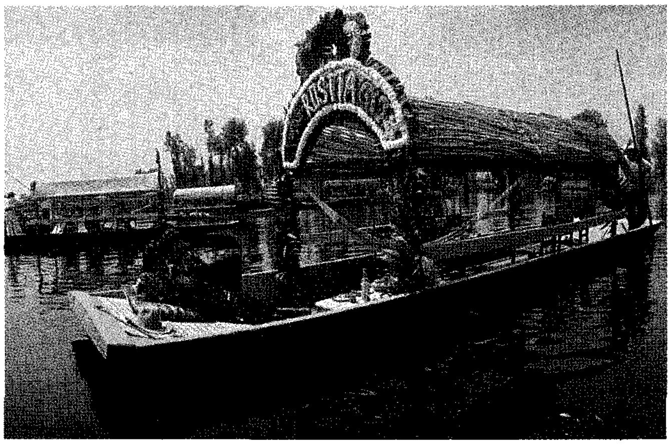
In 1925, eighteen-year-old Frida Kahlo was nearly killed in a bus crash. Her resulting injuries doomed her to a lifetime of chronic pain, agonizing surgical procedures, and constricting casts—elements often reflected in her work. Confined to her bed, the young Kahlo learned how to paint, using a special easel and a mirror attached to the bed's canopy that enabled her to pose as her own model.

Once ambulatory, Kahlo audaciously visited acclaimed muralist Diego Rivera seeking his unvarnished opinion of her artwork. Their meeting changed both artists' lives, sending them on a complex trajectory of unconventional romance, extramarital dalliances, divorce, and reconciliation.

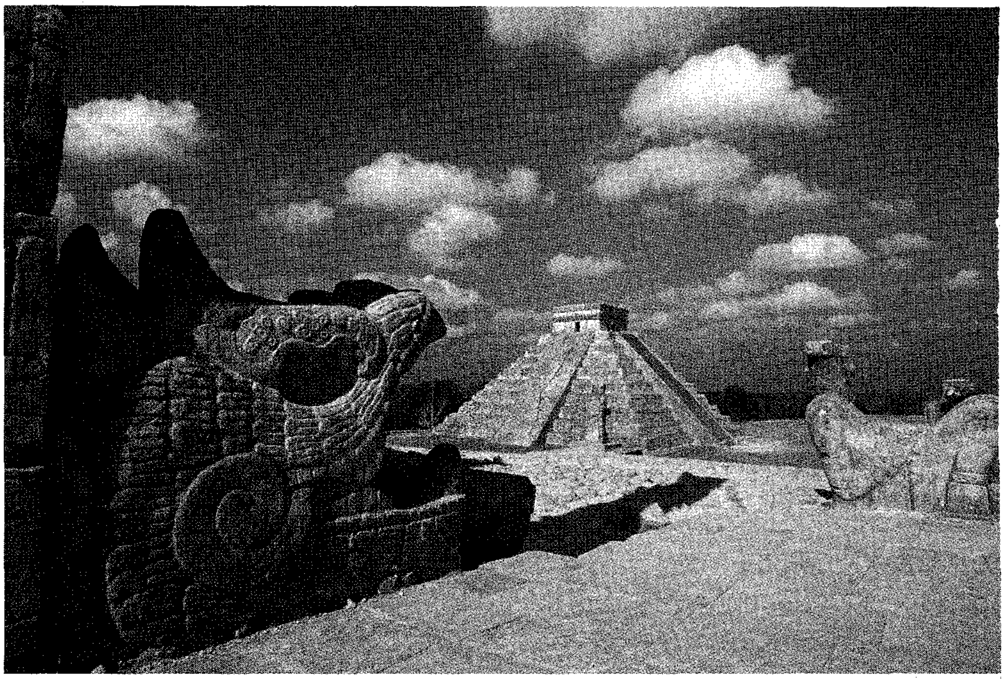
Their time together coincided with the aftermath of the Mexican Revolution, when differing ideas of communism, capitalism, and socialism were percolating throughout the country and the world. As their careers evolved, Kahlo and Rivera interacted with some of the most intriguing individuals of the century, including communist Léon Trotsky and capitalist Nelson Rockefeller.

▪ Framing the Story

With its elements of art, romance, and history, Kahlo's story had long attracted the notice of Hollywood. After years of false starts, the project produced by Mexican-born actress Salma Hayek finally received the green light. Hayek not only developed the film but also stars in the title role, with a cast that includes Alfred Molina, Antonio Banderas, Ashley Judd, Edward Norton, and Geoffrey Rush.



Glide down the many flower-lined canals in Mexico City's floating gardens, Xochimilco, which dates back to the Aztecs.



Spectacular Teotihuacán, once the largest city in the New World, mysteriously declined in the seventh century. Today little is known about the more than a hundred thousand people who lived here.

©Getty Images

Hayek was especially delighted when she was able to get visionary creator of Broadway's "The Lion King," Julie Taymor, to sign on as director. For Taymor, shooting on location is central to the authenticity of the film. "You can feel it in the details," she says. "You can see it in the faces, the buildings, the landscapes, in things you cannot duplicate."

Dating back to the Aztecs, Xochimilco, Mexico City's floating gardens, provides the setting for Kahlo and Rivera's second honeymoon. Standing in for Kahlo's hometown of Coyoacán is the city of Puebla, eighty miles east of Mexico City. There, Taymor shot key scenes in the film, including one during *Dia de los Muertos,* Mexico's "Day of the Dead."

The film's production team was also afforded the rare privilege of shooting in Teotihuacán, the spectacular city of pyramids, thanks to a personal appeal Hayek made to Mexican president Vincente Fox. "To have access to the real locations, to be surrounded by the sounds and music, food and feeling of the culture makes everything come to life," notes Taymor. In addition to providing locations essential to the film's subjects, Mexico's rich and diverse architecture enabled "Frida" to use locations that readily stood in for Paris and New York.

Mexicans have built ornate altars honoring their departed loved ones during *Dia de los Muertos* since pre-Hispanic times.

▩ A Palette of Possibilities

Like the film's cast and crew, visitors to Mexico can experience similar enchantment: Wander the rooms of the Casa Azul house museum, where Kahlo was born and lived much of her life, and be fully immersed in Kahlo's world. Just across the street is the home of the ill-fated Soviet exile (and Kahlo's sometime lover), Trotsky, providing further context. The inspiration and influence of Kahlo and Rivera's beloved Mexico is evident in the imprint they left throughout the country. Experience that passion as you retrace their steps at Teotihuacán, Xochimilco, and Casa Azul.

On location with "Frida" at Teotihuacán

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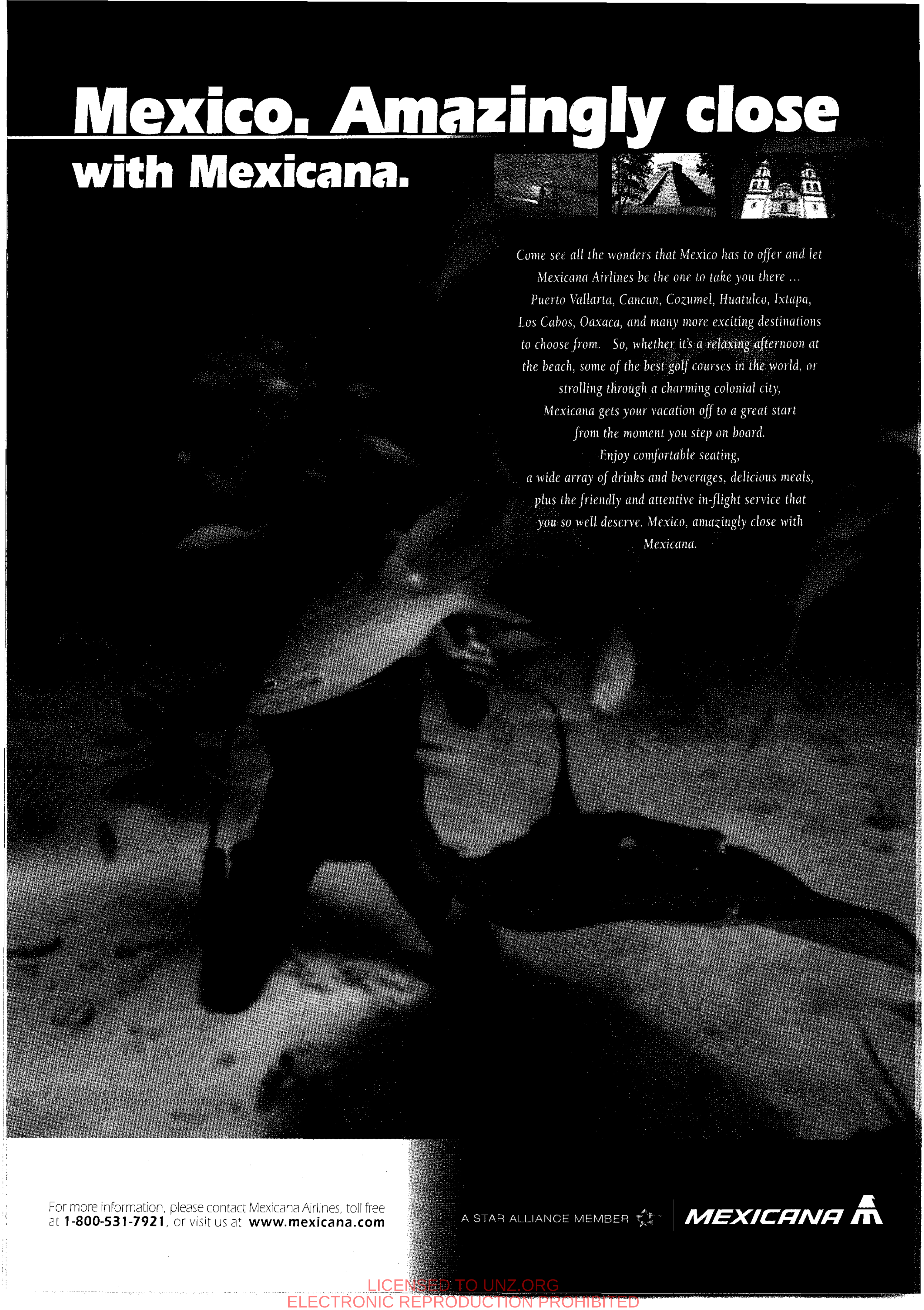

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A PORTRAIT AT THE END OF THE CENTURY

Ravaged by narcotics strangled in a scarf of exhaust
and burnt to a blazing star the glowing Super Nova
of three evenings—chaos desire torment—
climbs onto a springboard starts from the beginning

you dwarf of our times starlet of burnt-out evenings
artist with a goat's foot who mimics the demiurge
flea-market apocalypse o prince of lunatics
hide your hateful face

while there is still time summon the Lamb waters of purification
let the true star rise Mozart's *Lacrymosa*
call for the true star the land of a hundred leaves
let the Epiphany come true the New Page is open

—*Zbigniew Herbert*

(*Translated, from the Polish, by John and Bogdana Carpenter.*)

---

ings and not to think for themselves so much that they started to refuse orders to go to bed at ten-thirty. The notion, underlying the C.I.S.V. way of thinking, that children are fundamentally peace-loving and are eager to be steered in the direction of compassion came in for some battering, too. A cleaning-up competition between dormitories had to be cancelled when the children established a chalkboard Wall of Shame on which violators' names were written for all to see.

And there was certainly no room to debate the idea that in some cases punishment might be the most effective means of keeping the peace; or for the dangerous notion that there might be such a thing as just war. The day after the city-building game, Max declared himself as convinced as ever of the rightness of America's Afghan policy. "What I wanted to say is that we bombed them because they are hosting people we don't like, who are threatening not just our country but other countries," Max said, over crayons and drawing paper in the art room. "And have there been any terrorist attacks since we bombed them? No. We did it because we knew it would help, and it did. We scared the terrorists, and now they are in their hole. We didn't mean to kill innocent people. We like Afghanistan. We helped them rebuild and start a new government." Detractors, he said, "don't like what the U.S. did because they don't like the fact that we're right and they're sort of wrong."

Nonetheless, Max declared his own horizons widened by the C.I.S.V. experience. "I came here because I knew the Germans were here, and I'd only had one experience with a German before, a music teacher who was nice but very strict," he said. "I'm Jewish, and I've been to the Holocaust Museum, and I had an eerie feeling about Germans. The Germans here can be mean, but they are mostly very nice. They are very punctual, but they can fool around, too. And I'd never talked to an Austrian before, and I like them a lot."

The German kids, for their part, said that they were unaware that three out of four of the American delegation were Jewish, and that they were a little confused about what Jewish meant, anyway. "*Juden*—is that a kind of religion?" one of them said one day. "We don't know anything about that." Another German boy said that what he'd learned about other countries was that no one other than the Germans ate chocolate on their bread, and in America tennis shoes were called sneakers.

About a week before the camp ended, the children were bused to an amusement park a few miles away. It was a bright, sunny day, and the park was filled with vacationing Finnish families and a disproportionately large number of pierced and tattooed teen-agers with their hair dyed black or purple, who were in town for a music festival. The Pirkkala children marched through the amusement park singing, "We are from C.I.S.V.! Mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty C.I.S.V.!" Max, from New Jersey, saw a Finnish teen-age girl wearing a T-shirt with an N.Y.C. logo on it, and said, "Yeah, New York!" Nihan, the Turkish leader, thrilled at the sight of a kabob stand.

The big debate among the children was whether to go on the scariest ride in the park, a roller coaster called the Tornado, which was a kind of supercharged chairlift that swooped and looped among the treetops, hurling its riders along at speeds of eighty miles an hour upside down. The future President of Turkey decided that he would rather stick to the water ride. Elizabeth, the swing dancer, stood confidently in line for the Tornado but sensibly decided at the last minute that her fear of the ride trumped any shame in stepping aside. Zoe, the tiny gymnast, was deemed by the Finnish authorities to be too short to take the ride, and, weeping, could only be consoled by her delegation leader, Anna-Liisa, who promised they'd try again, this time with Zoe wearing a baseball cap perched on top of her head, and paper stuffed into the heels of her sneakers. Franco, one of the boys from Costa Rica, at first blanched at the thought of going on the Tornado. He didn't want to do it, he said, because he usually went on roller coasters with his father, and it might make him homesick. But as he watched the other children get in line he decided he would force himself.

After the ride, which was over in a rattling, screeching two minutes, Franco walked away with an aspect of quietened terror, as if he had stared down danger and survived. "Of course I was frightened," he said. "I'm always frightened on things like that," and it seemed as good a lesson as any for facing the international future. ♦

ONE WORLD DEPARTMENT
From the Times.

Vodafone AirTouch of Britain announced an alliance with Vivendi of France that would derail a plan by Mannesmann of Germany to link with Vivendi to thwart Vodafone's bid to buy Mannesmann. Page C1.

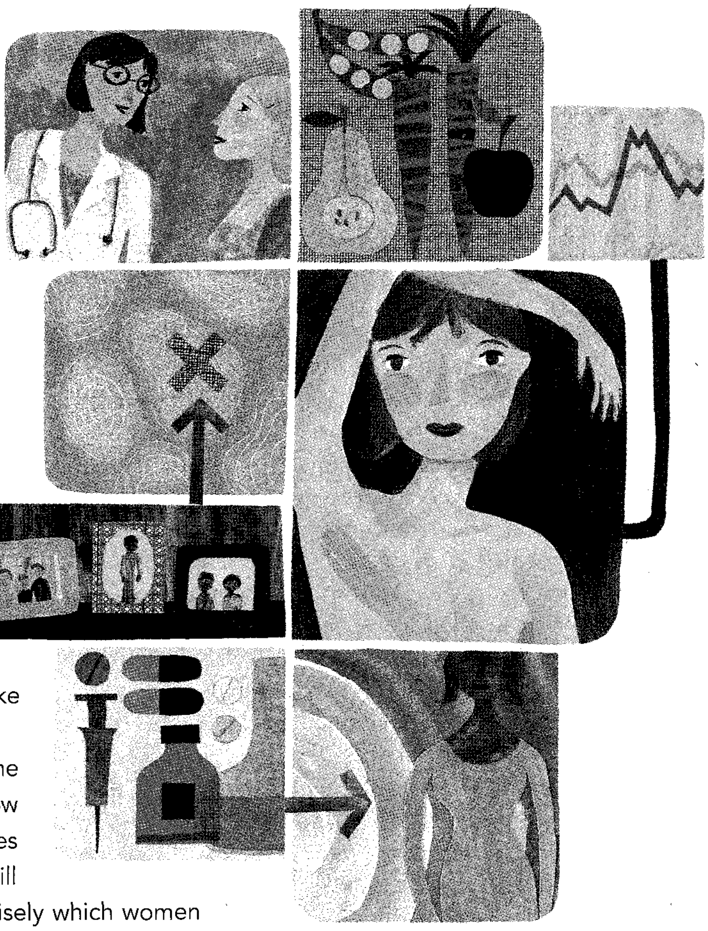
BREAST CANCER TODAY

A Maze of Knowledge

By Mary Hager

For those diagnosed with the illness, breast cancer remains an elusive, chronic disease devoid of a one-size-fits-all treatment—or a cure. Likewise, medical teams grapple with its unanswered questions.

While the last two decades have witnessed significant advancements and billions of dollars have been poured into breast-cancer research, information voids, confounding statistics, and conflicting studies remain an enormous source of frustration. Often, widespread media coverage heralding the next wave of procedures has been premature, touting applications that have proven to be little more than experimental. Nonetheless, the promise of newer, scientifically sound diagnostic and treatment techniques provides a source of hope.



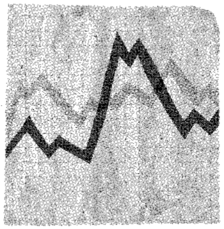
Illustrations by Maria Carluccio

MORE QUESTIONS, FEWER ANSWERS

Scientist Diana Zuckerman started the Center for Policy Research for Women & Families several years ago with the goal of helping women interpret research findings that affect their health. This led her to study breast cancer. "There's so much information to confuse both practitioners and patients," Zuckerman reports, "but not enough to make informed decisions."

Many in the breast cancer field would agree. No one knows, for instance, what exactly triggers cell mutation, how to identify such changes early, or even which abnormalities on a mammogram can be safely ignored and which will develop into aggressive cancer. Nor do they know precisely which women can be helped by specific treatments, who can't be helped, and which women don't even require treatment. Further, treatment modalities need to catch up with existing technology.

Doctors can't always quell confusion. As research continues at a fast pace, many physicians themselves have trouble keeping up with the latest findings and newest treatments. Observes Amy Langer, executive director of the National Alliance of Breast Cancer Organizations (NABCO), "Doctors



also frequently disagree, whether looking at a mammogram, examining a tissue sample, or even recommending a course of treatment."

Women also differ in what they want to know. "Breast cancer is so challenging to many women that they simply want to be told what to do," explains Langer. "Others want all the information they can get before making a decision. Even then they make very individual decisions, some opting for more standard treatments, others seeking new or less fully tested strategies." But all generally have the same underlying concern: "This is breast cancer. Get rid of it."

THE FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

Early detection and treatment do facilitate overall breast-cancer survival. Dr. Nancy Davidson, director of the breast cancer research program at the Johns Hopkins Oncology Center, affirms, "Most people who get breast cancer survive it. That is an important message."

Some of that progress has come because so many women—more than sixty per cent of those eligible—undergo mammography to detect early cancers when they are most treatable. Yet several recent investigations into the value of mammography screening have come to differing conclusions. Late in 2001, Danish researchers reanalyzed the studies that underpinned recommendations for screening beginning at age forty. They concluded that it frequently leads to more aggressive treatment and does not reduce mortality.

> *"There's so much information to confuse both practitioners and patients, but not enough to make informed decisions."*

The breast cancer community quickly countered that the benefits of screening far outweigh the risks. Then, after reviewing results from newer trials, an expert task force renewed the recommendation for regular screening for women over forty. However, this review found the greatest benefits for women between the ages of fifty and sixty-nine, acknowledging that diagnosis sometimes leads to unnecessary biopsies and surgery.

"There's a tendency to think that because something is the most recent, it overwhelms what went before," cautions Dr. Harvey Fineberg, president of the National Academy of Sciences' Institute of Medicine. "But in clinical research, that's not necessarily the case."

Supplemental to mammography for women with dense breast tissue and those who are at high risk is Magnetic Resonance Imaging (MRIs) and computerized enhancement, ultrasound and PET (positive emission tomography) scans. Yet, "Mammograms are the best we have and absolutely make a difference," says Dr. Larry Norton, head of the Division of Solid Tumor Oncology at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center.

This year, the FDA approved a computer-aided detection system that works with conventional mammograms called Second Look. The equipment, from CADX Medical Systems, digitizes a mammogram image and indicates on a computer screen areas of concern. In trials, Second Look was reported to assist in finding twenty-six per cent of cancers that would have been missed with mammography alone. Initially skeptical, Dr. Ilona Hertz, women's specialist and partner at Manhattan Diagnostic Radiology, has been won over. "Even the best radiologists miss cancer in mammography," she says.

Beyond sophisticated detection tools, specialists long for the ability to distinguish which suspicious-looking breast tissue on a mammogram will eventually become invasive and which will not. This quandary has prompted an active search for biomarkers, proteins or genetic clues in blood or serum that might identify cancer cells accordingly.

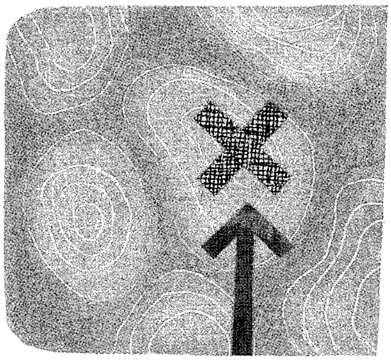
A protein called mammoglobin unique to breast cells is found in about eighty per cent of breast tumors. Dr. Stuart Aaronson, director of the Ruttenberg Cancer Center of Mt. Sinai Medical Center in New York, is working on developing a serum test—similar to the PSA test for prostate cancer—to help detect breast cancer. Aaronson is testing this protein in premenopausal women, pregnant women, and women with metastatic tumors. If clinical trials go well, he estimates the serum test could be ready in about five years.

Dr. Laura Esserman, director of the Carol Franc Buck Breast Care Center at the University of California San Francisco, is studying how the immune system promotes or protects against breast cancer and is working to develop a vaccine to prevent ductal carcinoma *in situ* (DCIS) breast cancer from becoming invasive. She underscores the need to learn more about the fundamental biology of tumors.

In the interest of offering more tailored treatment to patients, some of Esserman's current research involves using MRIs to differentiate women with DCIS into the half whose disease will become invasive and need treatment and those who won't. "So," she asserts, "we can leave the other half alone."

OBSERVING PROTOCOLS

At the moment, however, most suspicious areas are treated as if they are aggressive cancers. Upon discovery, a lumpectomy or breast-conserving surgery, followed by radiation or a mastectomy and subsequent hormonal drugs, are the common prescriptions. "Now only time will tell if a



patient has a treatable cancer, and they will never know if they needed the treatment at all," asserts Barbara Brenner, who heads the Breast Cancer Action advocacy group.

Even when data do seem conclusive, notes Zuckerman, doctors and patients don't always heed it. Mastectomy versus lumpectomy is a case in point. In 1990, based on long-term studies, the National Cancer Institute (NCI) concluded that lumpectomy with follow-up radiation was as effective for early breast cancer as a mastectomy. Yet more than a decade later, for a myriad of reasons, about half the women with early disease who might qualify for the less extreme procedure still undergo mastectomies. According to Zuckerman, recent studies surprisingly also show that some women who have mastectomies didn't realize they had other options.

ADVANCEMENTS BY DEGREE

Progress in treatment has come mostly through fine-tuning, not spectacular breakthroughs. Surgical techniques have been refined so they are more precise and less damaging to healthy tissue. Some surgeons no longer routinely remove an array of lymph nodes to be certain a tumor has not metastasized, but extract only a "sentinel" node most likely to pick up straying tumor cells. "This is one of the most promising surgical advances ever for women with breast cancer," according to Dr. William C. Wood, chairman of the Department of Surgery at Emory University. Although conclusive data as to how the biopsy compares with the conventional axillary procedure are three years away, roughly two-thirds of women who have sentinel-node biopsies are node negative and can be spared the removal of additional nodes, he says.

Radiation procedures have also become more articulate. MammoSite, a newly FDA-approved brachytherapy (targeted radiation), delivers radiation seeds to an eligible patient's tumor site via a balloon-shaped catheter. An easier alternative to the standard six weeks of daily radiation, the therapy is a series of five-minute treatments taken over the course of five days. And, says Dr. Anthony Berson, chairman of Radiation Oncology at St. Vincent's Comprehensive Cancer Center, "The cosmetic result is better because only the targeted area is treated, avoiding the hardening and discoloration that may take place with longer-term radiation of the whole breast." Although definitive data is not yet available for brachytherapy, a six-year Canadian study demonstrated that a three-week version of conventional radiation treatment could be a viable option to the longer, typically prescribed six-week therapy. Administered at slightly higher doses, it yielded the same rates of recurrence-free survival as the standard method.

"Most people who get breast cancer survive it. That is an important message."

PRESCRIPTIONS FOR CHANGE

So-called targeted drug therapy, including aromatase inhibitors, has begun to produce a sea change in breast-cancer treatment, says Norton. Unlike conventional chemotherapies that attack genetic material in all cells, not just cancer cells, the belief is this new class of drugs will selectively target specific peculiarities or changes in cancer cells, as well as prevent the production of the hormone estrogen, which speeds the growth of the majority of breast tumors.

The first generation of those drugs, tamoxifen, has been shown to reduce the occurrence of breast cancer in high-risk women by nearly fifty per cent, according to Dr. Jeff Abrams, senior investigator of the Cancer Therapy Evaluation Program at the NCI. For women diagnosed with breast cancer, tamoxifen lowers the mortality rate by nearly ten per cent after fifteen years, says Abrams. Now the most widely prescribed cancer drug in the world—4.5 million prescriptions are written a

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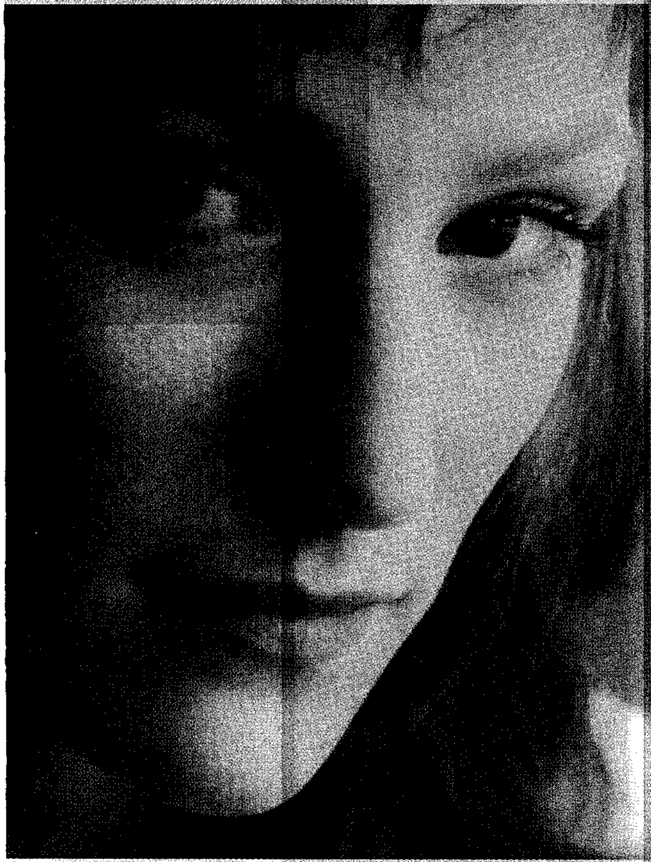

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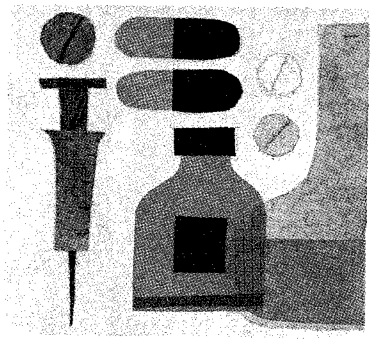
year for women who already have had breast cancer—tamoxifen acts by blocking the effects of estrogen. Like all drugs, tamoxifen has side effects. The most serious include a slight increase in the risk of uterine cancer and blood clots; the more common are the onset of menopausal symptoms. According to an article in *The Lancet* medical journal last month, tamoxifen's benefits have been overestimated, while side effects were underestimated. When compared to tamoxifen, the aromatase inhibitor anastrozole, for post-menopausal women with early-stage breast cancer, halved the risk of endometrial abnormalities. But with only two and a half years of study, trials are still ongoing.



Physicians at four hundred medical centers in the United States and Canada have been enrolling thousands of women in STAR (The Study of Tamoxifen and Raloxifene) to compare the benefits and side effects of these two drugs. The hope is that raloxifene will prevent breast cancer (as well as osteoporosis) without the threat of uterine cancer, although preliminary results of this study won't be available for two years.

Drugs that yielded positive results with late-stage breast cancer patients are now being offered to women in earlier stages of the disease. A therapeutic intervention for women whose tumors produce an increased number of the genetic protein, HER-2/neu oncogene, Herceptin is a targeted antibody that appears to slow or stop the growth in nearly fifteen per cent of cancer cells. Additional trials are underway to determine if Herceptin can reduce the recurrence of breast cancer.

PATHWAYS TO PREVENTION

Ultimately, prevention is the "holy grail" for breast cancer, says Cindy Pearson, executive director of the Women's Health Network. Although fail-safe prevention remains an enigma, incremental strides have been made to help some patients identify the likelihood of developing breast cancer or experiencing a recurrence.

According to the American Cancer Society, more than 205,000 new cases will be diagnosed this year, and five per cent of them are linked to the known genetic mutations, BRCA1 and BRCA2. While not everyone with those anomalies gets breast cancer, these genetic markers identify individuals at high risk.

For now, pharmaceutical approaches improve the odds against getting the disease or having it recur. Tamoxifen and Herceptin are just a start. "We hope this is the vanguard of a series of highly individualized drugs that might target breast cancers differently," says Davidson. "When we understand what makes breast cancer tick, it's likely we will find that the optimal treatment for each patient is slightly different."

"When we understand what makes breast cancer tick, it's likely we will find that the optimal treatment for each patient is slightly different."

One way to speed the process would be to get more women to participate in clinical trials, suggests Langer. Treatment for childhood cancer changed dramatically, she says, because about seventy per cent of children with cancer participated in trials. With breast cancer, she estimates that only about three per cent of women currently participate.

Researchers must cooperate as well. According to Esserman, with labs frequently competing to be the first to make a discovery, collaboration is not always encouraged. If it were, "New treatment options would come faster." Esserman claims the

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INDICATIONS AND USAGE

PROCRIT® (Epoetin alfa) is indicated for the treatment of anemia in patients with nonmyeloid malignancies where anemia is due to the effect of concomitantly administered chemotherapy. PROCRIT is indicated to decrease the need for transfusions in patients who will be receiving concomitant chemotherapy for a minimum of 2 months. PROCRIT is not indicated for the treatment of anemia in cancer patients due to other factors such as iron or folate deficiencies, hemolysis, or gastrointestinal bleeding, which should be managed appropriately.

CONTRAINDICATIONS

PROCRIT is contraindicated in patients with:

1) Uncontrolled hypertension.
2) Known hypersensitivity to mammalian cell-derived products.
3) Known hypersensitivity to Albumin (Human).

WARNINGS

Pediatric Use: The multidose preserved formulation contains benzyl alcohol. Benzyl alcohol has been reported to be associated with an increased incidence of neurological and other complications in premature infants, which are sometimes fatal.

PRECAUTIONS

The parenteral administration of any biologic product should be attended by appropriate precautions in case allergic or other untoward reactions occur (see CONTRAINDICATIONS). In clinical trials, while transient rashes were occasionally observed concurrently with PROCRIT therapy, no serious allergic or anaphylactic reactions were reported. (See ADVERSE REACTIONS for more information regarding allergic reactions.)

The safety and efficacy of PROCRIT therapy have not been established in patients with a known history of a seizure disorder or underlying hematologic disease (eg, sickle cell anemia, myelodysplastic syndromes, or hypercoagulable disorders).

In some female patients, menses have resumed following PROCRIT therapy; the possibility of pregnancy should be discussed and the need for contraception evaluated.

Hematology: Exacerbation of porphyria has been observed rarely in patients with chronic renal failure (CRF) treated with PROCRIT. However, PROCRIT has not caused increased urinary excretion of porphyrin metabolites in normal volunteers, even in the presence of a rapid erythropoietic response. Nevertheless, PROCRIT should be used with caution in patients with known porphyria.

In preclinical studies in dogs and rats, but not in monkeys, PROCRIT therapy was associated with subclinical bone marrow fibrosis. Therefore, cancer patients should have hematocrit (HCT) measured once a week (QW) until HCT has been stabilized, and measured periodically thereafter.

Delayed or Diminished Response: If the patient fails to respond or to maintain a response to doses within the recommended dosing range, the following etiologies should be considered and evaluated: 1) Iron deficiency: Virtually all patients will eventually require supplemental iron therapy (see Iron Evaluation). 2) Underlying infectious, inflammatory, or malignant processes. 3) Occult blood loss. 4) Underlying hematologic diseases (ie, thalassemia, refractory anemia, or other myelodysplastic disorders). 5) Vitamin deficiencies: folic acid or vitamin B12. 6) Hemolysis. 7) Aluminum intoxication. 8) Osteitis fibrosa cystica.

Iron Evaluation: During PROCRIT therapy, absolute or functional iron deficiency may develop. Functional iron deficiency, with normal ferritin levels but low transferrin saturation, is presumably due to the inability to mobilize iron stores rapidly enough to support increased erythropoiesis. Transferrin saturation should be at least 20% and ferritin should be at least 100 ng/mL.

Prior to and during PROCRIT therapy, the patient's iron status, including transferrin saturation (serum iron divided by iron binding capacity) and serum ferritin, should be evaluated. Virtually all patients will eventually require supplemental iron to increase or maintain transferrin saturation to levels which will adequately support erythropoiesis stimulated by PROCRIT.

Drug Interactions: No evidence of interaction of PROCRIT with other drugs was observed in the course of clinical trials.

Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, and Impairment of Fertility: Carcinogenic potential of PROCRIT has not been evaluated. PROCRIT does not induce bacterial gene mutation (Ames Test), chromosomal aberrations in mammalian cells, micronuclei in mice, or gene mutation at the HGPRT locus. In male and female rats treated intravenously (IV) with PROCRIT, there was a trend for slightly increased fetal wastage at doses of 100 and 500 U/kg.

Pregnancy Category C: PROCRIT has been shown to have adverse effects in rats when given in doses 5 times the human dose. There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. PROCRIT should be used during pregnancy only if potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus.

In studies in female rats, there were decreases in body weight gain, delays in appearance of abdominal hair, delayed eyelid opening, delayed ossification, and decreases in the number of caudal vertebrae in the F1 fetuses of the 500 U/kg group. In female rats treated IV, there was a trend for slightly increased fetal wastage at doses of 100 and 500 U/kg.

Nursing Mothers: Postnatal observations of the live offspring (F1 generation) of female rats treated with PROCRIT during gestation and lactation revealed decreases in body weight gain, delays in appearance of abdominal hair, eyelid opening, and decreases in the number of caudal vertebrae in the F1 fetuses of the 500 U/kg group. It is not known whether PROCRIT is excreted in human milk. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, caution should be exercised when PROCRIT is administered to a nursing woman.

Pediatric Use: See WARNINGS, Pediatric Use.

Pediatric Cancer Patients on Chemotherapy: Published literature has reported the use of PROCRIT in approximately 64 anemic pediatric cancer patients ages 6 months to 18 years, treated with 25 to 300 U/kg subcutaneously (SC) or IV, 3 to 7 times per week. Increases in hemoglobin and decreases in transfusion requirements were noted.

Hypertension: Hypertension, associated with a significant increase in HCT, has been noted rarely in cancer patients treated with PROCRIT. Nevertheless, blood pressure (BP) in patients treated with PROCRIT should be monitored carefully, particularly in patients with an underlying history of hypertension or cardiovascular disease.

Seizures: In double-blind, placebo-controlled trials, 3.2% (N=2/63) of patients treated with PROCRIT and 2.9% (N=2/68) of placebo-treated patients had seizures. Seizures in 1.6% (N=1/63) of patients treated with PROCRIT occurred in the context of a significant increase in BP and HCT from baseline values. However, both patients treated with PROCRIT also had underlying CNS pathology which may have been related to seizure activity.

Thrombotic Events: In double-blind, placebo-controlled trials, 3.2% (N=2/63) of patients treated with PROCRIT and 11.8% (N=8/68) of placebo-treated patients had thrombotic events (eg, pulmonary embolism, cerebrovascular accident).

Growth Factor Potential: PROCRIT is a growth factor that primarily stimulates red cell production. However, the possibility that PROCRIT can act as a growth factor for any tumor type, particularly myeloid malignancies, cannot be excluded.

ADVERSE REACTIONS

Adverse experiences reported in clinical trials with PROCRIT in cancer patients were consistent with the underlying disease state. In double-blind, placebo-controlled studies of up to 3-months duration involving 131 cancer patients, adverse events with an incidence >10% in either patients treated with PROCRIT or placebo-treated patients were as indicated below.

Percent of Patients Reporting Event: Event followed by Patients Treated With PROCRIT (N=63) first, Placebo-Treated Patients (N=68) second:
Pyrexia 29%, 19%; Diarrhea 21%,[a] 7%; Nausea 17%,[b] 32%; Vomiting 17%, 15%; Edema 17%,[c] 1%; Asthenia 13%, 16%; Fatigue 13%, 15%; Shortness of Breath 13%, 9%; Paresthesia 11%, 6%; Upper Respiratory Infection 11%, 4%; Dizziness 5%, 12%; Trunk Pain 3%,[d] 16%.
[a]*P*=0.041; [b]*P*=0.069; [c]*P*=0.0016; [d]*P*=0.017.

Although some statistically significant differences between patients treated with PROCRIT and placebo-treated patients were noted, the overall safety profile of PROCRIT appeared to be consistent with the disease process of advanced cancer. During double-blind and subsequent open-label therapy in which patients (N=72 for total exposure to PROCRIT) were treated for up to 32 weeks with doses as high as 927 U/kg, the adverse experience profile of PROCRIT was consistent with the progression of advanced cancer.

Based on comparable survival data and on the percentage of patients treated with PROCRIT and placebo-treated patients who discontinued therapy due to death, disease progression or adverse experiences (22% and 13%, respectively; *P*=0.25), the clinical outcome in patients treated with PROCRIT and placebo-treated patients appeared to be similar. Available data from animal tumor models and measurement of proliferation of solid tumor cells from clinical biopsy specimens in response to PROCRIT suggest that PROCRIT does not potentiate tumor growth. Nevertheless, as a growth factor, the possibility that PROCRIT may potentiate growth of some tumors, particularly myeloid tumors, cannot be excluded. A randomized controlled Phase IV study is currently ongoing to further evaluate this issue.

The mean peripheral white blood cell count was unchanged following PROCRIT therapy compared to the corresponding value in placebo-treated group.

OVERDOSAGE

The maximum amount of PROCRIT that can be safely administered in single or multiple doses has not been determined. Doses of up to 1500 U/kg 3 times weekly (TIW) for 3 to 4 weeks have been administered to adults without any direct toxic effects of PROCRIT itself. Therapy with PROCRIT can result in polycythemia if the HCT is not carefully monitored and the dose appropriately adjusted. If the suggested target range is exceeded, PROCRIT may be temporarily withheld until the HCT returns to the suggested target range; PROCRIT therapy may then be resumed using a lower dose (see DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION). If polycythemia is of concern, phlebotomy may be indicated to decrease the HCT.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION

Baseline endogenous serum erythropoietin levels varied among patients in these trials with approximately 75% (N=83/110) having endogenous serum erythropoietin levels < 132 mU/mL, and approximately 4% (N=4/110) of patients having endogenous serum erythropoietin levels > 500 mU/mL. In general, patients with lower baseline serum erythropoietin levels responded more vigorously to PROCRIT than patients with higher erythropoietin levels. Although no specific serum erythropoietin level can be stipulated above which patients would be unlikely to respond to PROCRIT therapy, treatment of patients with grossly elevated serum erythropoietin levels (eg, > 200 mU/mL) is not recommended. The HCT should be monitored on a weekly basis in patients receiving PROCRIT therapy until HCT becomes stable.

Starting Dose: The recommended starting dose of PROCRIT for adults is 150 U/kg SC TIW. For pediatric patients, see PRECAUTIONS, Pediatric Use.

Dose Adjustment: If the response is not satisfactory in terms of reducing transfusion requirements or increasing HCT after 8 weeks of therapy, the dose of PROCRIT can be increased up to 300 U/kg TIW. If patients have not responded satisfactorily to a PROCRIT dose of 300 U/kg TIW, it is unlikely that they will respond to higher doses of PROCRIT. If the HCT exceeds 40%, the dose of PROCRIT should be withheld until the HCT falls to 36%. The dose of PROCRIT should be reduced by 25% when treatment is resumed and titrated to maintain the desired HCT. If the initial dose of PROCRIT includes a very rapid HCT response (eg, an increase of more than 4 percentage points in any 2-week period), the dose of PROCRIT should be reduced.

STORAGE

Store at 2° to 8°C (36° to 46°F). Do not freeze or shake.

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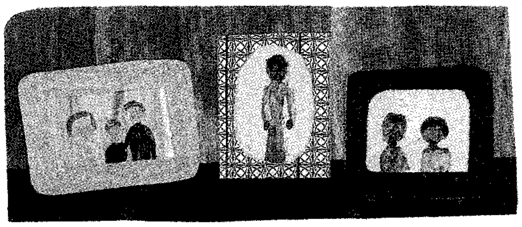
way to see quicker application would be "to reward collaboration, not punish it."



ANTI-CANCER AGENTS

Do environmental toxins cause breast cancer? The recently published results of an eight-million-dollar Long Island study by the NCI failed to find evidence that exposure to certain pesticides, exhaust fumes, or cigarette smoke increased cancer rates.

Another important new study found that women using HRT (hormone-replacement therapy) to alleviate menopausal symptoms had a higher incidence of breast cancer, leading many to suspend that regimen. Other risk factors—including age, obesity, alcohol, smoking, early menarche, late menopause, as well as late pregnancies—may be involved for some women. There are also indications that having children before the age of thirty as well as extended breast-feeding offer some protection. Yet these factors fail to account for all new cases.

Nutrition may yet prove to be key. The Women's Interventional Nutritional Study is following 2,400 women for at least five years to see if a diet with only fifteen per cent fat affects recurrence in women who have been treated for breast cancer. Some nutrients under review include Vitamin D, beta-carotene, selenium, and compounds found in soy and broccoli. Flax as well as soy have already been touted as anti-cancer agents, but studies, although suggestive, are inconclusive as to their efficacy. Interest in soy stems from observations that women in Japan, where soy is a key component of the diet, have low rates of breast cancer. A few researchers, however, are concerned about its low-level estrogenic effects.

John Milner, who heads NCI's nutrition prevention program, maintains, "There is compelling evidence that diet is a factor associated with breast cancer risk, but at this point we have more questions than answers."

That aphorism could apply to the entire field, which doesn't make decision-making any easier. In his book, "The Breast Cancer Wars," Dr. Barron H. Lerner, associate professor of Medicine and Public Health at the Columbia University College of Physicians & Surgeons, offers some guidance through the maze of conflicting and inadequate information. "Patients and their providers should continue to use the best data available to guide screening and treatment, while acknowledging the limitations of such statistics and the medical profession's frequent inability to provide definitive answers," he advises. "Rather than feeling compelled to reach decisions that are objectively 'right,' women must choose what is right for themselves."

(Mary Hager is the former chief medical correspondent for *Newsweek* magazine. Additional reporting contributed by Alicia Ferrari.)

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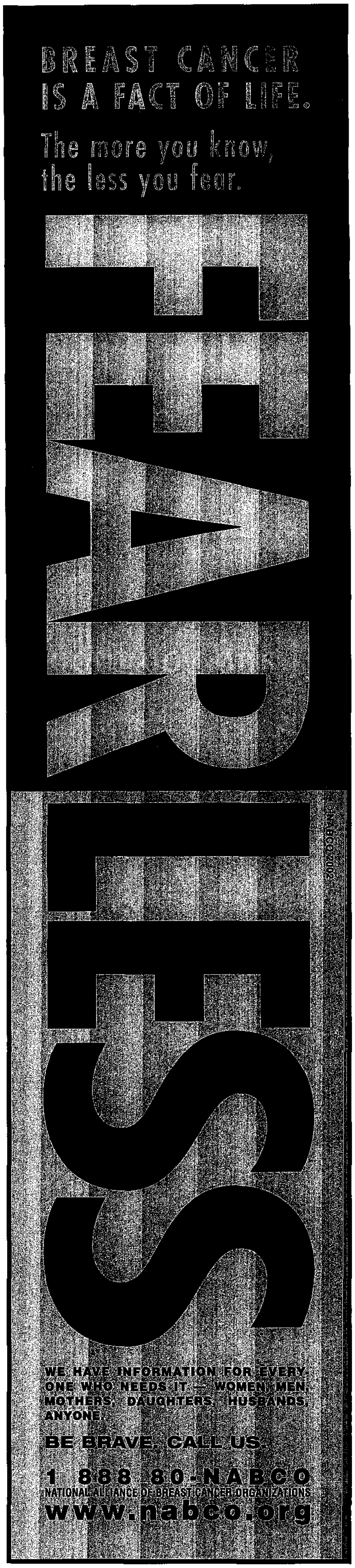
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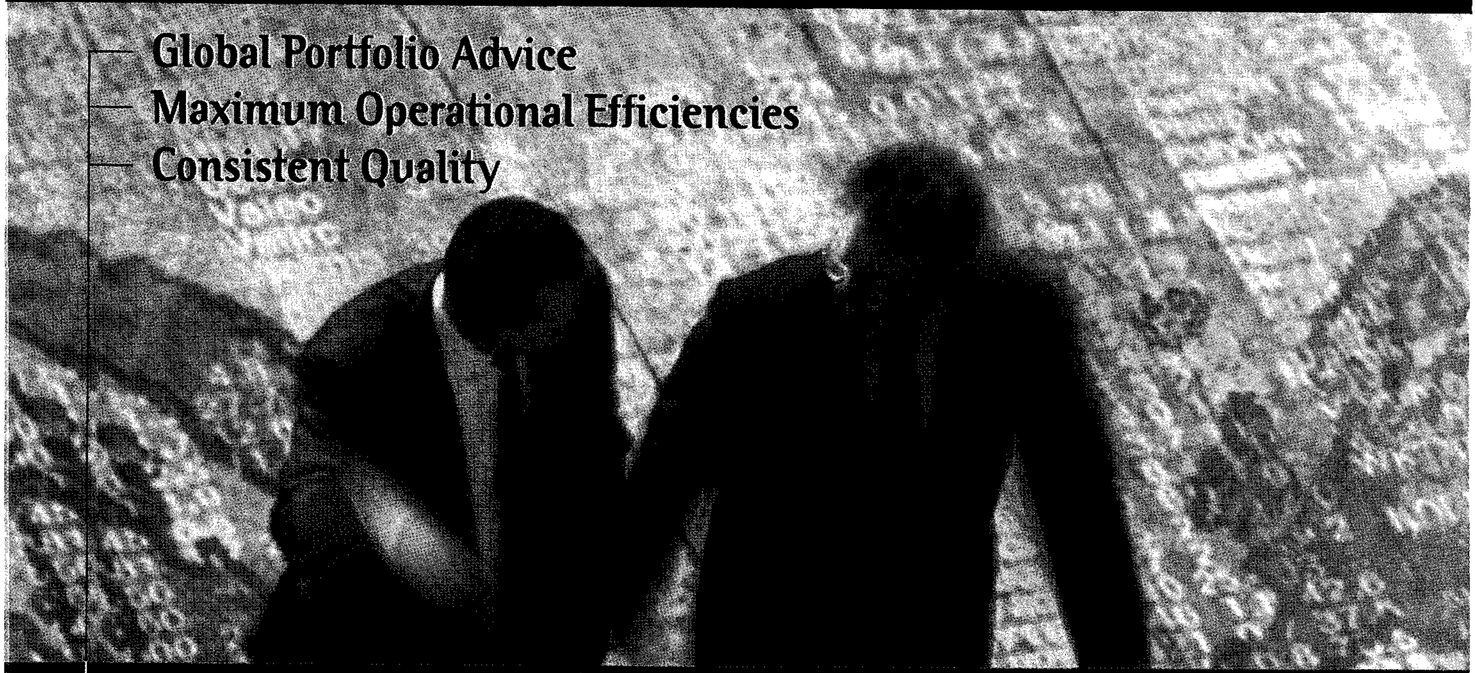

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THE POLITICAL SCENE

CASTRO'S SHADOW

America's man in Latin America, and his obsession.

BY WILLIAM FINNEGAN

At the State Department, swearing-in ceremonies for top officials take place in the Benjamin Franklin Room, an ornate hall on the eighth floor. There, in March, Otto Juan Reich was sworn in as Assistant Secretary of State for Western Hemisphere Affairs. Before an audience that included Secretary of State Colin Powell, Senator Jesse Helms, and Ambassador Jeanne J. Kirkpatrick, Reich gave a strange and pugnacious speech. He declared Powell "another *Titán de Bronce*"—Bronze Titan, the nickname of Antonio Maceo, a black leader in the Cuban war for independence from Spain. His grandfather, Reich said, had served in Maceo's army. Reich compared his own perseverance in the face of political opponents to that of the Founding Fathers when they rebelled against the British. Quoting Thomas Jefferson, he swore "eternal hostility" to despots, whether "in Baghdad or Havana." He also used the occasion to announce his engagement to Lourdes Ramos, a "very special lady," who was in the crowd. This came just after he thanked his ex-wife, Connie, who was also present, for the "many sacrifices" she had made for him. Strangest of all were the jokes: Reich complained that some of his critics had asked whether he had the "right temperament" for the post he was assuming. "They said that I can't make rational decisions because of my ideology! Well, they are not saying that anymore, because I had them all arrested this morning!"

The official transcript of the event does not record how big a laugh that quip got. But Reich's pique was understandable. His appointment had been scorned by Democrats on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who refused even to hold hearings on his nomination and twice returned his name to the White House. Liberal foreign-policy groups had mobilized against him, generating reams of material and harsh press accounts that painted Reich, who was born in Cuba, as an anti-Castro fanatic with a shadowy past. (The Cuban state media denounced him as a "terrorist" and a "mafioso.") The most controversial chapters of Reich's life involved his activities on behalf of the Nicaraguan Contras; his disputed connection to a Cuban-American terrorist; and his work as a lobbyist. For nearly a year, Reich had simply taken it, under orders to remain silent, while the post remained empty. Finally, in January, President Bush resorted to what is known as a recess appointment—putting Reich in the job for one year, unconfirmed. Senator Christopher Dodd, of Connecticut, promptly dubbed Reich

Assistant Secretary of State Otto Reich at the State Department, beside a statue of Simón Bolívar. Photograph by Gilles Peress.

MAGNUM

a "lame duck" and vowed to prevent his reappointment.

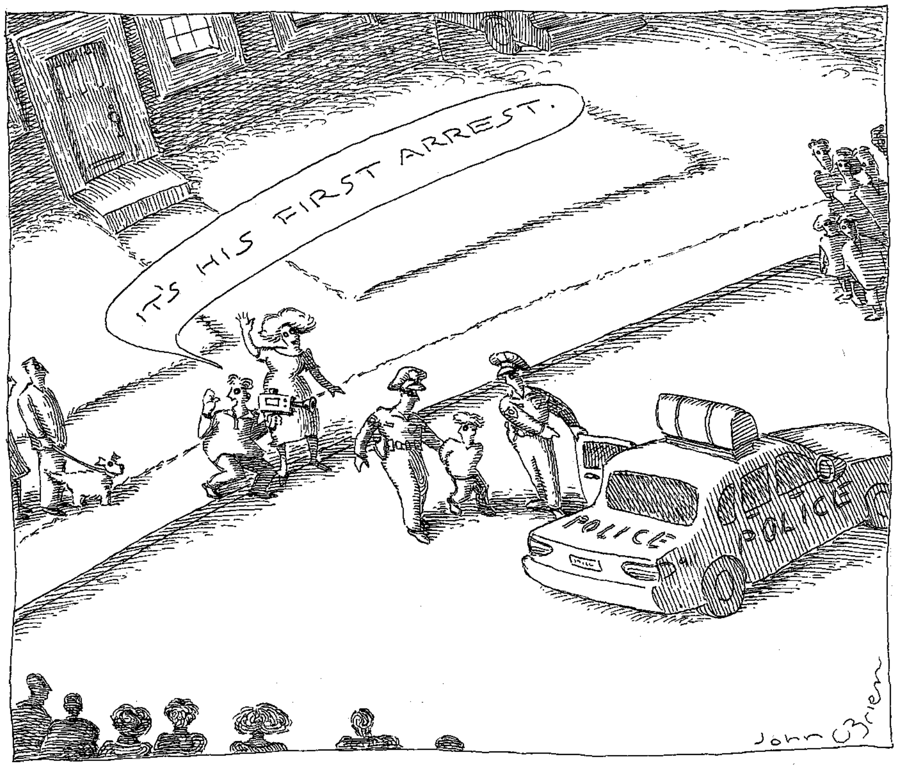
Why is the Bush Administration so determined to have Reich in this job, despite the animus he provokes? What, if anything, does this bureaucratic fight mean beyond the Beltway—in Latin America, and for United States interests in the region? What does an Assistant Secretary of State do, anyway?

Some do more than others. Whole periods of a region's history can become known by the American assistant secretary of the time. In southern Africa, for instance, the nineteen-eighties were (among other things) the Age of Crocker, marked by the ceaseless efforts of Chester Crocker to broker peace agreements in Namibia, Angola, and Mozambique. Central Americans, to take another example, will not soon forget the Age of Elliot Abrams. Abrams was unusual because he received a measure of American public attention as he aggressively defended the Reagan Administration's policies (and later pleaded guilty to lying to Congress). Ordinarily, the job is like a one-way mirror. Millions of Latin Americans are well aware of who the United States assistant secretary for their region is, while almost no one in the United States has ever heard the name.

I caught a glimpse of this phenomenon when I went to see Reich in his State Department office this summer. On a table was a recent copy of *Newsweek*, with Reich's face on the cover in life-size closeup. I was surprised to see it. Then Reich pointed out that this was the magazine's Latin-American edition. The cover read "BUSH'S POINT MAN: Can This Right-Wing Ideologue Douse the Flames in Colombia and Venezuela?" Reich snorted. "My answer is 'Yes—but can you trust this left-wing magazine to tell you whether he's doing a good job?' "

Reich is fair-skinned, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and, at fifty-six, still has some of the grappler's physique that must have served him when he wrestled for the University of North Carolina. He was a fourteen-year-old in Havana when the Revolution came, and his family fled north. His English has no trace of Spanish, but, rather, a deracinated American flatness, like an Army kid's. "Diplomatic" is not the first word that comes to mind when one talks to Reich, the top United States diplomat in Latin America. But he is certainly more personable and worldly, more self-aware, than his critics (or his remarks at his swearing-in) would suggest. When I asked if, on a trip to Brazil and Argentina in July, he had heard any complaints about the tariffs on steel imports recently imposed by President Bush, he demanded, squinting in mock suspicion, to know how I knew about that.

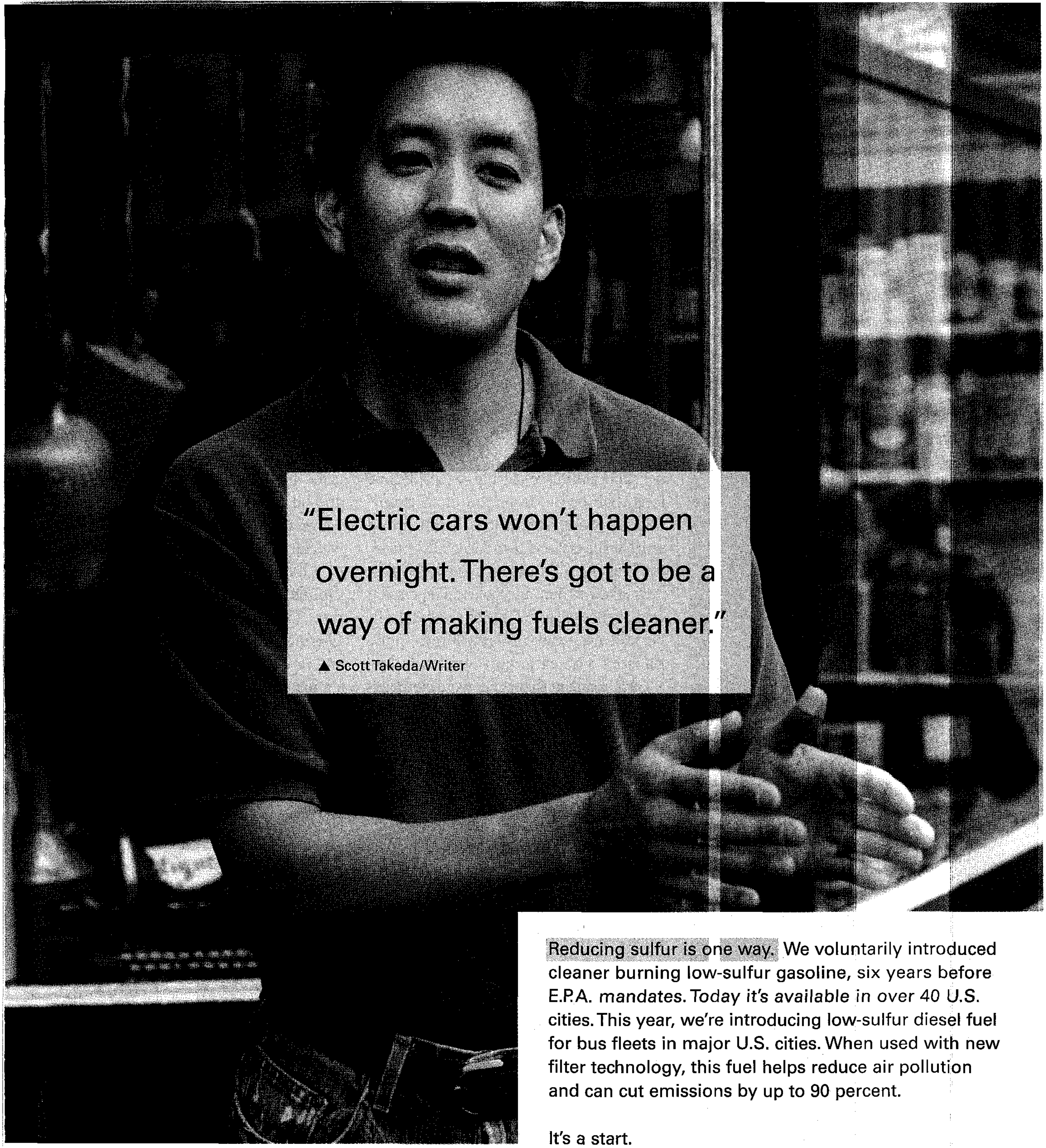
Reich said that he had tried to turn the steel tariffs into an argument for South American countries to join the Free Trade Area of the Americas, which is a proposed hemisphere-wide free-trade zone. Washington lectures Latin America constantly about the moral and economic virtues of free trade, so these new tariffs—along with the vast subsidies in this year's farm bill—had been widely condemned as hypocritical. If and when the F.T.A.A. goes into effect, it will be a sort of super-NAFTA, providing, at least in theory, a counterbalance to the European Union, and including thirty-four of the Americas' thirty-five countries—all but Cuba. The Bush Administration has made the F.T.A.A., which was conceived during the Clinton Administration, the main goal of its Latin-American policy. Reich said he had pointed out to the South Americans that our NAFTA partners had been excluded from the steel tariffs. Selling free trade on the ground that it would put countries on the right side of a restrictive tariff didn't quite wash as a matter of economic theory, but, in fairness, Reich did not have much to work with.



We talked about Colombia, where the Bush Administration has authorized a shift of American aid from counternarcotics programs to military operations against the country's rebels. "We're going to help Colombia in everything that may be necessary to win this war," Reich had told *Newsweek* earlier. The war, which has been going on for nearly forty years, is regarded as no more winnable than the war in Vietnam was, but this is the United States' policy, and Reich reiterated it to me.

A print on the wall caught my eye: Winston Churchill, in a bow tie, pointing his finger and glaring above the slogan "Deserve Victory." Most of the décor in Reich's office had the same martial, triumphalist tone: a big bronze American eagle swooping; a model of a Harpoon cruise missile. But then I noticed a lovely, framed botanical drawing of a Cuban royal palm. This, I thought, was the emotional undertow that one felt around Reich—the exile's sadness and sense of loss, as well as the kind of rage that is particular to the Cuban exile.

Reich's father was an Austrian Jew. He



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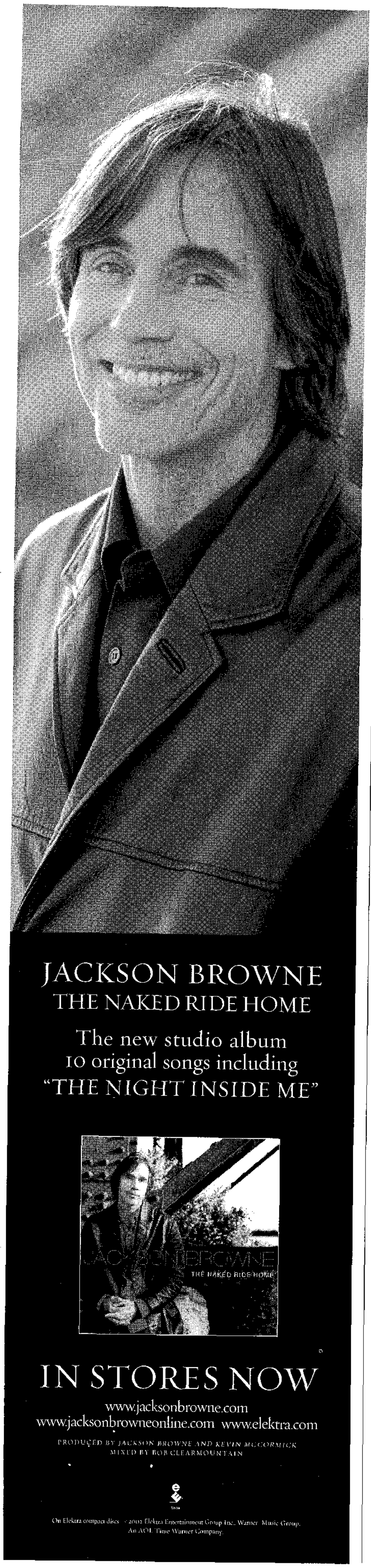

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fled the Nazis in 1938, and was trying to reach the United States when his ship docked in Havana. "He absolutely fell in love with Cuba," Reich said. "He just couldn't believe that a country could be so beautiful." Reich's father married a local woman and went into the furniture business, and Otto was born in 1945. By then, much of his father's family, including his parents, had died in the Holocaust. Otto's mother was Catholic, and he was brought up as a Catholic. Prerevolutionary life in Havana at the Reichs' social level—Otto attended an élite, American-run prep school called the Ruston Academy—sounds, in the accounts of the era which exiles pass around (Ruston graduates have a Web site where they reconnect and reminisce), lushly sweet, like one long, balmy, innocent round of dominoes, studying, swimming, baseball, and strictly supervised romance. Of course, the Fulgencio Batista dictatorship was in its final days then, and political repression was intense. Most of Reich's own family, he told me, was "pro-revolution, anti-Batista." The exception was his father.

"He realized that there were elements in Castro's political speech and actions that reminded him of Hitler," Reich said. "Everybody was telling my father, 'You don't understand. This is not Austria. This is not 1938. This is Cuba. It's 1958. You're wrong.' And he turned out to be the one who was right."

Does Reich really believe that his father was right about Castro and Hitler? "Castro is not Hitler," he said. "But, if Castro had had the power that Hitler had, he would, I think, have carried out similar actions."

Reich suggested that I compare the speech Castro gave at his trial after his first, unsuccessful attack on Batista's forces, in 1953, with the courtroom speech Hitler gave after the Munich beer-hall putsch. They are very similar, he said, and Castro had definitely read "Mein Kampf." (When the Baltimore Orioles played a Cuban baseball team in Havana, in 1999, Reich compared the game to "playing soccer in Auschwitz.")

It was Jeb Bush who proposed to his brother that Otto Reich be made Assistant Secretary of State for Western Hemisphere Affairs. Karl Rove, the President's senior political adviser, strongly endorsed the idea, as did the Cuban-American House members from Florida. After the frantically close election that George W. Bush had just won in Florida, Reich's nomination was widely seen as payback to the Miami Cubans. Jeb Bush, meanwhile, is running for reelection as governor of Florida this year, and the support of Cuban-Americans is crucial to his success at the polls.

Otto Reich is not a true Miami Cuban. His family settled in North Carolina, and he has spent most of his career in Washington. He studied at Georgetown after a stint in the Army, and actually lived in Florida only in the nineteen-seventies, when he worked for the city of Miami and for the Florida Department of Commerce. But he has been a dedicated anti-Castro activist all his adult life, and he is deeply connected to the South Florida exile community. His face is also well known—he was co-host, for a time, of CNN International's "Choque de Opiniones," a Spanish-language "Crossfire." (Reich opined "from the right.") During crises, Reich reliably gets out and represents. In April of 2000, for instance, he told Geraldo Rivera's CNBC audience that the Clinton Administration's handling of the Elián Gonzales case was sending "a very dangerous signal to Saddam Hussein and to Milosevic and Kim Jong Il." Last year, when Reich's nomination as assistant secretary got into trouble, Miami's right-wing Spanish-language talk-radio programs took up his cause.

Reich first went to work for the Reagan Administration at the Agency for International Development, in 1981. As the civil war in Nicaragua heated up, he moved to the State Department, where, from 1983 to 1986, he headed a Contra-support program that operated out of an outfit called the Office of Public Diplomacy. The office arranged speeches and recommended books to school libraries, but it also leaked false stories to the press—that, for instance, the Sandinista government was receiving Soviet MIG fighters, or was involved in drug trafficking. A declassified memo from one of Reich's aides to Patrick Buchanan, the White House communications director, boasted about the office's "White Propaganda" operations, including op-ed pieces prepared by its staff, signed by Contra leaders or academics, and placed in major newspapers. (Reich's spokes-

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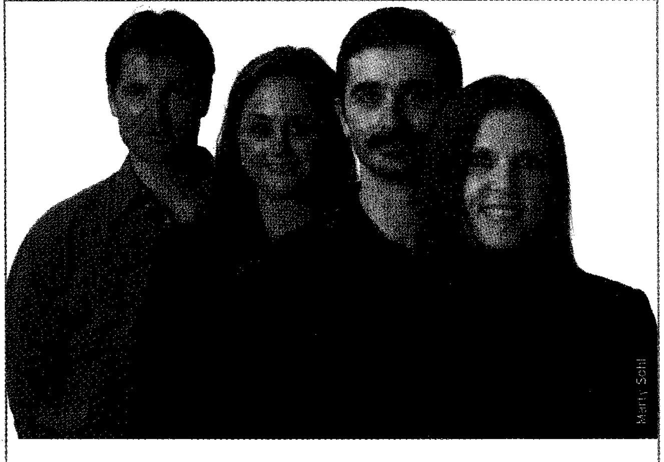
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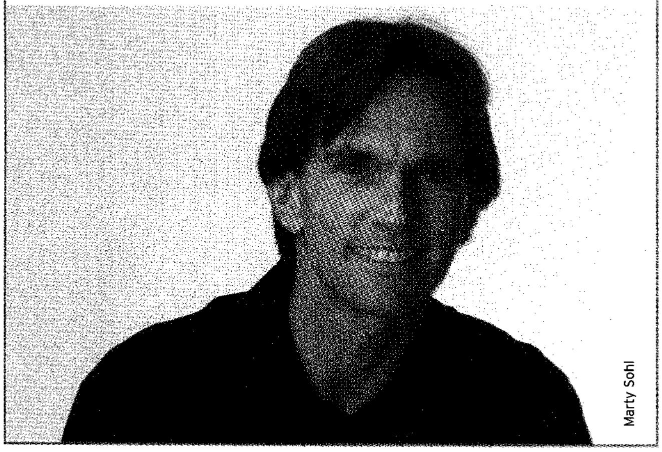
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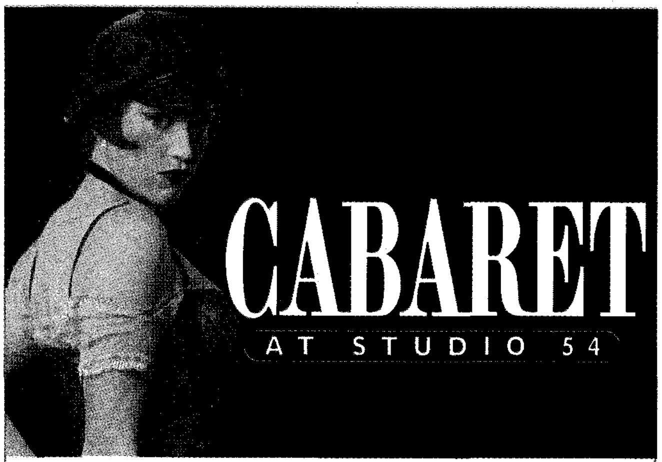
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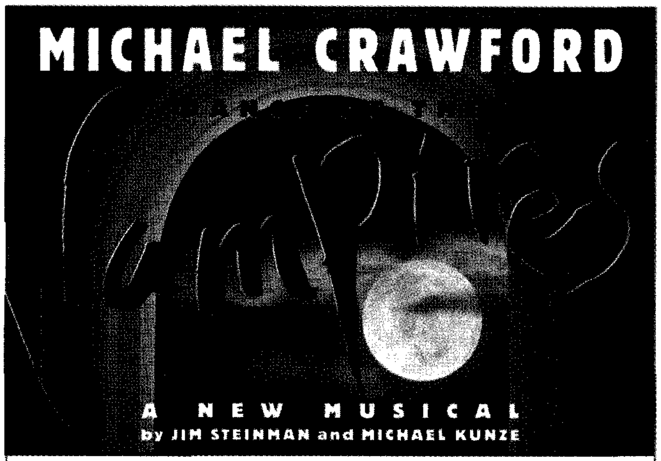
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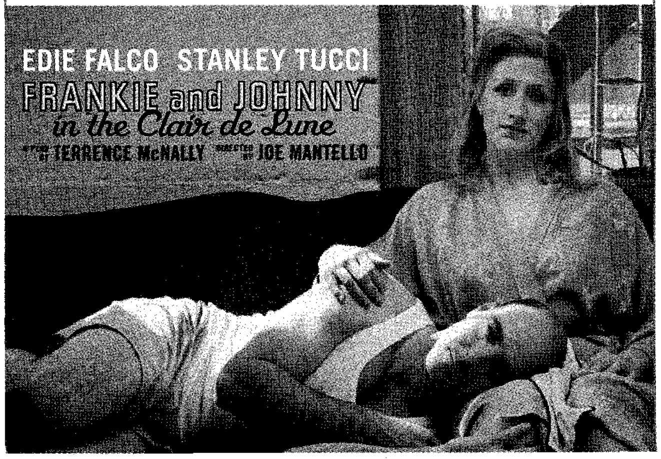
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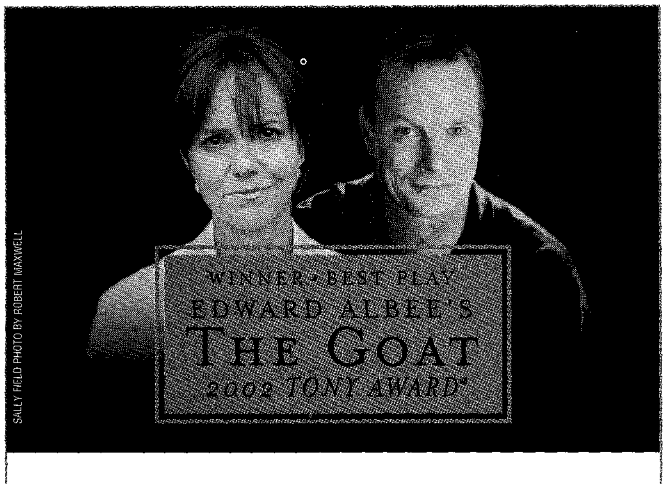

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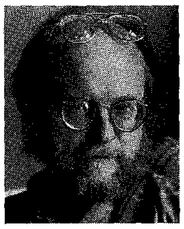
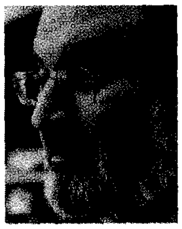


Charles Wuorinen



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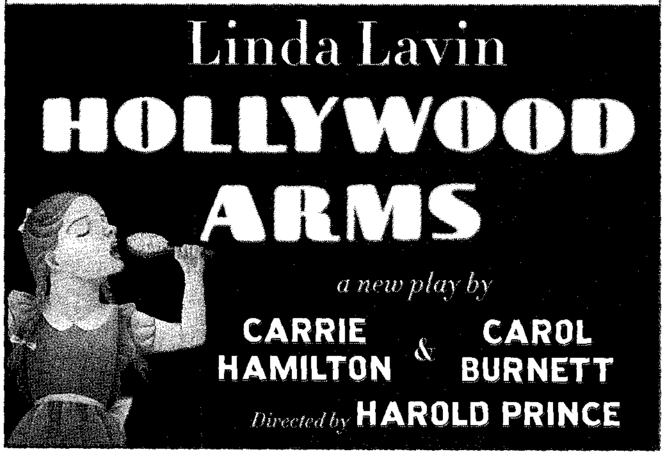

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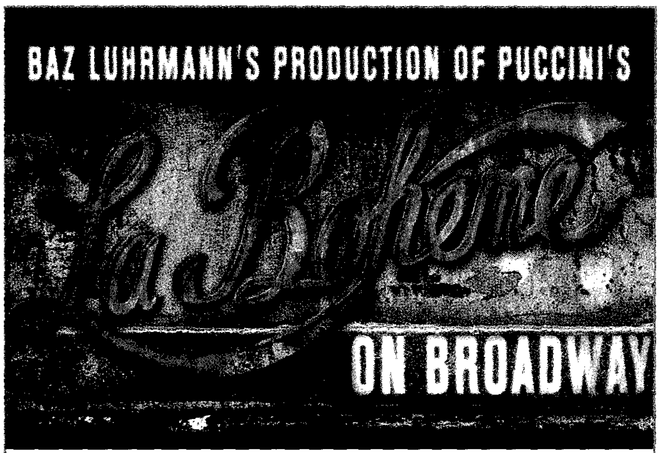
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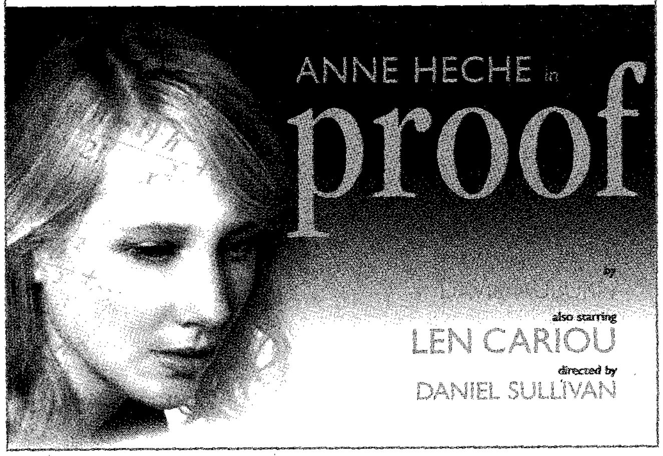
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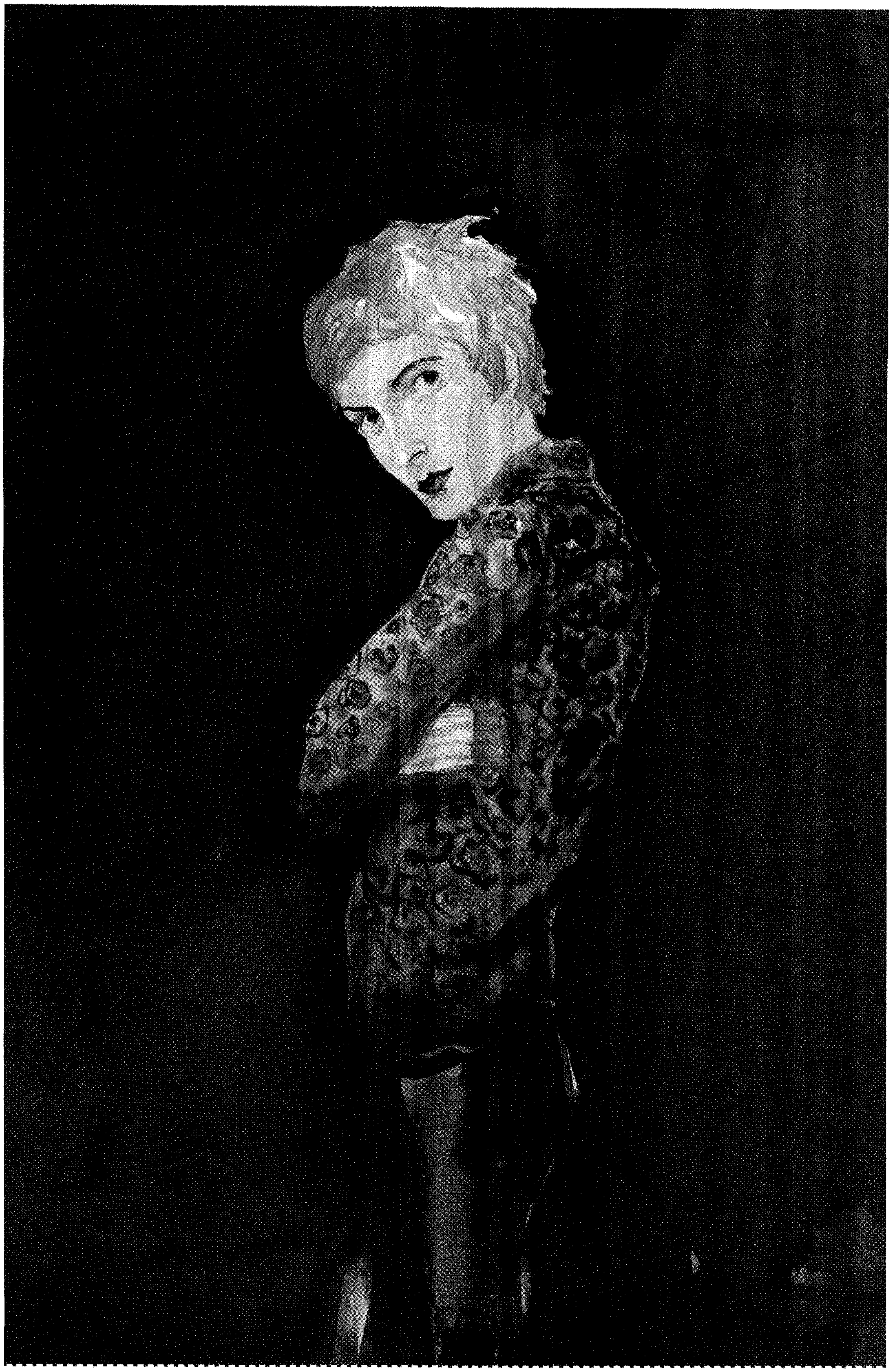

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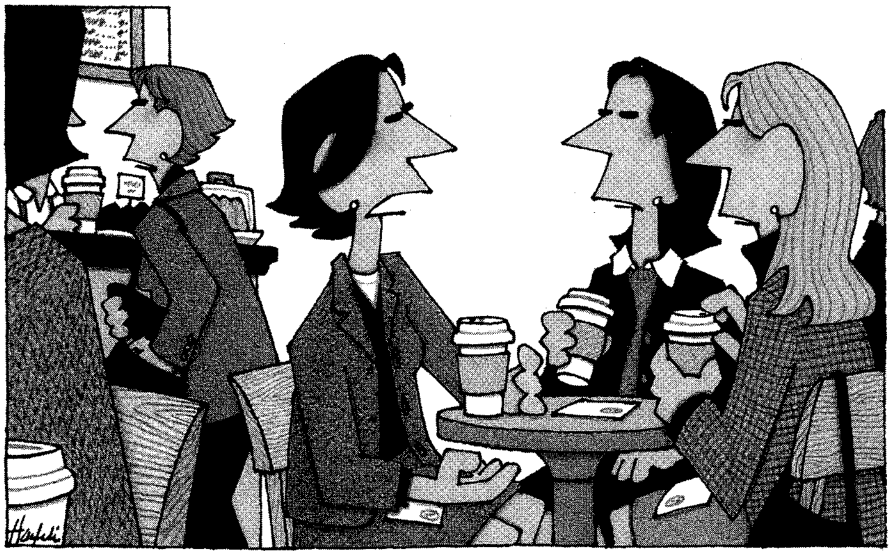

"I'm passing on Halloween parties this year. You just know everyone's going to show up as Martha Stewart."

• •

man denied this.) The office employed Army psychological-warfare specialists, and worked closely with Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, at the National Security Council.

When legitimate stories from Central America displeased Reich, he would confront journalists. He visited CBS News in April, 1984, after the network broadcast a documentary about El Salvador which Reich's boss, Secretary of State George Shultz, considered—as he put it in a memo to *his* boss, President Reagan—"favorable to the guerrillas and distorting of U.S. and El Salvadoran government goals and tactics." Reich met with the CBS diplomatic correspondent and the Washington bureau chief. "This is one example of what the Office of Public Diplomacy has been doing," Shultz reported to Reagan. "It has been repeated dozens of times over the past few months."

In 1985, Reich demanded a meeting with the senior staff of National Public Radio—which he had taken to calling National People's Radio, or, sometimes, Moscow on the Potomac—after a report about a Contra slaughter of civilians. As Bill Buzenberg, the NPR foreign-affairs correspondent, recalled the meeting, Reich bragged that he had "gotten others to change some of their reporters in the field because of a perceived bias." He warned the journalists that his office would be monitoring NPR's broadcasts. Buzenberg later suggested that Reich's attempt to intimidate people at NPR had been effective. He recounted in a speech how an editor had asked him, with regard to one of his stories, "What would Otto Reich think?"

After a tense luncheon at the home of a diplomat in Managua, attended by Reich and John Lantigua, a Washington *Post* stringer, and Morris Thompson, of *Newsday*, an item appeared in the newsletter of the conservative press-watchdog group Accuracy in Media (AIM), calling Lantigua "Johnny Sandinista" and claiming that the Nicaraguan government was supplying him and other reporters with "trusted Sandinista females." *New York* magazine later reported that Reich had been interviewed for the AIM story. Reich told *New York* that he had heard from "defectors from the Sandinista government" that "it isn't only women" who were supplied. (Thompson is gay.) "This thing is sordid," Reich told *New York*. It also seems to have been untrue. Reich's office, asked for comment last week, denied that he had been the source of the AIM story.

A 1987 report by the United States Comptroller General, produced in the course of the Iran-Contra investigation, concluded that Reich's office had "engaged in prohibited, covert propaganda activities." When Reich's spokesman was

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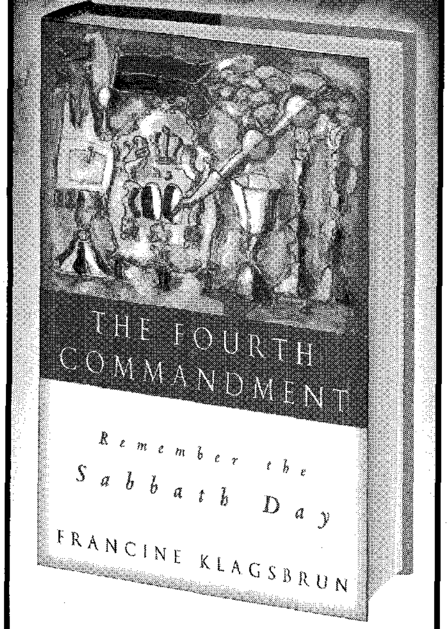

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Francine Klagsbrun, a columnist for *The Jewish Week* and *Moment* magazine, draws on the Bible, Talmud, and Kabbalah, as well as commentaries and legends, to explore the rich history, true origin, and timeless purpose of this cornerstone of Jewish life.

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asked about this finding, he replied that it was "based solely on the inaccurate and exaggerated claims of a member of Ambassador Reich's staff." The spokesman added that Reich had worked closely with the State Department's legal adviser "to ensure that all office activities were legal and appropriate."

The Office of Public Diplomacy was shut down in 1987. By then, however, Reich had been appointed Ambassador to Venezuela, and he was away from Washington during most of the exposure and shakeout of the Iran-Contra scandal, after which fourteen Administration officials were indicted on various charges.

In Venezuela, however, there was the case of Orlando Bosch. Bosch was a Cuban exile, a former pediatrician who had served time in prison in the United States for conspiring to plant mines on foreign vessels and for firing a bazooka at a Polish freighter docked in the port of Miami. In 1976, Bosch was arrested in Venezuela and convicted of masterminding the bombing of a Cuban airliner. All seventy-three people aboard were killed. Bosch was still in jail in Venezuela when Reich arrived.

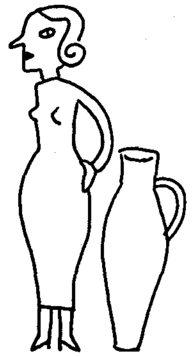
As it happened, Bosch was retried and acquitted six weeks after Reich got to Venezuela. Once Bosch was released, he tried to get a visa to the United States. Reich has always denied taking any special interest in the case. In the diplomatic cables he sent to Washington, according to his spokesman, Reich wrote that he had informed the Venezuelan government that Bosch was not welcome in the United States. But he also appended, in cables that have been declassified, some unusual notes to Bosch's applications, passing on, for instance, a report that a Cuban assassination team had entered Venezuela with Bosch as its target, and that Bosch's friends would be able to extract him from the country at a few hours' notice. Bosch, however, did not wait for a visa. In February, 1988, he boarded a plane to Miami, tried to enter the country illegally, and was arrested at the airport.

The Justice Department, which had connected Bosch with more than thirty acts of sabotage and violence, wanted to deport him. To many Cuban exiles, however, Bosch was a hero—the Miami City Commission had even declared a Dr. Orlando Bosch Day, in 1983—and there was an intense public campaign to have him freed. Jeb Bush was a prominent figure in the campaign, and in 1990 the first President Bush, ignoring a Justice Department recommendation, ordered Bosch released. Today, Bosch lives freely in Miami.

Reich played no role in the campaign to free Bosch. But, fairly or not, he continued to be associated with the case, both by his critics and by some of Bosch's supporters. In 1987, Bosch reportedly expressed his thanks to his "compatriot" Reich. (Reich called the report "Cuban-Soviet disinformation.") Last year, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee submitted a written question to Reich, asking, "Do you consider Orlando Bosch a terrorist?" He replied, "I do not have sufficient knowledge of Mr. Bosch's criminal activities to pass judgment on his legal status."

Reich became a corporate lobbyist in the nineteen-nineties. One of his clients, Lockheed Martin, sought his help in selling F-16 fighter jets to Chile. This deal, now nearing completion, represents the end of a twenty-year ban on the sale of advanced weaponry to Latin America. Another Reich client was Bacardi, the rum company, which is controlled by a Cuban-American family that lost substantial property after the Revolution. Bacardi wanted to strip Cuba of international trademark protection so that it could use a well-known Cuban brand name. (My wife was involved, as an attorney, in some of the extensive litigation against Bacardi.) The company achieved its aims, in 1996, when the Helms-Burton Act became law.

During Reich's confirmation travails, his opponents argued that his one true animating passion, Cuba, would interfere with his ability to deal with the rest of the hemisphere. Yet Reich's views on Cuban policy are publicly no different



from those of the Bush White House, a circumstance that should have made the issue moot. Some of Reich's non-Miami friends, notably those on the editorial page of the *Wall Street Journal*, came to his defense. They accused the Democrats who were blocking the nomination of wanting to fight Cold War policy battles again, probably because Ronald Reagan (and, by extension, Reich) had been proved right by history. Three former Secretaries of State, all Republicans, wrote a letter urging the Foreign Relations Committee to hold hearings and approve Reich. The Democrats refused to budge. "Otto Reich is not qualified for the post," Senator Dodd insisted in a letter to the *Journal.*

In Latin America, however, it was the coup in Venezuela last April that seemed to harden misgivings about Reich. Hugo Chávez, Venezuela's leftist President, had been a growing irritant to Washington—visiting Libya and Iraq, slowing negotiations for the F.T.A.A., criticizing the American campaign in Afghanistan, and, of greatest concern to anti-Castro activists, selling discounted oil to Cuba. Chávez had made many powerful enemies inside Venezuela as well, and on April 11th he was removed in a coup. A businessman named Pedro Carmona was installed as President. More alarming than the coup itself, to many of Venezuela's neighbors, was the suggestion that Washington was behind the coup. For it soon emerged that there had been a great deal of contact between the coup plotters and the United States Embassy in Caracas beforehand, and urgent calls between the plotters and Reich's office afterward. Within hours of the coup, Reich summoned a number of Latin-American ambassadors to his office and, according to the *Times*, told them that Chávez had in fact resigned; he urged them to support the new government. The State Department hailed the "change of government." (So did the editors of the *Times.*)

The problem was that Chávez had not resigned. Carmona, the new President, tried to dissolve the country's parliament and its highest court, and support for his administration, such as it was, vanished. Within days, Chávez was back in power. The United States hastily endorsed a resolution, issued earlier by the Organization of American States, deploring the coup. When I asked Reich about the United States' role in the coup, he told me firmly, "There was no U.S. role."

The political damage was done, though. For many Latin Americans, the thinness of Washington's commitment to democracy in the region had been revealed. In a region that has suffered greatly under military regimes, many of them United States-backed, this was a profound disappointment. In countries that were already under stress, like Argentina, the implications were more serious. "Many people here watched it with a fair amount of fear," Alan Cibils, an economist in Buenos Aires, said. "People feared that this might be the writing on the wall."

Certainly, the Chávez incident only confirmed apprehensions in Latin America about Reich's appointment. Oscar

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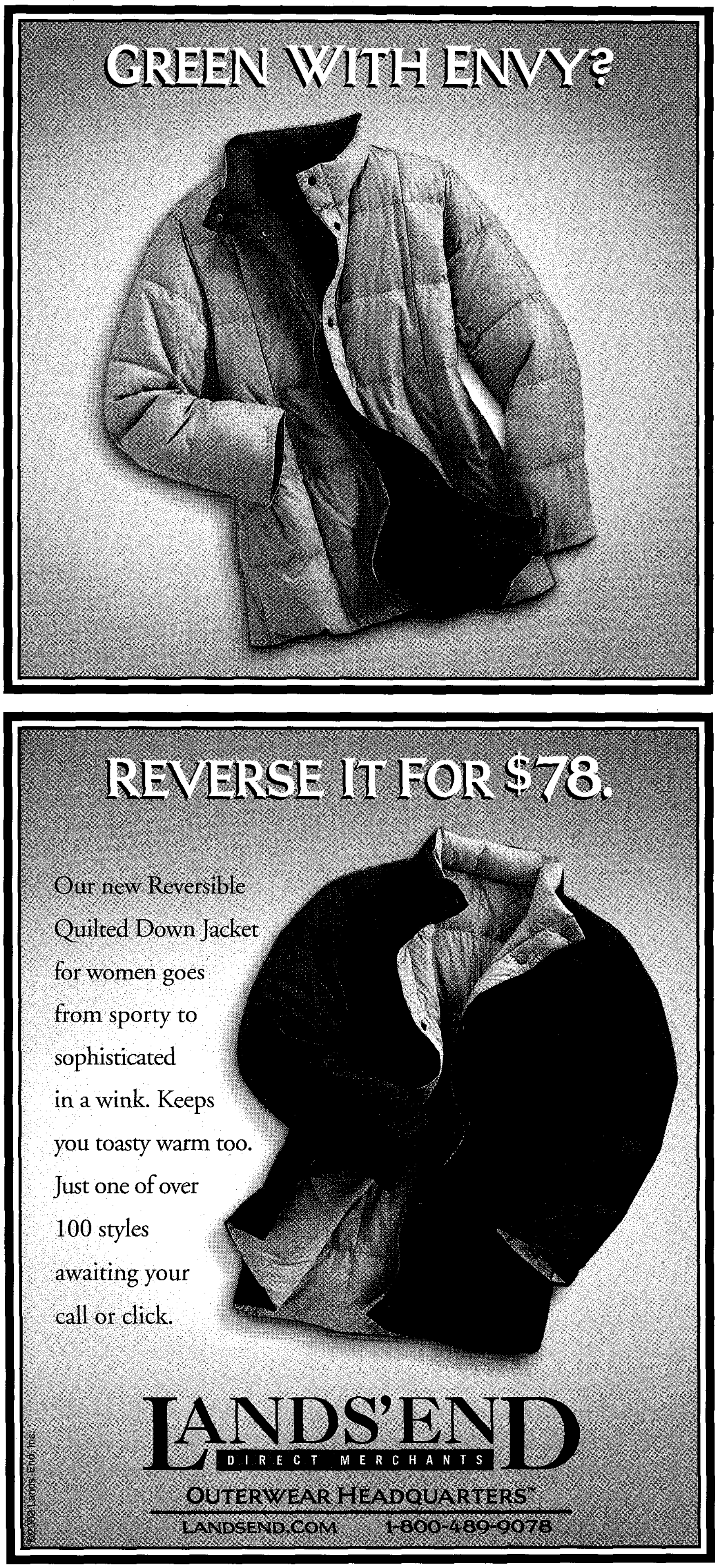

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Arias, a former President of Costa Rica, who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1987 for his efforts to end the wars in Central America, had written a widely circulated plea to President Bush to reconsider his choice of Reich. Arias's essay, which was first published in the Los Angeles *Times*, revisited the controversial incidents from Reich's career; he wrote, for example, that the F-16 sale would produce "the last thing this hemisphere needs—an arms race." Arias's broader concern was that Reich represented a return to militarism, to bullying behavior by the United States, after more than a decade of kinder, gentler policy.

This fear is probably unfounded. George W. Bush came into office pledging to make Latin America a top foreign-policy priority (he called this "the century of the Americas"), seeming not to know or care much personally about most other parts of the world. September 11th has reordered his priorities, of course, and, if anything, Latin Americans have felt more forgotten than coerced by his Administration. Although Reich is just one of a number of players from the old Reagan Central America team to have been reëmployed by this Administration—Elliot Abrams is back in the White House, serving on the National Security Council; John Negroponte, who was Ambassador to Honduras, is now Ambassador to the United Nations; John Poindexter, who was Reagan's national-security adviser, is now heading a Pentagon counterterrorism office—Bush's policy toward Latin America is, in essence, a continuation of the Clinton policy. Market access is its great objective, the F.T.A.A. its concrete goal.

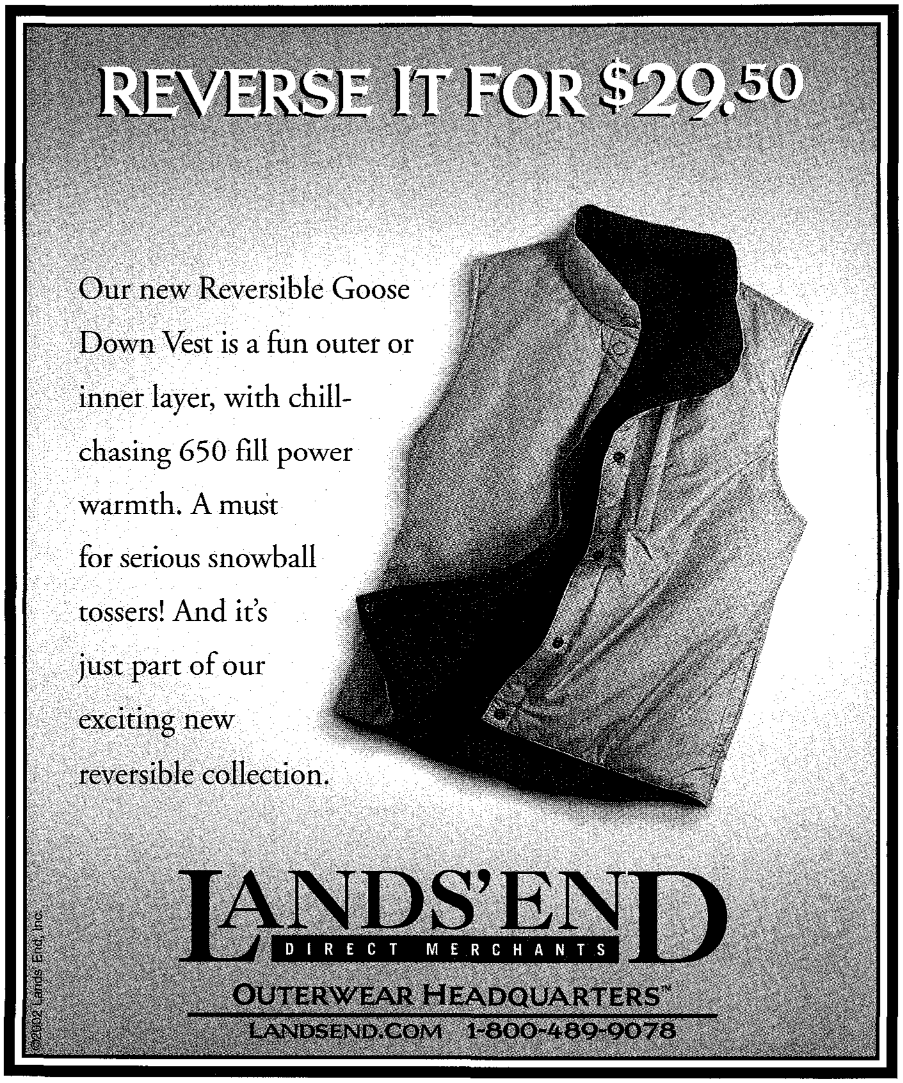
Progress toward the F.T.A.A. has been slowed, however, by growing disenchantment in Latin America with the philosophy of free trade, or *neoliberalismo*. In the past generation, hardly any progress has been made against poverty in most of the region, despite painful economic reforms. The middle class has suffered even in politically transformed nations such as Mexico. Left-wing political parties are on the rise. In Brazil, which has South America's largest economy, the leading candidate for President—the first round of elections will be held on October 6th—is a Socialist ex-steelworker named Luiz Inacio da Silva, popularly known as Lula, who opposes the F.T.A.A. If Lula, who is an admirer of Fidel Castro, does become President, the entire South American jigsaw puzzle may abruptly rearrange itself.

Reich prefers to describe the current resurgence of protest movements in the region as populism, not leftism, but that doesn't mean he's oblivious to its causes. He was an election observer in Venezuela in 1998, when Hugo Chávez won the Presidency, and afterward he told the *Wall Street Journal*, "Chávez won because he was able to articulate and channel the frustrations of Venezuelans resulting from a series of mistakes by the nation's political elite. This should be a wake-up call to the elite of Latin America to pay more attention to economic and social progress."

Still, Reich makes a poor salesman for free trade. As Argentina's economy collapses, he rebukes Argentineans for not implementing the free-market policies that the United States has recommended. He tends to view Latin-American governments as irresponsible and immature. He also has a disconcerting habit of pointing to El Salvador as an example of a country that has properly implemented the reforms the United States wants to see. El Salvador may be growing, according to some macroeconomic indicators, but it is heavily dependent on remittances sent by émigrés working in the United States. Moreover, the country is a social and physical ruin, a place where the United States helped finance a Cold War battle that killed a hundred thousand Salvadorans.

Then, there is Cuba—Reich's idée fixe, but also the great hole in our foreign-policy dogma, which says that free trade and open markets foster democracy and prosperity. If that is true, our neighbors (and many other countries) ask, why do we maintain a near-total ban on trade with Cuba? The answer, of course, is to be found among the roughly one and a quarter million Cuban-Americans, particularly those in South Florida.

"Our problem is that Communism doesn't exist anymore," Joe Garcia, the executive director of the Cuban American National Foundation, told me. The C.A.N.F. has been the most powerful political lobby among Cuban exiles for twenty years, and Garcia was trying to account for the deficit of American public sympathy which the community



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feels today. "The Florida Straits is the Berlin Wall," he said. "Eastern Europeans get it. They got it in the ass for forty years, so they get it."

"Depressed" is the word you hear when you ask Miami Cubans about the state of anti-Castro politics. After the Soviet Union collapsed, hopes ran high that the Castro regime could not last much longer. People started making plans—if not to move back, then at least to visit, see long-lost relatives, maybe buy a vacation condo. Some of the more prominent exiles were positioning themselves to control new markets, perhaps even to return to power on the island. But Castro, of course, has hung on. In the long view, it now seems, more than ever, that there was a civil war in Cuba in the nineteen-fifties, with winners and losers, and that the losers came to America.

They're doing well here, most of them, economically and educationally, and they're proud of this and eager to assimilate. Community support for Otto Reich stems as much from that pride as it does from his politics. Ninoska Pérez Castellón, a conservative Miami radio host, told me, "For Cubans, it was a great thing when Otto was named ambassador. He may have been the first Cuban to reach that height."

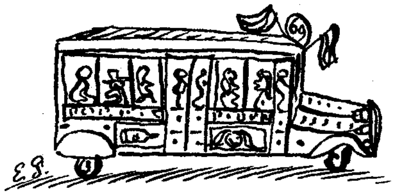
For decades, the C.A.N.F. had been dominated by its founder, Jorge Mas Canosa, who also seemed to dominate every politician he set his sights on. When Bill Clinton ran for President in 1992, he opposed the embargo until he went to Miami and met Mas Canosa. Clinton emerged from that meeting with a large check and a new position. There was a bill before Congress at the time that would tighten the embargo. The first President Bush was planning to veto the bill because it contained infringements on executive power. Clinton started attacking the President for being soft on Castro, and Bush quickly signed the legislation.

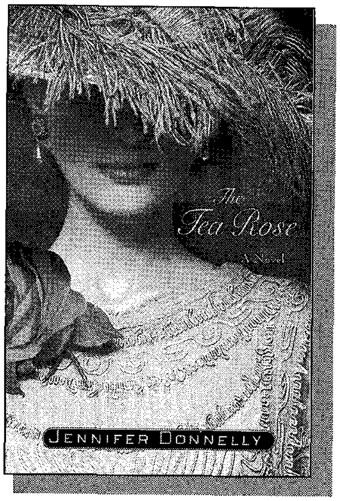
Mas Canosa died in 1997. His son, Jorge Mas Santos, now heads the C.A.N.F., and things have not been the same. The turning point was the Elián Gonzales affair, when the federal government decided that the boy, whose mother had drowned during their attempt to reach Florida, should return to Cuba with his father. "We're still a victim of the massive evil on the other side," Joe Garcia said. "But America has moved on. We were unanimous: no parent would want his child back in hell. But the issue was framed against us very effectively—by Clinton. It's about a father and a son. That was a bear. We couldn't communicate our side effectively."

The political activism of wealthy Cubans, who donate heavily to both major parties, is usually ascribed to their fervent interest in Cuban policy, but the truth is that many of them work in areas, such as banking or construction, that are closely regulated by or otherwise dependent on government; it has simply been good business practice for them to make politically powerful friends. Indeed, the outsized influence that Cuban-Americans have had on American politics is probably more a function of their financial clout than of the votes they deliver. (Certainly Jeb Bush—Jebcito, to his Cuban constituents—knows both ends of the equation well. Armando Codina, a Cuban-American construction magnate, brought Jeb into his business back when the future Governor was getting his start in Miami—and George H. W. Bush was Vice-President. Jeb was reportedly a good salesman, but people in Miami say, "Codina made Jeb a rich man.")

Another long-standing assumption about Cuban-American political attitudes is that they will change with the generations. That is proving to be both true and not true. Polls find that younger Cuban-Americans favor cultural exchange with the island, and they are certainly less obsessed with Castro than their parents are. But there is still a large majority—up to eighty per cent—who are against lifting the embargo as long as Castro is in power. Also, rather stunningly, sixty-three per cent tell pollsters that they would support a United States invasion of Cuba.

It is still possible to sit in the Versailles, a big gleaming bakery and restaurant on Calle Ocho, the main drag of Miami's Little Havana, and imagine that some of the elderly men huddled at tables over *boliche* and *huevos habaneros*—or maybe





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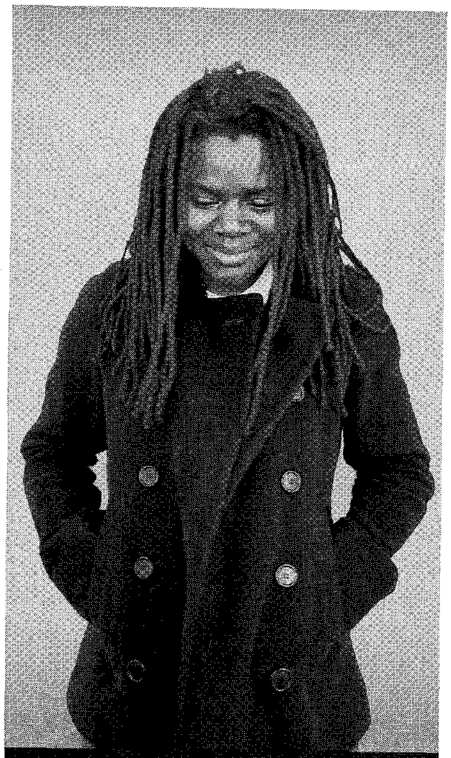

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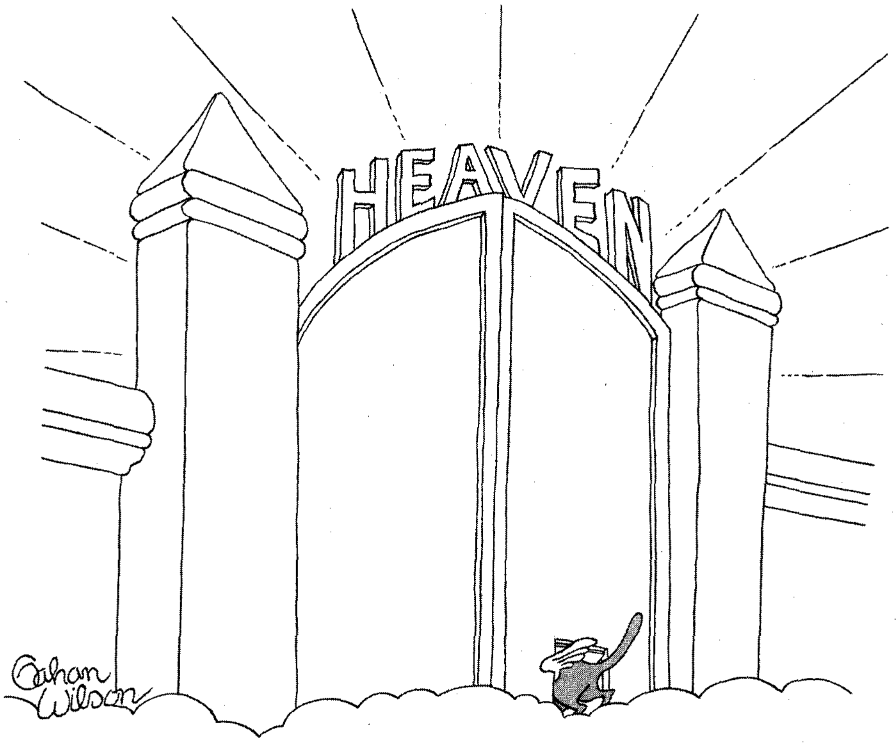

some of those out at the streetside tables nursing coffees, smoking hand-rolled cigars, and fiercely talking politics in thick Cuban Spanish—are doing more than dreaming about the old days. In a town where radio is far more politically influential than print or television, the largest outlet is Radio Mambí—a twenty-four-hour Spanish-language hard-line talk-radio station. Radio Mambí is run by an exile named Armando Pérez-Roura, who also hosts its most popular show. Pérez-Roura was Batista's official radio spokesman in the fifties and is much feared in South Florida for his ability to deliver not only votes but also angry street protesters from among his faithful listeners. Pérez-Roura is in many ways a dinosaur—he has never learned English, and is not an American citizen—but he still manages to add a threatening tone to public discourse in Miami. Although he has been known to make anti-Semitic remarks on the air, his was the most powerful voice demanding, last year, that the Bushes stand behind Otto Reich.

The Bush dynasty clearly respects Pérez-Roura's power. Jeb is a regular guest on his show, and, just days before the 2000 Presidential election, Pérez-Roura introduced George W. at a rally in Miami, invoking the name Elián Gonzales. He also went on to play a role in the Presidential ballot recount.

Among those Americans not from Cuba who can be bothered to think about the embargo, it has become, according to polls, increasingly unpopular. People reason that it is not working, and that our hostility just allows Castro to hang on to power. For true believers in free trade, the embargo is, moreover, a heresy. Charlene Barshefsky, the United States Trade Representative under Clinton, told the Boston *Globe*, as she was leaving office, that "our Cuba policy is lunacy." American farmers, looking for new export markets, have turned against it, as have their representatives in Congress, most of whom are Republicans. And the agricultural and pharmaceutical interests that want to see the embargo lifted have deeper pockets, ultimately, than even the South Florida Cubans. (In late September, a delegation of Midwestern politicians and businessmen went to Havana for an agricultural trade fair, and Otto Reich managed to offend everyone involved by warning the Americans, including Jesse Ventura, the governor of Minnesota, not to indulge in "sexual tourism" in Cuba. Ventura demanded an apology from the White House.) Legislation to relax the embargo has been passing in Congress by increasingly large margins. Still, President Bush, making good on his vows to Cuban-Americans, vetoes each bill, which is front-page news in the Miami *Herald* and, at best, wire-service fare elsewhere in the country.

With Cuba, as with so many things, it seems that the President is most intent on learning from his father's political mistakes. When the South Florida Cubans thought the first President Bush was going soft on Castro, he lost support. That won't happen again, particularly with Otto Reich on the case. Reich was great friends with Jorge Mas Canosa, and the current leadership at the C.A.N.F. believes he is doing a fine job. Joe Garcia, of the C.A.N.F., told me, "Otto was the guy who was supposed to hold the plug there"—in Washington—"on Cuba." Whether Reich continues to be that guy will probably depend on the Republicans' ability to regain control of the Senate in the November elections.

After Reich's nomination, the Cuban media produced a series of stories about his connections to the "terrorist mafia" of Miami exiles. Then, late last year, Ricardo Alarcón, the president of the Cuban National Assembly, told an interviewer that he considered Reich a "magnificent" choice for the job. "Otto Reich is the ideal undersecretary for a failed U.S. foreign policy in Latin America," Alarcón said. "I'm not worried in the least. The United States is who should be worried." Alarcón went on, "Otto Reich is more amusing to us than anything else. He is going to be concerned not only with Cuba but with the whole continent. Perfect. Letting him help destroy U.S. relations with Latin America strikes us as a brilliant idea."

The truth is, Reich told me, Latin-American governments deplore our Cuban policy only in public. Privately, "They say, 'We agree with you on Cuba. We just differ on the means.' They all want Castro to leave. They want us to do it. They don't want to have to do it. They're afraid of Castro. Believe me, they've told me." When a resolution condemning Cuba's human-rights abuses came up at a United Nations commission, he said, "The Vice-President of a major country told me, 'You know we cannot support this resolution, because you know what Fidel Castro has done in my country, and you know what he's capable of doing. He's killed, he's kidnapped. He supports terrorists.'"

Once, in the nineteen-seventies, Reich said, "Colombia and Cuba were vying for the same seat on the U.N. Security Council, and Colombia wouldn't back off," so Castro "had the brother of the President kidnapped" by leftist Colombian guerrillas. Reich added that Castro also had the brother of another President of Colombia kidnapped, for a different reason, and both incidents unfolded in exactly the same way. "First, Castro offers to negotiate. 'I'll try to intercede with those bad people. We had relations with them, and we still know them.'" Eventually, Reich told me, both victims surfaced in Havana, and were handed back to their families. The Presidents got the message. In the case of the Security Council spat, Reich said, "Colombia withdrew its candidacy, and Cuba got the seat." (In fact, Colombia and Cuba both withdrew, and Mexico got the seat. The first of these kidnappings didn't take place, in any event, until four years afterward. In both cases, the victims turned up in Colombia, not in Havana.) Reich studied me, as if to see whether I really understood. "This guy's a thug," he said. "It's like 'The Godfather.' They act the same way, except he runs a country, instead of just a family."

Reich conceded that Latin-American leaders might have other reasons for opposing our Cuban policy. "Latin Americans have always had what they consider to be this policy of nonintervention," he said. "Since we have been the big kid on the block, they have felt that there has been safety in numbers. By uniting behind this policy of nonintervention, they would protect themselves. On the other hand, we are also the one country that everybody calls whenever there's trouble, and we have in fact used our power in the region many times to defend a lot of those countries."

Reich went on to say that our policy toward Cuba today is identical to our policy toward El Salvador in the nineteen-eighties. Now, in most people's memory, we were bankrolling and "advising" the Salvadoran Army, one of the most murderous militaries on earth, in the nineteen-eighties. So I had trouble seeing the connection. But I began to sense why governments in Latin America have complained that Reich is not properly focussed on their bilateral relations with the United States: Reich was already off on another riff about why Castro is afraid of radios being distributed in Cuba. ♦

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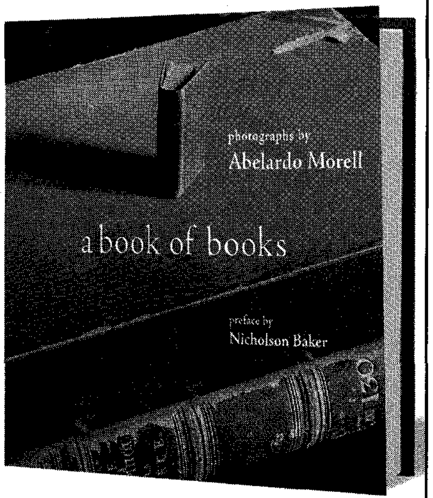

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POPULAR CULTURE

THE CONGO SOUND

How a record store in Paris became a center of African music.

BY SUSAN ORLEAN

Hervé Halfon, a French person who hates French people, owns a record store on the Rue des Plantes, in Montparnasse, just a few Métro stops from the Eiffel Tower but spiritually closer to Avenue Gambela, in Congo, or to the Mokolo district, in Yaoundé, Cameroon. The store is called Afric' Music. It has a small sign and an unremarkable window display, and it's about the size and shape of a Parisian parking space. Inside, Hervé has spared all expense on the décor. Besides the floor and ceiling and one long counter, the store is nothing but rows and rows of CDs in racks and on shelves and in piles, all of them devoted to African music, except for a section reserved for the music of the Caribbean. A sound system sits somewhere behind the counter, out of view and, more important, out of reach of any customer who might want to, perhaps, switch the new N'Dombolo recording for something by M'Pongo Love. The sound system is on, loud, all the time. If you walk down the Rue des Plantes, you will at first hear just the usual rumbling and tootling and clattering sounds of a Paris street, and then, as you pass the open door of Afric' Music, you will be blasted by a few bars of a Congolese ballad, and as soon as you step past the door the ballad will suddenly be out of earshot and the Paris street sounds will resume, as if you had walked through a harmonic cloudburst.

As is the custom in record stores all over the world, a song rarely gets played in its entirety at Afric' Music. What happens is that Hervé and a customer will be listening to a song—let's say, something by Wenge Tonya Tonya—and a certain guitar line will make Hervé think of a cut on an old Franco and O.K. Jazz album, which he will put on, and then the Franco song will remind the customer of a song by Les Youles that he heard the other day on the world-music show on Radio Nova, so Hervé will turn off the Franco and put on Les Youles, and then another customer will wander in and suggest that the Les Youles song is a pitiful imitation of a much better song recorded twenty years ago by Tabu Ley Rochereau. Hervé will have that recording, too, so he will play it, and then the two customers will start arguing about it, and then Hervé, in his role as a peacekeeping force, will take off the Tabu Ley record and put on something uncontroversial, like the new album "Bang Bang," by Carimi, whose members are Haitian but grew up in Miami.

Afric' Music opened twenty-six years ago. The store was founded by Hervé's cousin David Halfon, who had picked up a taste for African music at clubs around town. At the time, David was working as a salesclerk in a musical-instrument shop in the Paris neighborhood of Saint-Michel. On a gamble, he asked the owners of the shop to let him sell African records and tapes out of the back corner of the store.

There was no store in France devoted to African music in 1976, even though there were already more than a million Africans living in the country, many of whom came from the French-speaking nations of Gabon, Benin, Togo, Mali, Chad, Ivory Coast, and Senegal, as well as from Zaire—the country now known as Congo—whose music, called soukous, or just *la musique moderne*, was the least parochial and most widely embraced throughout Africa. Moreover, a number of the Congolese expatriates living in Paris happened to be that country's greatest musicians. And even though there was nowhere to buy African music in France in the mid-seventies, much of it was actually being recorded in studios in Paris and in Brussels and shipped back to Africa for release.

This peculiar cross-continental journey was actually in keeping with the history of soukous—and of all African music, which, in the words of the Cameroonian saxophonist Manu Dibango,

Dany Engobo (left) and other members of Les Coeurs Brisés in a rehearsal studio in Paris. Photograph by Thomas Dworzak.

MAGNUM

was essentially "a music of encounters." To begin with, soukous was a mélange of indigenous village music and Cuban rumba, which had become popular in Congo through a series of records released there in the nineteen-thirties. Rumba was in fact finding its way back to its origins, since it, too, was a mélange—in this case, a combination of Spanish music and the sounds brought to the Caribbean by African slaves. In other words, soukous had left home, absorbed a new culture, returned home, and was being absorbed and reinterpreted once again. The music that resulted was especially elastic. Its lyrics were almost always sung in Lingala, a trading language of the Congo region and a distinct African dialect, but one that is generic and unprovincial—a sort of lingua franca with no fractious history attached. But what made soukous the preëminent music in Africa was its sound, the voluptuous interplay of three or four or even five guitars, swirling around keening melodies and a dreamy, compelling beat. It is emotional, complex music, with the brightness and propulsion and hot guitars of popular music but with a less hurried, mounting intensity. It sounds neither contemporary nor old; it is melodic and highly structured, even orchestral, but also powerfully rhythmic and cyclic, like a chant. You can dance for hours and hours to soukous music; it has that kind of drive. But it is also strangely, ineffably poignant. Even the biggest, brassiest soukous songs have a wistful undercurrent, the sound of something longed for or lost.

Kinshasa, the capital of the Democratic Republic of the Congo, was once the home of Africa's most energetic recording industry. Gary Stewart, in his authoritative history, "Rumba on the River," recounts how, in 1948, a Greek merchant named Nicolas Jeronimidis opened the Ngoma studio in downtown Kinshasa. Eventually, there were a score of studios, including many owned and operated by Congolese, and soukous's most successful musicians ran studios of their own. Soukous was the sound on every street, in clubs, on the airwaves, even on public-address systems, which blared the music for anyone who didn't have a radio. It became so entwined in the country's sense of identity that in 1960, when its delegates went to Brussels for a conference on independence, the leading soukous orchestra at the time, Joseph Kabasele and African Jazz, accompanied them.

Mobutu Sese Seko, the dictator who ruled the country for thirty-two years, was aware of how directly music communicated to the Congolese. When he took power, in 1965, he demanded that the country's musicians write songs to celebrate his achievement, and then arranged for them to receive generous state sponsorship as a sort of insurance policy against future songs that might question his actions. When he introduced his Authenticité campaign, in 1971, with the aim of ridding the country of foreign influence, he designated the great soukous orchestra O.K. Jazz the official musical medium for conveying his doctrine. He travelled throughout Zaire with the orchestra; after each of his speeches, O.K. Jazz performed, both to sweeten the medicine of Authenticité and to use its lyrics to lecture the crowds, however gorgeously, about Mobutu's programs. It would be like George W. Bush giving a series of speeches about why he wanted to go to war with Iraq, accompanied by foreign-policy songs by Bruce Springsteen.

Official intimacy did have its tribulations. Songs that Mobutu considered controversial or disparaging were banned; musicians who were too mouthy were subtly—or overtly—run out of the country. Even the greatest soukous master of all, Franco Luambo Makiadi, who led O.K. Jazz for thirty-three years, was jailed once, had his songs censored, and several times left for Europe when he felt an official chill. Franco was a huge man with a husky voice and a chiming, lacy style on guitar. His playing was so hypnotizing that throughout his life he was quite seriously accused of being a sorcerer. It is said that Mobutu loved Franco's music so much that each time Franco left, the dictator would eventually send word that he would be pardoned if he was willing to come home and perform. When Franco died, in Brussels, in 1989, Mobutu declared four days of national mourning and gave him a state funeral.

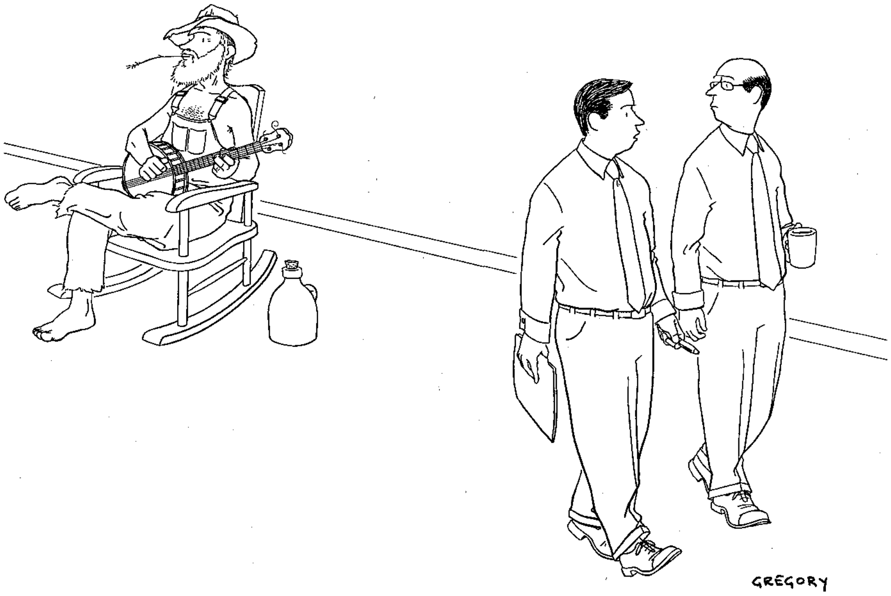
But Mobutu was responsible for the music business's eventual exodus from the country. By the mid-nineteen-seventies, the price of copper, Zaire's chief export, had fallen dramatically, and the President's totalitarianism and his move toward Mao-inspired nationalization of industry had chased away investors and set off terrible inflation. Before long, almost all of Kinshasa's studios had gone out of business or relocated to Paris or Brussels, and the few that remained had little money for equipment, engineers, or even vinyl. Record sales were also flagging. It wasn't that the passion for soukous was fading; it was that people in Zaire were broke. Meanwhile, as the domestic economy worsened throughout the decade, Mobutu and his family skimmed at least five billion dollars from the treasury and from international aid.

One by one, all of soukous's biggest stars made their débuts in Paris: Tabu Ley Rochereau, in 1970; Joseph Kabasele, also in 1970; Franco and O.K. Jazz, in 1978. In Paris you could sing about anything you wanted, you could record in the best studios, you could play to the ever-growing population of Africans and West Indians. It was safe; there was money. Night clubs catering to the African community were opening—Keur Samba, a swanky place near the Place de la Concorde, was the first, in 1975, followed by the Black and White Club, the Atlantis, Timmy's, L'Alizé, Au Petit Tam-Tam. By the late seventies, more and more of Zaire's most prominent musicians were leaving Africa to tour Europe and weren't coming back. In 1980 came the most symbolic move of all: while touring with O.K. Jazz, Franco bought a house in Brussels and an apartment in Paris, and started spending more time far from home.

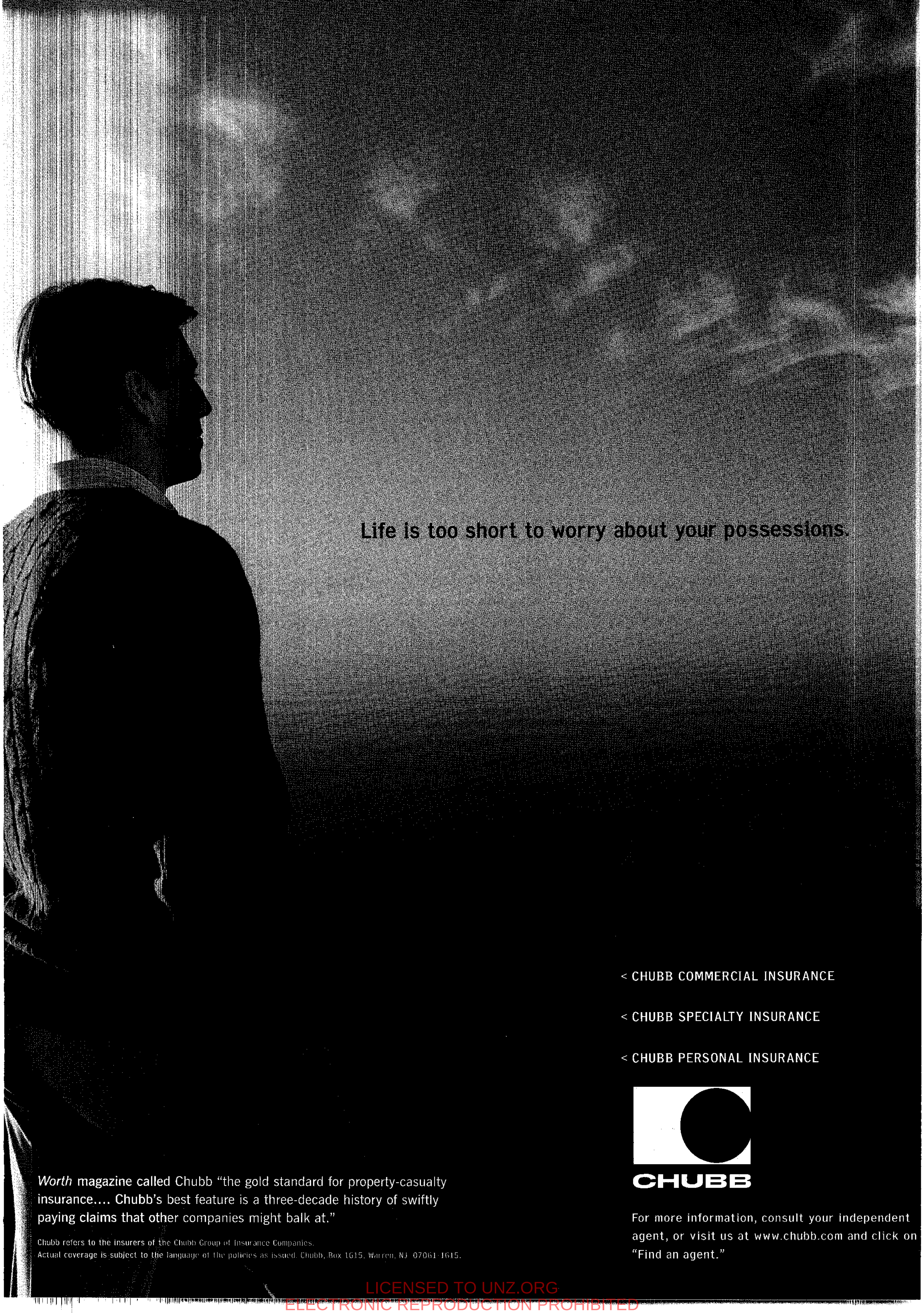
David Halfon's back corner of the instrument shop in Saint-Michel quickly became one of the most famous back corners in Paris. Most Africans in Paris lived in other neighborhoods—in the north, in Barbès and Saint-Denis, or to the east, in the "red" suburb of Montreuil, which is said to have the largest community of Malians outside Mali and as a municipality has financed public-works projects in Mali's villages. But the goods to be found in Saint-Michel were worth travelling for—it was the sound of the familiar, of the life that had been left behind. Before long, David had rented a storefront and set up a proper store.

Hervé worked in Afric' Music after school. He was then a teen-ager, mildly disgusted by French pop treacle like Plastic Bertrand and only occasionally moved by French crooners like Charles Aznavour. His musical interests were black soul, black reggae, black blues. Hanging around David, he became fluent in the music of Congo, Senegal, Nigeria, and Antilles. Fourteen years ago, David decided to sell Afric' Music and open a chain of fast-food restaurants, so Hervé and a partner bought him out. They also began producing a number of African bands, including the renowned Congolese guitarist Diblo Dibala and his band, Matchatcha; Les Coeurs Brisés; Branché; and Flaisha Mani, known as the Diamond of Zaire.

Hervé is now thirty-six years old, with a sinewy build, receding dark hair, and the chic, messy look of a tragic intellectual. It has never struck him as weird or incongruous that he is a white guy, and a Jewish one at that, selling African music to expatriates. His parents both grew up in Tunisia and imparted something of an outsider's perspective to him; as a result, Hervé's outlook on the archetypal French persona is somewhat negative. One recent morning, as he was shelving new CDs, he said, "I don't like the narrow-mindedness of French people. I'm more comfortable with Africans. They have a different attitude—more open to the world." He is tempted to leave France altogether. Five years ago, a customer of his who had moved back to Ivory Coast asked him to come to Abidjan and help him open a record store. Hervé and his wife visited for two weeks. They were put up in the best hotel in the country and had a car and driver at their disposal, but, ultimately, they decided that they felt too out of place. Hervé now says he is considering moving to Canada or Israel, but isn't sure



"I enjoy the pearls of folksy wisdom as much as the next guy, but what, exactly, does he do around here?"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how or when he will ever really leave.

Hervé's role in the store is all-inclusive. He orders new music, arranges it on the shelves, writes the Afric' Music best-seller lists—African and Caribbean—that hang on the back wall, answers the phone, writes up sales, and takes out the trash. He also dispenses opinions and directives to anyone willing to hear them. He has a generous policy regarding test drives: he is willing to open any CD to let you have a listen; as a result, about half the CDs in the store no longer have their plastic wrappers. Hervé likes to steer customers toward what he calls "hot music." By hot he means sexy, intense, and exciting, rather than trendy. Only a small amount of dancing occurs in the store, though; the customers, who are overwhelmingly male, usually just lean up against the counter and move only one part of their body—a foot, a hand, a chin—in time with the song. Hervé is less inhibited, and often pounds out the beat on his thighs, or on the counter, sometimes using the plastic cover of a CD. When he's not at the store, he plays drums as a hobby, but the fact that he lives in an apartment with his wife and their two small kids cuts into his rehearsal opportunities.

Hervé is a cheerful person, although he says that being in the record-store business is a living nightmare. For one thing, Afric' Music no longer enjoys the primacy it had when it opened, in 1976. African music has become a real commodity in Paris: a number of competing specialty shops have cropped up in the past two decades, and FNAC, the large French music-and-bookstore chain, now features an African section. The specialty-record-store mortality rate is high—Blue Moon Musique, Anvers Musique, and Kim Music, among others, have gone out of business—but new ones open all the time. In the past year or so, five or six tiny stores have opened in Saint-Denis.

One morning in early September, I headed over to Afric' Music. There was a pinch in the air, a scrim over the sun, and smoke-gray clouds scudding across the horizon. Placards advertising Ray Charles's upcoming concert were pasted on every light pole and bus shelter in Paris. When I arrived at Afric' Music, Hervé was chatting with two young men from Benin, who were taken with an album called "Hot Zouk Love." Hervé knows almost all his customers by sight and most by name; some are even second-generation shoppers. One of the young men from Benin was the son of a longtime customer. After a moment, a short, bubbly guy carrying two cell phones and a set of car keys came in, gave Hervé a hug, and started scanning the CD section marked "Nigeria." We started to talk, and I asked him what he did for a living.

"I was a student in economics," he said, "but now I drive a taxi, Madame." He chuckled, and added that he was from Nigeria but was looking for a record by a Haitian band called Digital Express. "These days, you have to go to London to find really good Nigerian music," he said. He winked at me and then said in a loud voice, "Hervé, he doesn't like Nigerians."

Hervé broke off his conversation with the men from Benin and started hollering in agitated French. He grabbed an album by King Sunny Ade, who is from Nigeria, and poked the taxi-driver with it. "And what about Tilda?" Hervé said. "I have Tilda albums, too."

"She's not Nigerian!" the man said.

"Yes, she is," Hervé said.

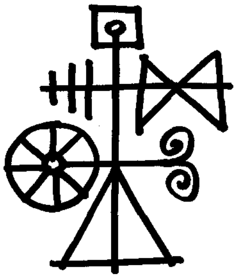
"No! She isn't!" the man said, excitedly. "Her father is Nigerian, but her mother is from Cameroon!"

"Well, she's Nigerian, then," Hervé said, pleased with himself.

"No," the cabdriver said. "Half of her is not Nigerian. She sings Nigerian songs, but she's only half."

The men from Benin paid for their copy of "Hot Zouk Love" and quietly edged out of the store.

A young lawyer from Cameroon came in. He shook hands with Hervé and explained that he was going to d.j. at a party that night—the wedding of a French friend and an African friend—so he wanted the best dance music he could find. Hervé put on a singer named Sandra Melody doing a reggae version of the American group T.L.C.'s song "No Scrubs." I mentioned to the lawyer that it was an American song, and he gasped.



"No way is this an American song!" he exclaimed. "Listen!" He rested his right hand on his right hip, held his left hand up, as if he were holding a partner, and then started to shimmy back and forth. Everyone in the store paused as he completed his turn around the floor. When the song ended, he turned to me and said, "See? You couldn't dance to it like this if it were an American song!"

There was a moment when it seemed as if Congo would once again be the home of the Congo sound. In 1997, Laurent Kabila, the leader of the People's Revolutionary Party, marched with his troops into Kinshasa, and the aging Mobutu, who was suffering from terminal cancer, fled the country. Kabila's takeover was celebrated everywhere, including in Paris, where Tabu Ley Rochereau, one of the last members of the generation that had invented soukous, was quoted as saying that it was time for the diaspora to end, for Congo's musicians to go home. Kabila offered him a deputy post in his transitional parliament, and Tabu Ley accepted. A few others followed, most notably Sam Mangwana and the singer Kanda Bongo Man, but soon they returned to Europe: even with Mobutu gone, the country's political and economic turmoil continued. (Kabila was assassinated in 2001; his son, Joseph, is now in power.) And, for their part, the musicians who had lived in Europe had grown used to being able to sing about whatever they wanted, used to forty-eight-track studios and the most advanced synthesizers and drum machines, and to an audience that had spread from the Rue des Plantes all over the world.

While I was in Paris, I visited the guitarist Diblo Dibala, who had moved to Europe in 1989. He said that he was a supporter of both Kabilas but that he still couldn't imagine going back. "When you've been away for fifteen or twenty years, the reality of the place is different from what you remember," he said. "We're much more popular here than in Congo. The people there forget you when you leave for so long." He hasn't performed in Kinshasa since 1995. He said that he

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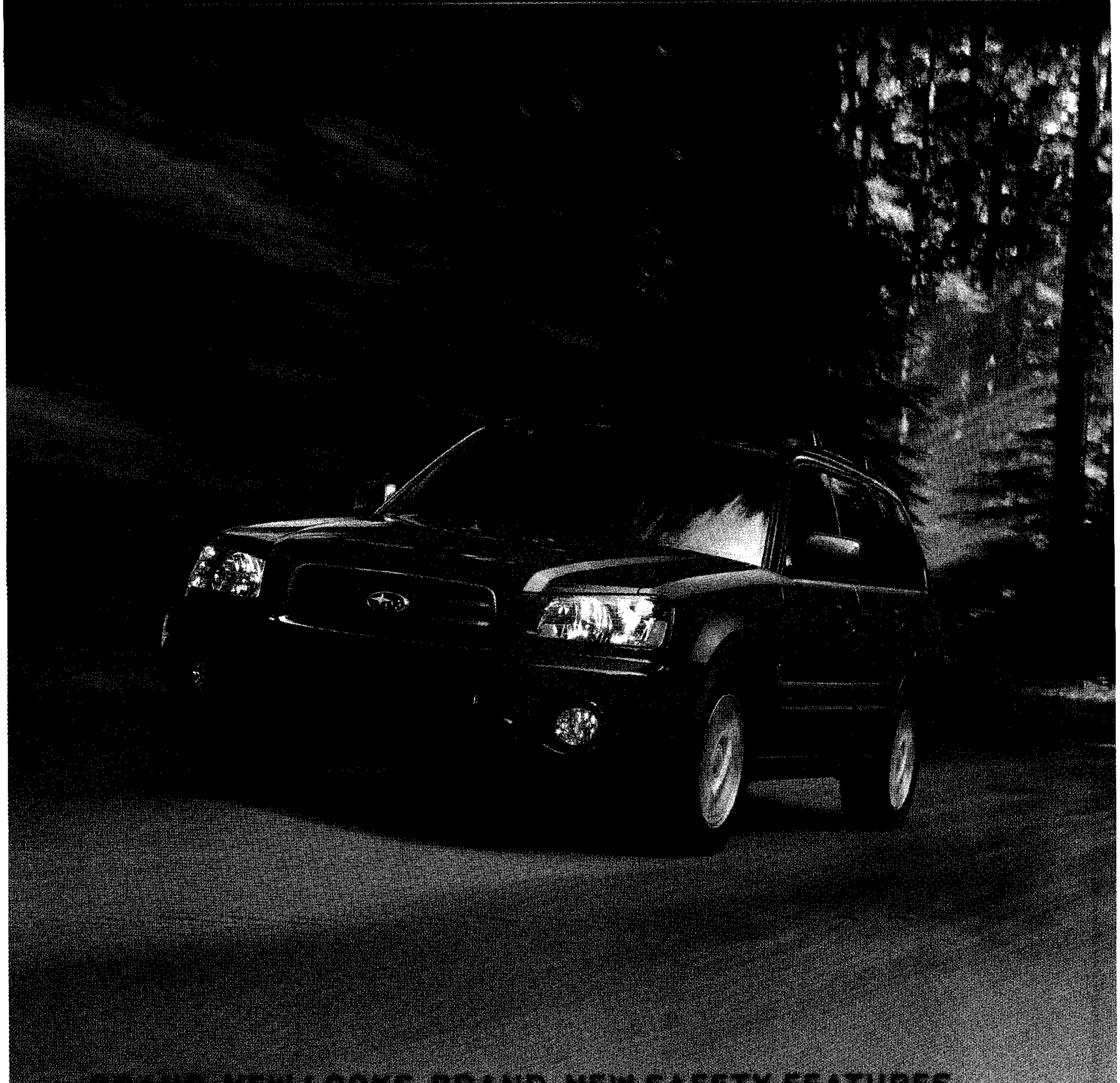

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finds his inspiration in Paris, because it is where most African musicians are, and he doesn't think that will change. "Everyone comes to Paris," he said.

Soukous has become, then, the music of Africa once removed; it has absorbed yet another new culture, and when you listen to what is being recorded now, you hear a briskness and shimmer, as if the clamor and sleekness of modern Paris were a constant underscore. You might miss the pensive majesty of Franco's orchestra, but it is the nature of Congolese music to reach out, react, and remake itself each time it encounters a different world. One afternoon, Dany Engobo, the leader of Les Coeurs Brisés, stopped by my hotel to bring me the group's latest CD. I was staying in a smart new place in Montparnasse that I had chosen because of its proximity to the record store but that also happened to be decorated in Africa-chic; it had animal-print wallpaper and ethnic knickknacks, and African music—mostly Senegalese and Nigerian—was piped into the lobby all day long, re-creating in this bourgeois arrondissement of Paris a mythic version of pre-French colonial Africa. Engobo has lived in Paris since 1976, and started Les Coeurs Brisés after he arrived. The group—which includes musicians from Algeria, France, and Israel—has played throughout the United States and Europe and in a few African countries, but never in Kinshasa or Brazzaville, where Engobo is from. He doesn't expect that they will play there anytime soon. "It's too dangerous to go," Engobo said, shrugging. "I'd like to go sometime, but . . ." He paused, and the music whirled around us, a King Sunny Ade melody with tinkling thumb piano and the singer's reedy alto spelling out the tune. "I am a citizen of the world," Engobo said. "I don't think I'll ever go back. But in life, you never know."

At Afric' Music, while the Cameroonian lawyer was dancing, a tall man with a hospital-employee I.D. around his neck walked in. "Hervé," he said, "I'm dying for the new Gilberto Santa Rosa. Do you have it?" Hervé pulled several Santa Rosa CDs out of a stack. The man shuffled through them and said he wasn't sure if any of these was the one he wanted. He pulled his cell phone out of a holster, called one of Hervé's competitors, who was unhelpful, and then briefly contemplated calling friends in Martinique for a consultation. While he was thinking, a heavyset blind man from Guadeloupe eased his way through the doorway, folded up his cane, leaned on the counter, and asked Hervé to put on something by the popular young band Zouk Station. Hervé found the album, split the shrink-wrap with a two-euro coin, and put it on. The blind man smiled and said he would buy it. Two elderly women walking past with groceries, their baguettes sticking up like exclamation points, glanced in anxiously as they moved through the blast of Zouk Station. A red-cheeked drunk zigzagged across the Rue des Plantes toward the music, rolled through the door, and came to rest against the counter. Just then, the man who was thinking about calling Martinique realized that it was four in the morning in the Caribbean, so he told Hervé he would take two Santa Rosa albums. As he was paying, a cab pulled onto the sidewalk in front of Afric' Music, and a compact old man from Togo wearing a newsboy cap and a bomber jacket got out of the driver's seat, walked into the store, headed for the rack marked "Congo," ran his hands up and down the CDs, and said, "Franco! Oh, oh, Franco!" After a moment, he walked back out of the store, got into his cab, and drove away.

"He likes Franco," Hervé said.

The Cameroonian lawyer had chosen five albums and wanted more. Hervé removed the previous selection and blasted Fara Fara. The lawyer did a two-step, a tango move, and then shook his head. Off with Fara Fara. On with the new CD by Wenge Musica. The song had a galloping bass line and a bright, chattering guitar, and soon the lawyer was doing a modified cha-cha and Hervé was smiling, beating a tattoo on the counter. The sound was huge, pushing out of the little store and ballooning onto the Paris sidewalk, where the businesspeople and the shop clerks of Montparnasse were striding by in the dull autumn sunlight, smoking and talking on their way to lunch. As the song reached its crescendo, a man from Ivory Coast stepped into the store, slapped Hervé on the back, pulled out his cell phone, called a friend, and when his friend answered, said simply, "Hey. I'm here." ♦

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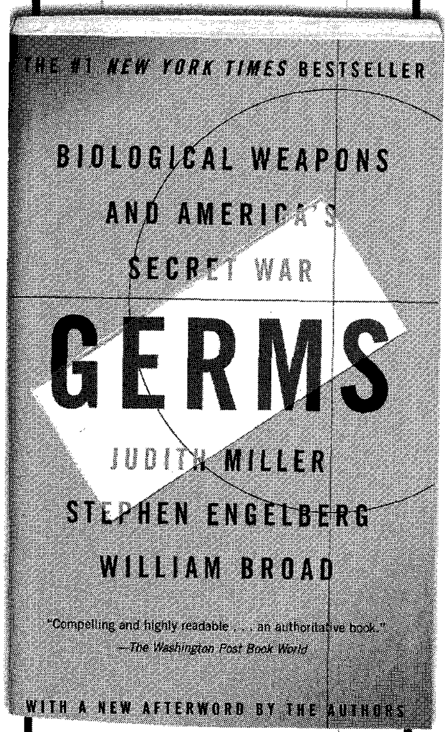
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OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

THE MIDDLEMAN

A black marketer from a Muslim minority in China reinvents himself.

BY PETER HESSLER

BIG WOK
CHINESE FOOD
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DICK'S
CAFE
OPEN
CHINESE

Polat said that someday, when he was living in a free country like America, he would write the true history of the Uighurs.

CHARLES BURNS

You can buy anything in Yabaolu. The neighborhood borders the embassy district in downtown Beijing, and over the years it has become a Russian ghetto. Small-time traders come from all over Russia and Central Asia to cut deals, often for Chinese-produced clothing of American name-brand descent: Nautica, Nike, Gap, Guess. North Face knockoffs are everywhere, and the red-white-and-blue of Tommy Hilfiger is part of the landscape. Occasionally, ancient Chinese men stroll down the streets, dressed in fake Fubu jackets and Pure Playaz hoodies. Signs are in Cyrillic; restaurants serve borscht. A night with a white prostitute—a knockoff blonde, peroxide and mascara, straight from Vladivostok—runs about a hundred dollars. Chinese prostitutes are cheaper; Mongolians are the cheapest. It's not hard to find drugs. I've seen crossbows for sale. Once, when I was sitting in a restaurant, a Eurasian trader offered to sell me some of his products. He had arrived on a customized mountain bike that was equipped with lights, shock absorbers, and a motion sensor that rang out if you bumped the parked bike. When I asked him what he had to sell, he scrawled on a scrap of paper:

.45-1911 A (Colt)
.380 (Beretta) M9 U.S.A.

The Yabaolu markets shut down in May of 1999, when NATO bombed the People's Republic Embassy in Belgrade, killing three Chinese. In Beijing, protesters swarmed the embassy district, and some of them marched through Yabaolu on their way to the American and British diplomatic buildings, where they threw stones and paint bombs. For a week, the Russian district was on edge—deals hung fire while frustrated traders watched the street action.

A week after the bombing, I went to a dumpling restaurant. The other diners—all men—stopped talking when I walked in. Three tables were occupied by Chinese. At another table were two Uighurs, members of a non-Chinese ethnic group that is predominantly Islamic. I sat down by myself and ordered dinner. It didn't take long for one of the Chinese to ask, "What country are you from?"

That month, I had been learning a new body language: I kept my head down, and I shrugged and smiled and tried to look friendly. When I told the man that I was from America, everyone looked up. The man asked why Americans had to act as if they were the "world policeman," and another muttered something about the Opium War. A third got stuck on the issue of technology. "If America is such an advanced country, how could it possibly say that the bombing was a mistake?" he said. "They claim that they used an old map—that's ridiculous."

I said that I didn't really understand what had happened in Belgrade. "Americans can see anything from space," the man continued. "With such great science, how could they bomb the wrong building?" He was about to say something else when one of the Uighurs spoke up. "With such great science," he said, "how could America kill only three Chinese?"

The restaurant went silent. The Chinese man asked the Uighur what he meant. The Uighur smiled and said, "I'm just saying that if America has such advanced technology they should be able to kill more than three Chinese people when they want to."

"That's bullshit!" one of the Chinese shouted. But the Uighur kept talking. "If Americans were trying to kill Chinese, you'd be dead now," he said. As the argument continued, I quietly finished eating. They were still going at it when I left.

After that evening, the Uighur, whom I will call Polat, joined me for dinner two or three nights a week. Usually, we met at a small Uighur-owned restaurant in Yabaolu. We sat outside, facing the street, and he told me about the people walking past. Everybody had a story—the Russian traders, the Mongolian hookers, the Afghan gem dealers—and Polat was my neighborhood narrator.

He worked the margins. He changed American dollars on the black market and served as a middleman for deals between Chinese clothing manufacturers and foreign traders. He was from the Uighurs' homeland of Xinjiang, on the northwestern frontier—an enormous province that constitutes one-sixth of China's landmass. Polat, who was in his mid-forties, can converse in seven languages: Uighur, Chinese, Russian, Uzbek, Kazakh, Kyrgyz, and Turkish. Sometimes he'd change as many as a hundred thousand American dollars at a time, earning a tenth of a per cent, but he preferred dealing in wholesale clothing, where there was less chance of getting robbed. Once, on a good day, he had cleared more than a thousand American dollars selling knockoff Nautica gear from an underground factory in Tianjin to Russian traders. Another time, he had sold some Russians twenty thousand bogus brassieres labelled "Pierre Cardin." The margin on that deal was nearly a quarter a bra.

I couldn't see the money on Polat. He dressed simply, and, unlike the other Yabaolu traders, he didn't brag after closing a big deal. He had wavy black hair, flecked with white, and his eyes were brown and sad. He didn't smile much. His skin was dark brown, and he had the solid jaw and prominent nose of a Middle Easterner. When he did smile, his face lit up. He often used the Chinese word *jiade*—fake—and he was deeply scornful of the products that he sold. Trade was distasteful to him—he found it dishonest and cheap. He told me that he used to teach Uighur language and literature in a secondary school in Xinjiang. He also mentioned that he had spent time in prison after participating in protests against the Chinese rule in Xinjiang, and he said that he could no longer live there safely. He was good-looking in a rugged way, but his cheeks had lines so deep they looked like seams. He smoked Marlboros constantly. He often looked tired. After I had got to know him well, he mentioned that he had saved more than forty thousand American dollars. He added that sometime soon, when the money and the time were right, he was going to find a way to flee to America.

In 1997, two years before I met Polat, I had made a trip to Xinjiang, driving through vast desert stretches of the Turpan Depression. That was a hot, tense summer, and my bus was constantly stopped by Chinese soldiers with automatic weapons, who searched every vehicle that came along. They were responding to a violent spring: protests, bombings, train derailings, which were assumed to be the work of Uighurs who were resentful of the Chinese rule of their homeland.

Historians believe that the ancestors of the Uighurs, who speak a Turkic tongue, settled in the region before the eighth century. But rarely in their early history were the Uighurs politically unified, and their past has always been murky. Groups of them were scattered across the oases of the Taklimakan Desert, where the Chinese had an occasional military presence. Although the Chinese claim that their rule dates to 60 B.C., during the Han dynasty, they didn't control the area until the late eighteenth century, when they named the region Xinjiang (New Territories). Frequent rebellions prevented the Chinese from solidifying their rule until the second half of the last century. Today, there are twelve non-Chinese indigenous groups in Xinjiang. The Uighurs, with a population of more than eight million, are by far the largest.

They have always been middlemen. In the court of Genghis Khan, they served as intermediaries between the Mongols and the other Central Asian powers. Their religion was fluid: at various times they believed in shamanism, Manichaeanism, Nestorian Christianity, and Buddhism. Many of them shifted again, in the ninth century, to Islam, although some oasis regions didn't embrace the religion until the fourteen-fifties. But the Uighurs' most consistent faith has

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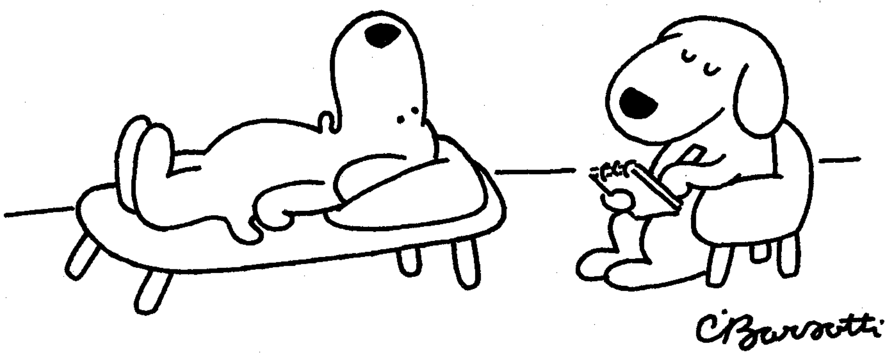


"I bark at everything. Can't go wrong that way."

been in the rituals of trade. Today, they do business in practically every Chinese city; often they open restaurants, and they dominate the black markets for foreign currency.

Polat and I had a second-language friendship—we communicated entirely in Chinese—and I couldn't understand the groups of Uighur traders who patronized the restaurant. But their body language was eloquent. They were bigger than the Chinese, and they swaggered. They had a reputation for carrying knives. They were great hand-shakers—a rarity in China. If a woman came to their table, the Uighur men stood up. They refused to touch pork. They drank heavily—Islam wasn't deep-rooted for most of them. They had long, sun-browned noses and a hard gaze, and they carried themselves with an intensity that made the Chinese nervous. There was one heavy-browed trader, in particular, who intimated a capacity for violence that I did not want to test. Once, he told me that he had just sold half a million Tianjin-made condoms to an Uzbek. Another evening, he and a Uighur friend drank vodka after vodka. As the alcohol disappeared, they took turns burning holes into their own forearms with cigarettes. Afterward, whenever they met, each of them would touch the other's scarred wrist, smiling with the memory of that evening.

The twentieth century was hard on the Uighurs. After the Manchu Qing dynasty fell, in 1911, Chinese warlords battled for supremacy in Xinjiang. In the nineteen-forties, the Uighurs attracted the support of the Soviet Union, which shared a border with Xinjiang. In 1944, Soviet-supported Uighurs in the northern part of the region announced the formation of a democratic, multiethnic state, which they called the Eastern Turkestan Republic. Five years later, the leaders of the young republic were reported to have been killed in a plane crash as they were flying to a meeting with Mao Zedong in Beijing. Many Uighurs believe that their deaths had been arranged in a secret deal between Mao and Stalin. Later in 1949, the Chinese Communists solidified their hold on Xinjiang. Since the discovery of large oil and gas reserves, in the nineteen-eighties, the Chinese have tightened their control.

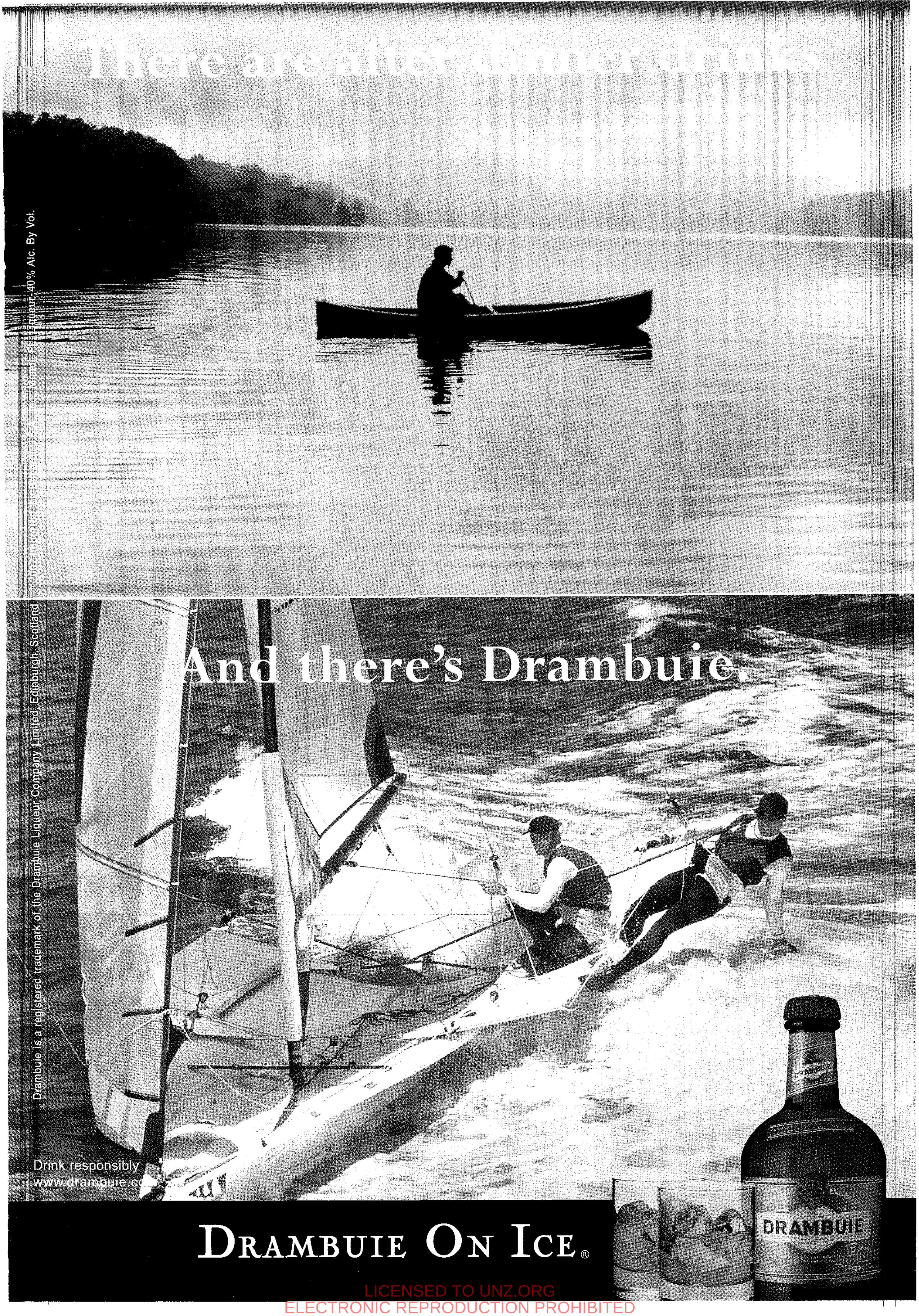
In the nineteen-forties, the ethnic-Chinese population of Xinjiang was roughly two hundred thousand; today, there are some seven million Chinese in the province, representing almost forty per cent of the population. For Uighurs who fear becoming outsiders in their own homeland, the influx of Chinese has prompted demands for genuine autonomy (the province is officially known as the Xinjiang Uighur Autonomous Region). During the past six years, the Chinese have intensified their crackdown on the separatists; according to Amnesty International, Xinjiang is the only Chinese province in which the local government has executed political prisoners in recent years.

Of all the threatened ethnic groups in the world, the Uighurs seem especially ephemeral, because their search for political identity started amid the chaos of the twentieth century. Even as Uighurs were being courted by Stalin, others were fighting in Central Asia for the Nazis, who had proclaimed Uighur culture "Indo-Germanic." Some Uighurs believe that, like the Germans, they are descended from the Huns. (William L. Shirer's "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich" was a best-seller when it was translated into Uighur, in the late nineteen-eighties.) It's common for Uighur intellectuals to emphasize race as a defining characteristic of their ethnic group, but in fact Uighur features vary widely: some, like Polat, are as dark as Middle Easterners; others are as fair as Caucasians. Polat told me that one of his friends, who looked like a blond Westerner, belonged to a troupe of Uighur and Kazakh actors who make a living playing wicked foreigners in Chinese anti-imperialist films. Polat's friend had earned four hundred dollars for appearing in "The Opium War," a government-financed patriotic epic whose release had coincided with the return of Hong Kong, in 1997.

"Do you remember the part where the foreigner gets his throat cut by the Chinese person?" Polat said. "That was my friend." Later, Polat introduced me to another Western-looking Uighur, who had played a French imperialist in a similar movie. The man reminisced happily about the filming, during which he had been given the opportunity to execute a Chinese patriot onscreen.

Polat often said that the Chinese version of Xinjiang history was *jiade.* He added that someday, perhaps when he was living in a free country like America, he would write about the true Uighur past. He especially wanted to write about his father, who had served in Stalin's Uighur armies in the nineteen-forties. Later, during the Cultural Revolution, his father had been crippled after being beaten by Red Guards. For Polat, history was deeply personal, and the past had left him with a bitter distrust of the Chinese. I learned to be careful about bringing Chinese friends to the Uighur restaurant. Once, after a Russian trader had been stabbed to death during a drunken argument not far from Yabaolu, Polat told me that the Chinese never fight fair. "It's not because of their culture, and it's not because of their history," he said. "It comes from something inside their blood."

He seemed to have made an alternative community among the wanderers and exiles of Yabaolu. Polat had a connection for everything, and through him I acquired a V.I.P. card for Hollywood, a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local night club that had been decorated as an imitation of the Planet Hollywood chain. Fake movie paraphernalia adorned the walls: a gun modelled on the one used by Arnold Schwarzenegger in "The Terminator"; a rubber suit that was supposed to look like the costume from "Alien." Russian prostitutes, aged by vodka, worked the joint, targeting Chinese businessmen. Televisions showed Hollywood movie clips, and often, when we went there for dinner, Polat talked about his love for American films. He especially enjoyed the acting of Robert De Niro, whom he saw as a "real man." And when the conversation turned serious he talked about going to America.

I knew he couldn't get a legal visa, and, since he spoke no English, I couldn't imagine how he could earn a living if he ever got there. In Yabaolu, he made good money by Chinese standards, and I told him that I thought he was better off in Beijing. He had recently got married, to a woman who was much younger. She was still in Xinjiang, and I suggested that he bring her to Beijing, where they could afford a comfortable life. But he said that money wasn't important to him. "I'm not a businessman," he said. "This isn't my home, and this isn't the kind of life I want. I'm educated."

He always emphasized that he was an intellectual who traded only out of necessity. According to Justin Rudelson, an anthropologist and the author of a book on the Uighurs titled "Oasis Identities," Uighur culture is sharply divided along class lines—intellectuals, traders, peasants—and over the years these distinctions have become sharper, as each group has developed its own relationship with the Chinese. The traders, who must rely on access to Chinese goods, often take a pragmatic approach; the peasants, some of whom have benefitted from government-funded projects in Xinjiang, tend to be passive or even amenable to Chinese rule. But most Uighur intellectuals fiercely oppose Beijing's control.

They are also distrustful of fundamentalist Islam. During the relatively open nineteen-eighties, the Chinese funded the construction of mosques in Xinjiang, hoping to defuse political unrest. This tactic was abandoned after the Tiananmen Square protests, in 1989. Since then, the government has responded to uprisings in Xinjiang by clamping down on religious activities. But Islam has continued to grow, and many observers say that both the Chinese encouragement of religion and the subsequent repression of it have had precisely the same effect.

Polat told me that he respected moderate Islam as part of Uighur culture but hated the rise of fundamentalism. He disliked the bearded Afghan traders who sometimes ate at the Uighur restaurant. "They're the same as Communists," he said. "There's no freedom in Afghanistan."

He was similarly scornful of North Koreans, whose ethnic identity he felt had also been eroded by orthodoxy. The North Korean Embassy was less than a block from the Uighur restaurant in Yabaolu, and embassy employees occasionally stopped by for lunch.

One afternoon, Polat walked over to the North Koreans' table. "I like that pin," he said, pointing to an image of the North Korean dictator Kim Il Sung on one of the men's lapels. "I'll give you one American dollar for it."

The man ignored him. "Two American dollars," Polat said.

The North Koreans stood up and left without finishing their noodles. We never saw them in the restaurant again.

In the summer of 2000, Polat purchased a new identity. One day, in front of the American Embassy, he encountered a Chinese man who introduced himself as a "visa consultant." Before long, the man had created various letters and business cards that identified Polat as the owner of a computer company. The consultant also produced government-stamped documents certifying that Polat had a college degree in computer science. A bogus bank statement revealed that he had the equivalent of more than two hundred thousand American dollars in a Chinese account. A new residence card testified to the existence of four children; with so many kids to take care of and a small fortune in the bank, he could be expected to return to China after any trip abroad. Meanwhile, one of the consultant's contacts in the United States—a *jiade* officer of a *jiade* computer company—had sent a letter to Polat, inviting him to a business meeting in California. The false documents cost Polat eighty-eight hundred dollars, and the price included a round-trip ticket to Los Angeles. He was hoping that his seat would be empty on the way back.

The day before Polat's visa interview at the American Embassy, the consultant grilled Polat for five hours to make sure that he had his story down cold. The interview lasted less than five minutes. Polat remembers being asked two questions: how long did he plan to stay in the United States, and had he been born, as his passport stated, in Xinjiang? Polat replied, "Two weeks" and "Yes." The official stamped his passport and said, "Welcome to America."

A few days before Polat's departure, we met for lunch. His face was drawn, and he was smoking more than usual. He said that he planned to visit four cities in the United States: Los Angeles, New York, Washington, D.C., and Oklahoma City.

"Oklahoma City?" I said.

"Yes," he said. He explained that a number of Uighurs were studying at a university there. "I've heard that Oklahoma is hot and the wind blows very hard," he said. "People say it's a bad place, like the southern parts of Xinjiang." The biggest hurdle ahead of him, he said, was getting through immigration in Los Angeles; once cleared, he could hire a lawyer who had worked with Uighurs in the past. But if he was caught he would be held in detention, and getting access to a good lawyer would not be easy.

His wife flew to Beijing to see him off, and I joined them for dinner. She was a pretty woman in her late twenties who worked as a schoolteacher, but she looked worried; our conversation was limited because she spoke little Chinese. It was the first time I had ever seen Polat with a woman—he was solicitous, taking her hand at dinner, and he had dressed up in his best suit. After the meal, we shook

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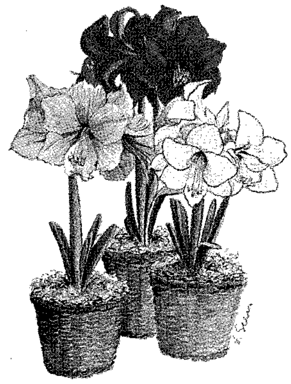

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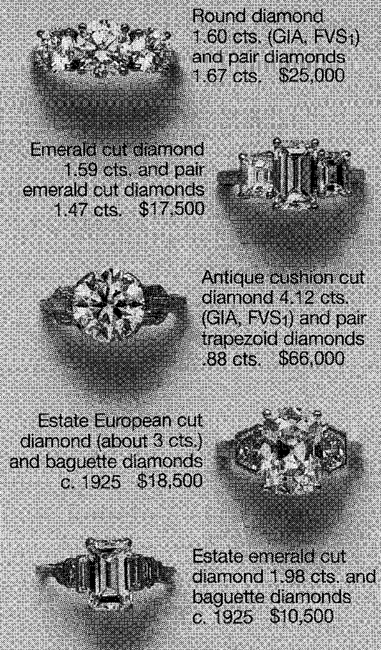

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hands. "The next time we see each other, it will be in America," I said, but I doubted the words even as I spoke.

Polat didn't sleep on the plane. After landing in Los Angeles, he was taken by immigration officials into a side room for questioning. Through a Chinese translator, he told the authorities about his computer business in Beijing, and he handed them the letter from the *jiade* American company. One of the officials left the room to call the number on the letterhead.

While Polat waited, an officer escorted a Chinese man into the room—another passenger on Polat's flight. The customs official asked him to produce his passport.

"I tore it up and flushed it down the toilet," the Chinese man said.

"Why did you do that?"

"Because I no longer want to be a citizen of the People's Republic of China," the man said. "I am in the United States to apply for political asylum." He pulled papers out of his pocket. "This is my testimony."

The officials went into the next room to discuss the matter. After a while, one of them returned.

"Mr. Polat," he said, "you can leave now."

Two Chinese contacts from the visa-consulting company were waiting for him outside the terminal, and they drove him to the Los Angeles Greyhound station. It was a hot day, and Polat bought a one-way ticket to Oklahoma City.

He enjoyed the trip, especially the scenery in New Mexico, but he didn't like Oklahoma. It was hot and the wind blew very hard. In Shawnee, he stayed with some Uighurs who had settled there after receiving scholarships to Oklahoma Baptist University. They hadn't yet become Baptists, and some of them worked in a small factory that manufactured credit cards. Polat noticed that Shawnee was also home to a lot of Indians who drove pickup trucks and drank a good deal. After ten days, he bought another one-way Greyhound ticket.The bus took him east, though Arkansas. There were more trees in Tennessee than he'd ever seen. Back in Beijing, my cell phone rang early one morning.

"I'm in Washington," Polat said. He told me that he was staying with some other Uighurs in the nation's capital; the following week, he expected to start English classes. He asked me to say hello to his Uighur friends in Yabaolu.

Polat worked fast. By the time I was able to visit him in Washington, in January, 2001, he had obtained a Virginia driver's license, bought a 1992 silver Honda Accord, and retained a lawyer to help him gain political asylum. He was living in the District of Columbia, but Virginia had a loophole that made it easy for undocumented immigrants to get a license. Through a Chinese-language newspaper, he found a consultant who, for a fee of a hundred and fifty dollars, arranged the license application. The consultant also accompanied Polat to the examination where, pretending to be a translator, he whispered the correct answers to the written test. Polat kept dual flags on the dashboard of the Honda—one American, the other from the Eastern Turkestan Republic, whose flag, banned in China, is blue with a white star and crescent.

Polat was living with four other recently arrived Uighurs in a three-room apartment at the intersection of Rhode Island Avenue and Franklin Street. During the night, he often heard gunshots, and drug dealers worked openly on the corner. Polat told me that his first priority was to move away from Rhode Island Avenue. After that, he hoped to receive asylum and get a job. He was taking night courses in English, but his progress was slow. "Maybe after my English improves, I can work at the post office," he said. "I think that would be a good job—you work for the government, so it's stable."

He looked a lot smaller than he had in Yabaolu. He was losing weight—the corners of his face had tightened—and he told me that he didn't have much of an appetite. I was accustomed to seeing him as the king of Yabaolu, but when we walked down Rhode Island Avenue he kept his head down and moved quickly. He said that most of the locals assumed that he was Hispanic. He was surprised that the trade in illegal drugs was so open, and he told me that a lot of the residents bought groceries with pieces of paper that weren't money. Even though we were speaking Chinese, he dropped his voice when he began talking

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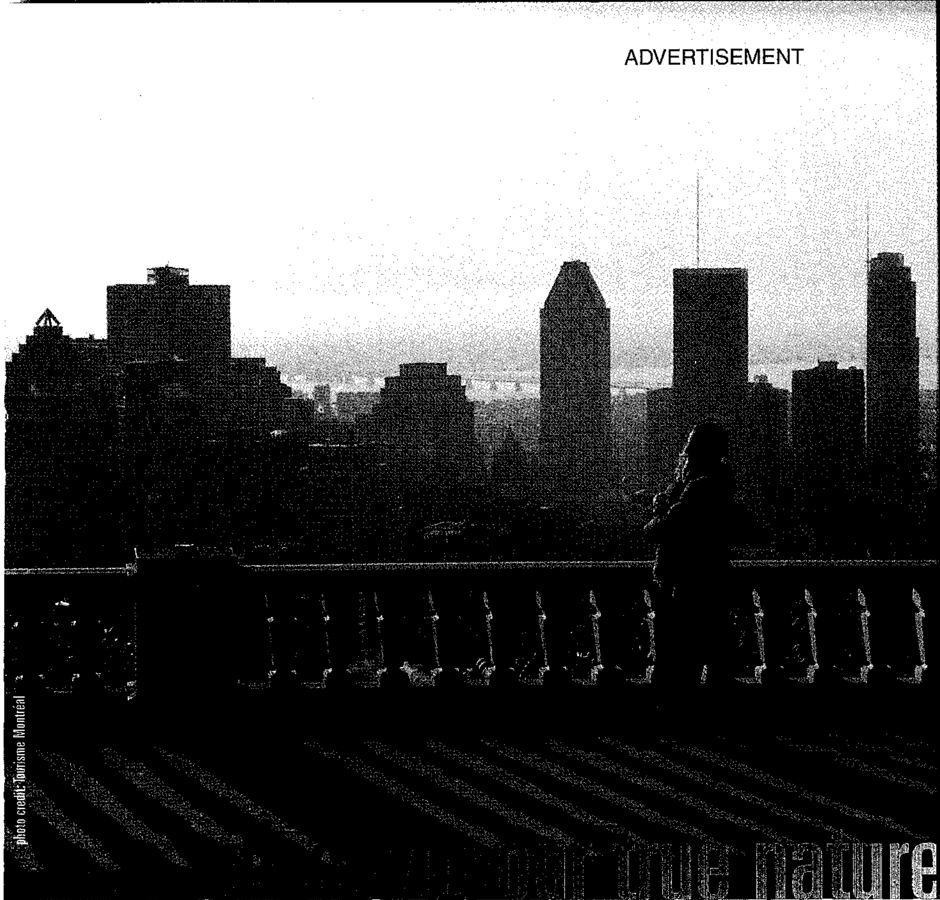

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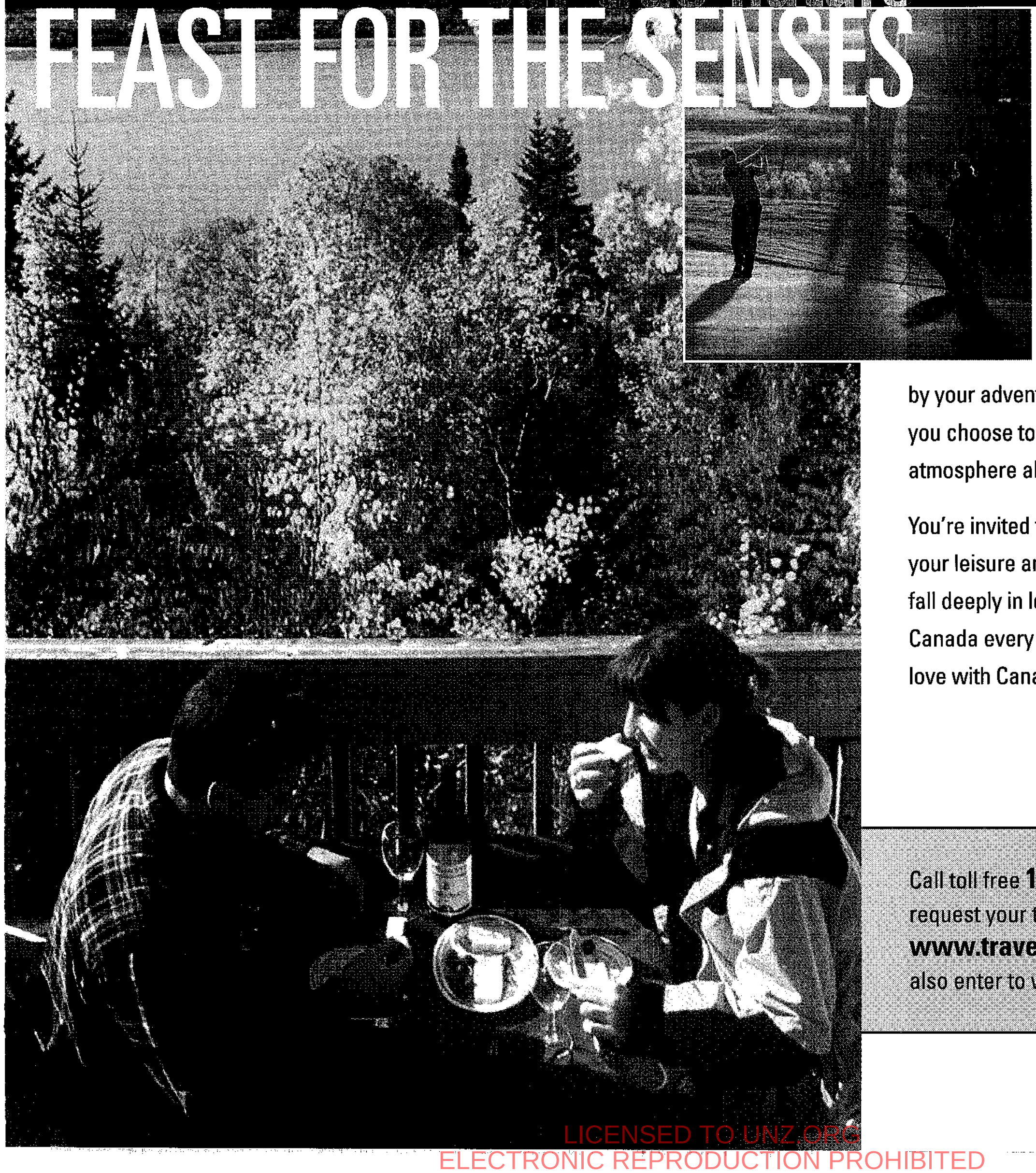

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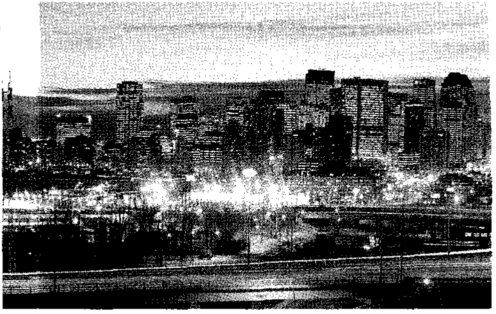
shops and unique boutiques to satisfy your shopping appetite. Find a wonderland of indoor marvels at the West Edmonton Mall, the largest mall in North America. Sprawling over the equivalent of 48 city blocks, the mall boasts attractions like a computer-run wave pool, golf course, NHL-sized skating rink, leaping dolphins and the world's largest indoor amusement park. And while you're traveling over Alberta's merchandise-rich terrain, giddy-up into Calgary – the cowboy capital of Canada – and indulge in its unique selection of shopping delicacies, including a pantry of Wild-West themed apparel. Rivaling this, there are the endless miles of shopping avenues of Montréal, Toronto and Vancouver, just to name a few. International shops spread from small town streets to cosmopolitan heartlands. And not far from Canada's fashion mecca, Montréal, you'll find Québec City's quaintly tucked away rue Saint-Paul, North America's oldest shopping street. It's great for unearthing Amerindian crafts, local designer fashions, jewelry, decorative objects and much more. **And, best of all, with Canada's generous exchange rate ($1 US = $1.55 CDN*), it's like getting an instant upgrade on everything you buy and do.**

Langolino Wine Bar & Grill, Toronto, Ontario

Sumptuous samplings. The sights. The sounds. Now the tastes. From the harbors of Victoria to the prairies of Saskatchewan and Manitoba to the shores of the Maritimes, Canada's cuisine will tantalize your tastebuds.

Feast on fresh-from-the-ocean seafood at a waterfront restaurant within any of the Atlantic provinces. In Ontario, experience and enjoy the rich multicultural dishes that gastronomes clamor for. Using local ingredients and ethnic influences, Ontario's cuisine is best described as a mix of New and Old World cooking styles. Just outside your hotel, the world's flavors await. But you needn't even travel that far. Ontario's hotels and resorts employ some of the country's best chefs.



City skyline, Calgary, Alberta
photo credit: Tourism Calgary

Canada's western-most province, British Columbia, serves up a delicious array of gourmet dining, blending Asian, North American and Native cultures. Experience the best of city and nature by picking up fresh ingredients for a fall picnic on Vancouver's quaint Granville Island.

Moving across the heartland into Alberta, you'll find trendy cafes, British pubs and bistros throughout the province. But don't forget, out here, you're in cowboy country. At some point you've simply got to chow down on a stack of flapjacks for breakfast and then feast on our world-famous beef after the dinner bell rings.

Montréal also keeps the Canadian passion for food alive and well. Boasting not only the most delectable of French cuisines, but also restaurants representing over 85 different nationalities. Montréal's

Approximate cost	In Canada	Your cost in Canada in U.S. Dollars*
Top-priced theater ticket	$ 95 CDN	$ 60 USD
Dinner for two at a five star restaurant (with wine)	$ 150 CDN	$ 100 USD
Hotel accommodations	$ 200 CDN	$ 130 USD
Full day at a luxury spa	$ 255 CDN	$ 165 USD

* Based on prevailing exchange rate. Subject to change.

Canada

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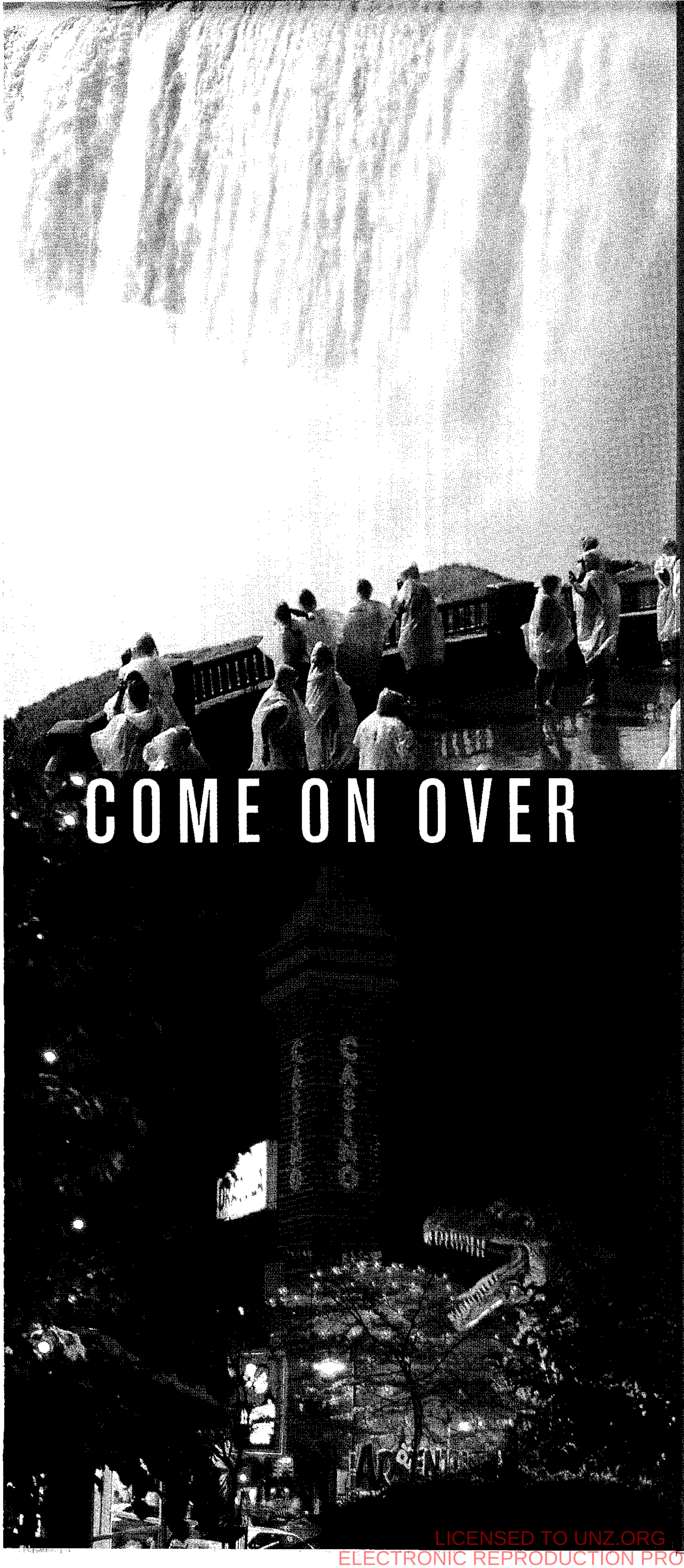

ONTARIO
CANADA

Get Away This Fall and Visit Your Friends in Ontario, Canada

To know Niagara Falls in Autumn is to know true romance. Imagine a luxurious hotel room with one of the world's great natural wonders right outside your window. Taste the splendid flavors of Niagara's wine country. Feel the thrill of Casino Niagara's ultimate gaming experience, matched only by its fine dining. And the vibrant city of Toronto only a short drive away. All at an attractive exchange rate.[†] So get away from it all this Fall. At the Falls.

Book Your Trip To Niagara Falls

Falls View Rooms From $459 Per Person[*]

Call 1 800 254 1000
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Niagara Falls Getaway Package Includes:

- Round trip airfare from Newark/New York (La Guardia) on Air Canada to Toronto
- 4 Days and 3 Nights accommodations at the Sheraton Fallsview Hotel
- Use of a HERTZ midsize car with unlimited kilometers per day for three 24-hour periods (Pickup/return Toronto)
- Provincial tax

Offer good from Sept. 1 to Dec. 30, 2002

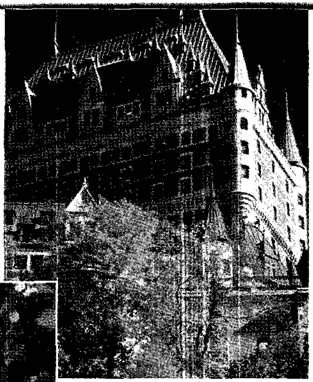
[*] Prices are per person based on double occupancy accommodations and round-trip air. Prices are valid for travel 9/01–12/30/02. Car rental does not include tax, insurance or gasoline. Rates are subject to change without notice, availability, holiday blackouts, peak period surcharges, cancellation charges and other restrictions. September 11th Security Fee up to $10 and Foreign departure tax up to $15 may also be additional and payable to the appropriate airport authority. Not responsible for errors or omissions in the content of this ad. [†] Based on $1.55 exhange rate. Subject to change without notice.

culinary reputation is made in restaurants like Globe, Nuances, Mediterraneo … and dozens of bountiful bistros. The city's gracious old inns and resorts also pride themselves on their fine French cuisine and traditional Canadian food.

In Québec City, you'll notice that Quebecers love fine food – and it shows. Every meal is truly a taste sensation. Although Québec City and its surrounding region are often referred to as North America's fine dining capital, they could also be called the casual dining capital, the sidewalk café capital, the bistro capital or the wine & cheese capital. In fact, food in Québec City is one of the great pleasures of life – and one of the best reasons for traveling to the city and its surrounding area time and time again.

Canadian cuisine is a smorgasbord of culinary delights to suit every taste, every budget and every mood. But once your appetite is satisfied, your Canadian experiences have really just begun …

Tantalize your palette.
Canada is home to an array of award-winning vintages from Chardonnay and Pinot Noir to the complex wonder of our rare and world-famous ice wines. Stroll down any moonlit street where you can kick back and uncork an evening to savor. Or, by day, put your feet to your bike pedals and gear up for a sampling of winery tours. Savor freshly picked fruit at roadside stands. Ride through the incredibly beautiful Niagara Wine Region. Head over to the South Coast Wine Route of Ontario and take a tour of the Wine Pavillion on Pelee Island. Or sip wine from British Columbia's award-winning Okanagan Valley on your balcony with a view of spectacular mountains and the masterful city architecture.



Above: Fairmont Le Château Frontenac Québec City, Québec
Left: Ontario's Niagara Wine Region

Come stay awhile. Whether you're craving a relaxing retreat or romantic getaway, Canada has everything you need. And so much more. Come discover our true nature. And don't be surprised if you want to extend your stay. With so many reasons, most people do.

by
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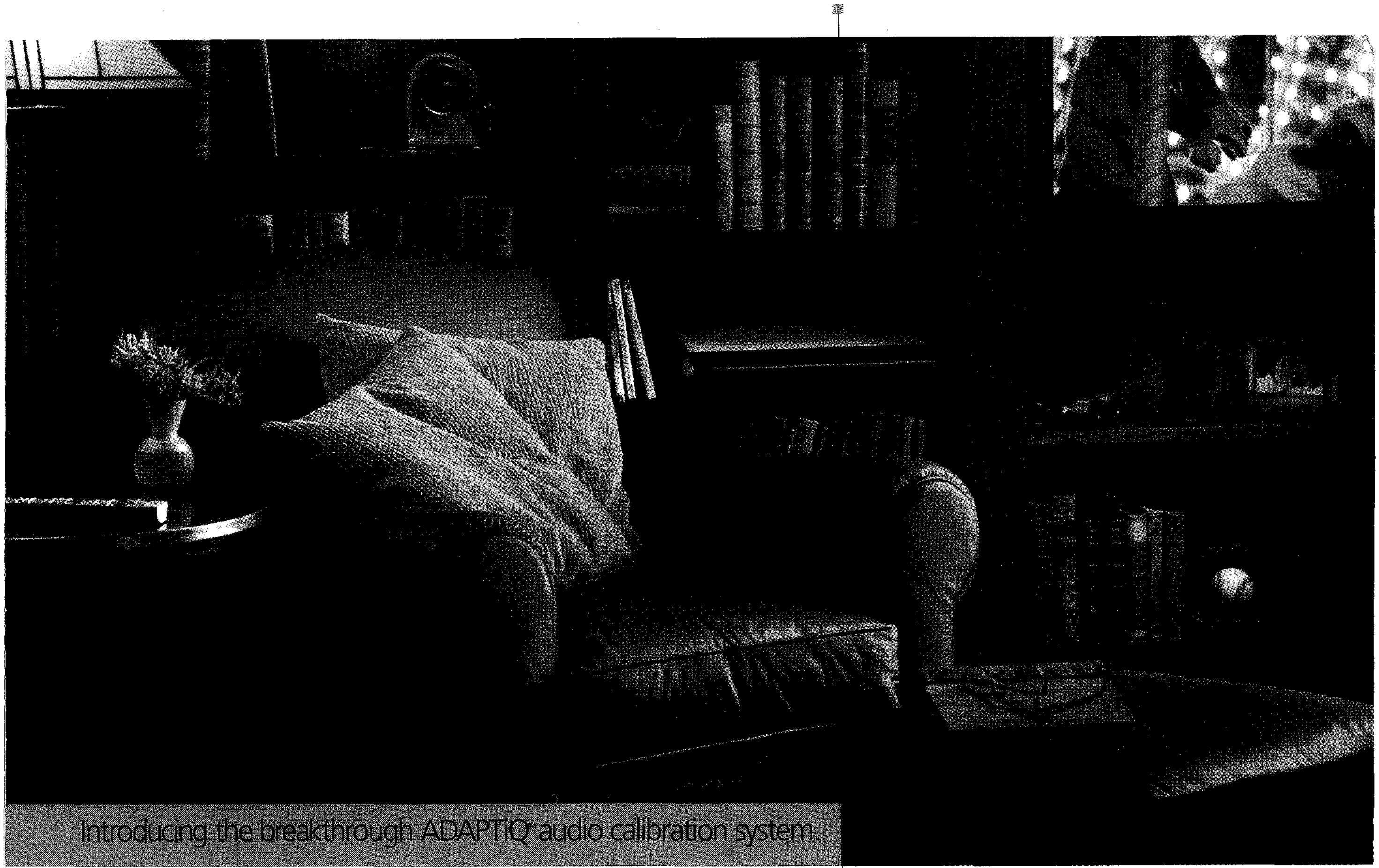
There are so many reasons to own a Bose® Lifestyle® DVD system. And we've just added a new one.



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Customizes sound to your room, so your Lifestyle® DVD system will sound best where it matters most. And it's only from Bose.

No two rooms sound exactly the same. Where you place your speakers, room size and shape, reflective and absorption qualities...even whether a room has rugs or hardwood floors can affect sound. And until now, there wasn't a simple way for home theater systems to account for these variables. Introducing the new ADAPTiQ audio calibration system, now available in Lifestyle® 35 and 28 DVD home entertainment systems. It listens to the sound in your particular room and automatically adjusts your Lifestyle® system to sound its best. So now, no matter what your room's acoustics, you'll enjoy action-packed movies and lifelike music delivered by a system performing to its fullest potential. ▪ The ADAPTiQ system is just one reason you'll enjoy our Lifestyle® systems. Some others: An elegant media center with built-in DVD/CD player. Barely noticeable cube speakers. An Acoustimass® module that produces rich impactful bass. And an advanced universal remote that controls your system – even from another room. Bose Lifestyle® home entertainment systems. Now with the ADAPTiQ system, the height of our technology just got higher.

For a FREE information kit, or names of dealers and Bose stores near you call:

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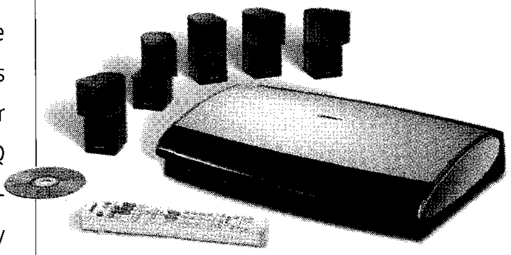

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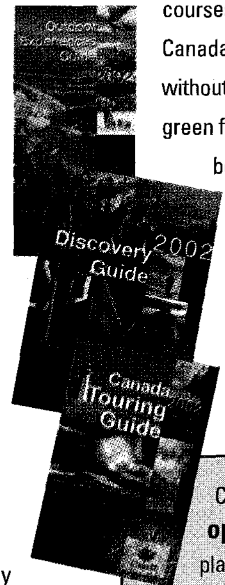
Above: Canoeing Barrier Lake, Kananaskis Country, Alberta
Below: Casino Windsor, Ontario

STARTS IN CANADA

Autumn leaves fall. Awe-inspiring scenery rises. Just when you thought you'd seen all there is to see in nature's breathtaking portfolio ... Canada bursts into a kaleidoscope of colors. Imagine yourself standing in a place where no human sound touches your ear, the leafless trees allow you to gaze farther than you thought possible and, for miles, the only neighbors you find are sporting feathers or fur. If you feel goosebumps riding up your arms, don't worry, it's natural.



Though Canada's famous landscapes and incomparably wondrous seasons are enough to convince anyone to take the short trip – that's only the beginning to this country's magnificent allure. With a pantry of festivals and Canadian activities, it's your choice to take it all in, or just do nothing at all.

You can experience a game of golf like you never have before. Lush expanses of manicured grass. Sparkling stretches of brilliant blue water. With over 2,000 courses scattered coast-to-coast, Canada is truly a golfer's dream – without the handicap of overpriced green fees. Just a short putt over the border, Ontario boasts over 650 courses enveloped by untouched wilderness or fringed by pristine lakes. Québec city and its surroundings also offer excellent fairways just steps away from North America's only fortified city. And if you haven't heard about Alberta's outstanding golf courses, you're probably one of the few. With more than 275 courses across the province, the secret is getting out fast. To the eastern edge of the country, Prince Edward Island has some of the world's most scenic courses such as The Links at Crowbush Cove, rated among North America's top ten. Whether your game rivals the pros or you only want to swing through a sensational new course, Canada will always provide you with a championship round.

Call toll free **1-877-8-CANADA op. 701** to request your travel planning guides. Or visit **www.travelcanada.ca/fall** and you can also enter to win a fabulous trip to Canada!

Get reel. Hook up with our bountiful catch. With the rivers of Manitoba, the pristine lakes of Saskatchewan and the abundance of fresh waters in Québec and Ontario – Canada is famous for its wide range of freshwater fish. Actually, Ontario has more freshwater lakes and rivers than any region in the world – over 40, 000 to be precise – so it's no surprise Ontario has the most incredible selection of freshwater fish on the planet. Seasoned and novice anglers alike cast off their cares throughout Ontario's northern fly-in fishing lodges and its southern family recreational rivers.

If unspoiled wilderness is where you want your feet to take you, Canada is definitely the place to plant them.

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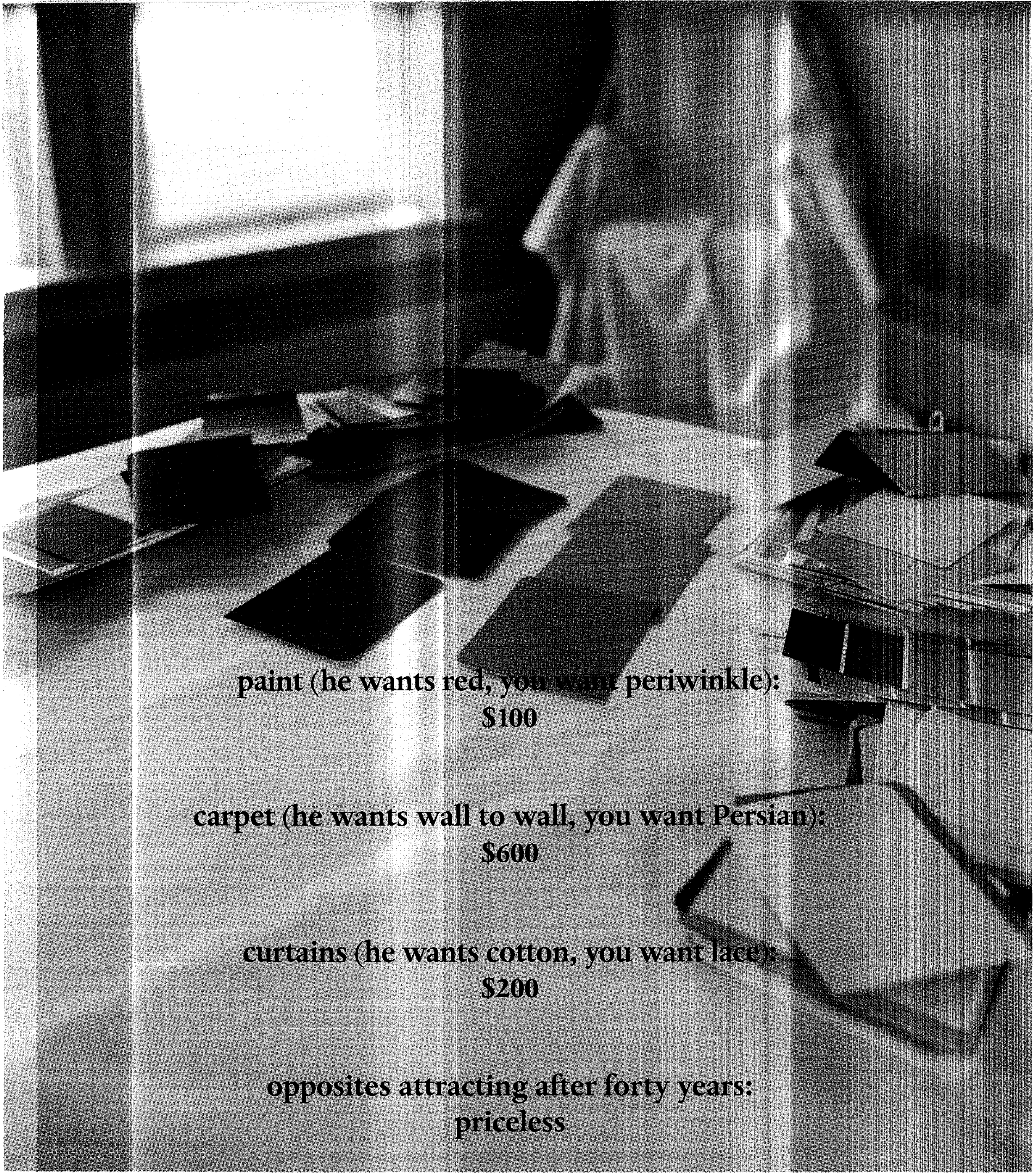
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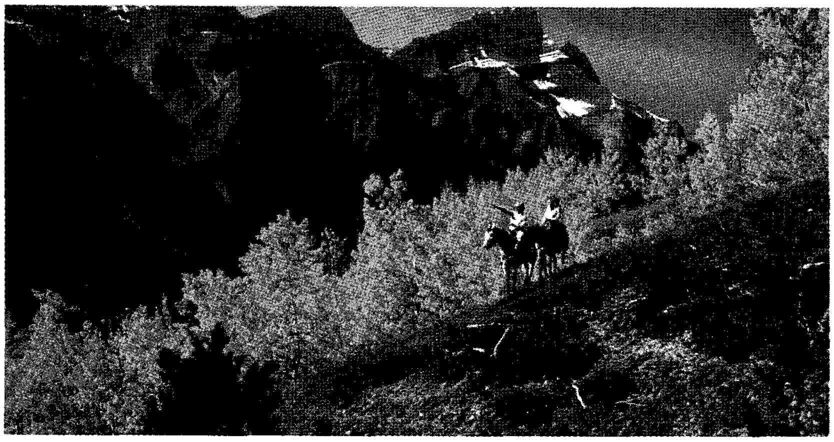
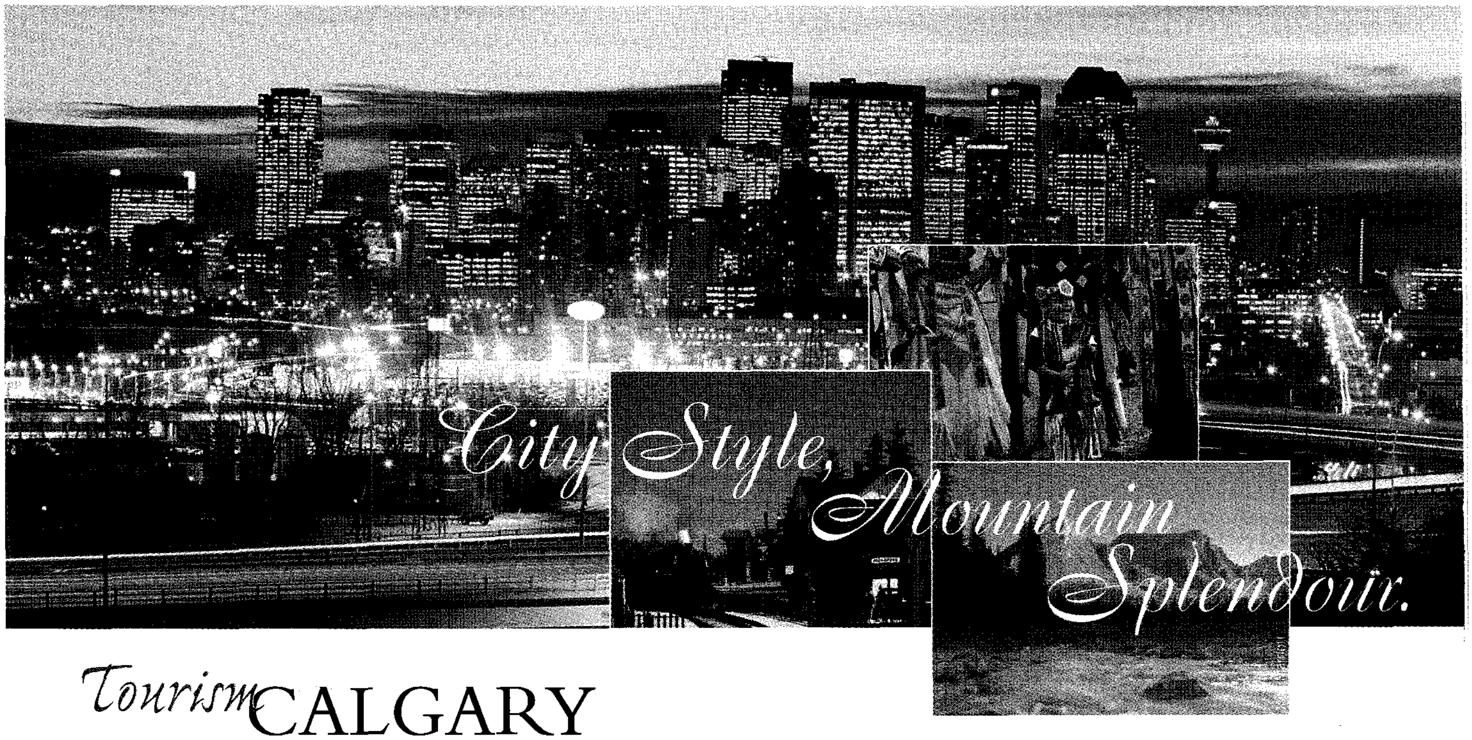


Banff National Park, Alberta

With hundreds of National and Provincial parks, it isn't hard to find a hiking trail. Lace up your boots. Throw on your backpack. And get your hiking stick ready for some amazing treks. Actually – from coast-to-coast – Canada has some of the best trails in North America, perfect for hiking or biking. And, in Canada, through the fall season, you'll think the blazing foliage is literally changing color before your eyes.

Mosey on out. If you're looking to saddle up for a unique rush, venture into Alberta and enjoy its cowboy spirit. First, you need to look the part. So put on a cowboy hat, some made-in-Alberta boots and a shiny belt buckle. After you're suited up in Western attire, you'll be ready to head down the Cowboy Trail – a 640-kilometre-long, scenic road that snakes through some of Alberta's richest ranchlands and towns with serious Western roots. If you'd rather experience the Wild West without jumping on a horse, lean back and watch how the pros do it. Almost every town in Alberta hosts a weekend rodeo. See real cowboys wrestle steers into the mud, rope lightning-fast calves and hold on for dear life atop buckin' broncs. And that's just a warm-up. From there, check out the Canadian Rodeo Finals – dangling a purse of more than half a million dollars. Over 90, 000 spectators witness the six major pro rodeo events each day during six edge-of-your-seat performances in late November.

Not only does Canada's fall season bring a string of picturesque nature and exciting activities to life – it also uncovers a feast of festivals.



TourismCALGARY

You get more for your vacation dollar when you visit **Calgary – Heart of the New West.** Enjoy Calgary's unique shopping districts, or view the panorama of mountain and city skyline. Golf in a green valley or track the trail of a dinosaur. Savour Alberta beef in a restored, Victorian ranch house or blast down a Bobsleigh track at 95 km-h. Let Calgary entertain you in style and splendour.

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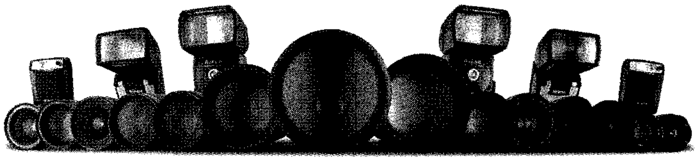

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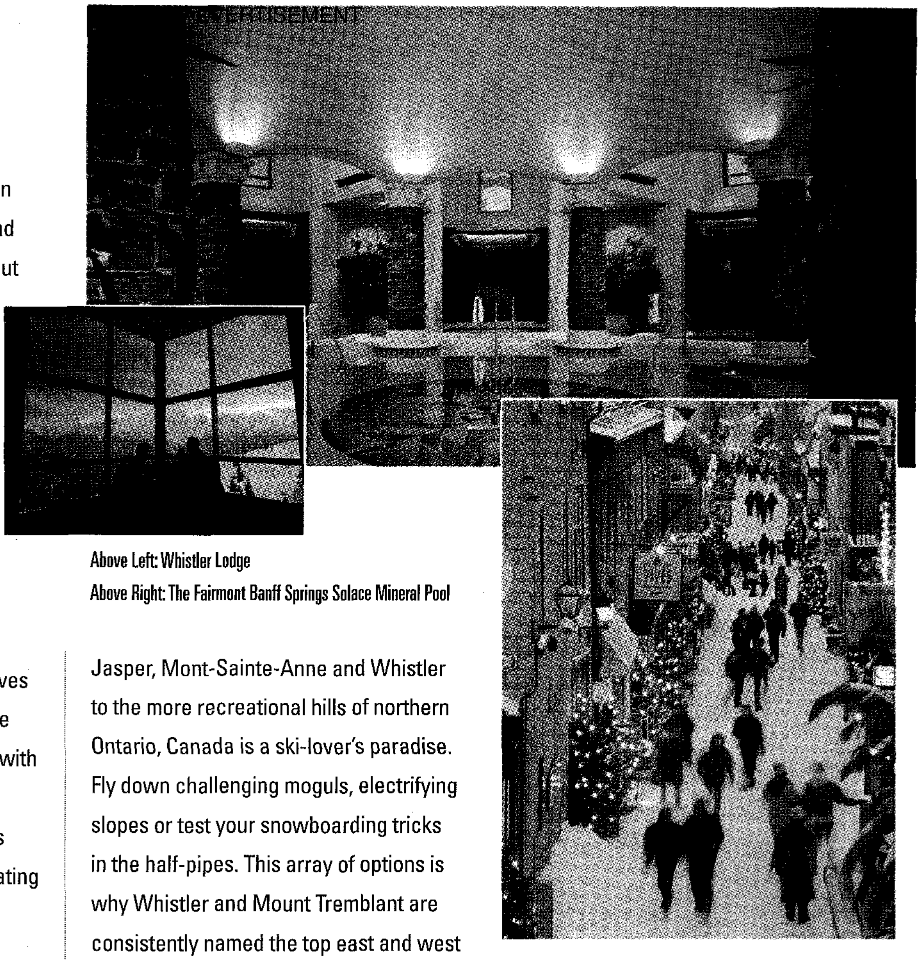
At the height of autumn, more than 250 musicians, singers, dancers and storytellers converge on Cape Breton Island to celebrate Celtic culture. And the fall would not be complete without our wine festivals in Niagara and Whistler. Canadians' love of celebration reaches into the winter with one of the world's longest and most colorful shows of holiday season lighting – the Niagara Falls Festival of Lights that stretches along the Niagara Parkway.



Above Left: Whistler Lodge

Above Right: The Fairmont Banff Springs Solace Mineral Pool

Petit-Champlain, Québec City, Québec

Canadian wonderland. After the leaves have completed their change and the weather warrants a wardrobe lined with fur, Canada transforms into a winter wonderland. The sky slowly blankets the streets with sparkling snow, creating the ambiance of a fairytale setting. From spectacular ice carvings to an amazing winter extravaganza of games, music and cuisine, Ottawa's Winterlude offers fun-filled weekends for the entire family. And Montréal celebrates the essence of light with the MONTRÉAL HIGH LIGHTS festival. But Québec City is definitely the snow capital of the world. In early February, Mr. Christie's Québec Winter Carnival features an international snow sculpture exhibition, a canoe race on the frozen St. Lawrence River, a dogsled race in the streets of the city … and lots of fun. Canada is unquestionably the hotspot for all things festive throughout the winter.

Daunting verticals. Swooshing slopes. From the extreme slopes of Banff, Jasper, Mont-Sainte-Anne and Whistler to the more recreational hills of northern Ontario, Canada is a ski-lover's paradise. Fly down challenging moguls, electrifying slopes or test your snowboarding tricks in the half-pipes. This array of options is why Whistler and Mount Tremblant are consistently named the top east and west ski destinations in North America. If you crave to explore the peak of excitement, check out Alberta's valuable ski packages – most have roundtrip flights included with the price. Canada also offers an incredible selection of cross-country skiing trails. Pack a picnic and embark on an expedition of mesmerizing landscape and challenging terrain.

If you're inclined to try something new, you can strap on some snowshoes for a trailblazing hike across snow-covered fields. Or take it up a notch and experience transportation in its wildest form by harnessing a team of huskies and mushing through the wilderness. Don't worry, trained experts will happily show you the ropes.

Rev up your engines. And hit the snowmobile trails. Canada is home to the longest network of trails in the world. Book a guided "snowmobile safari" that will take you on hundreds of wilderness trails for a few days or a few weeks. Snowmobile enthusiasts have a wealth of options from which to choose – New Brunswick, Québec, Ontario and Alberta – provide thousands of miles of groomed trails. And the pièce de résistance: an evening relaxing by the fireplace or enjoying a soothing hot tub at your cozy resort.

Many secluded winter resorts are scattered like gems throughout Canada. Some are nuzzled within mountain ski resorts, like Alberta's Castle Mountain, others are in the serene locations of the Charlevoix, or Vancouver Island, where storm watching transports you to another world. Whichever you choose to explore, after a day of winter excitement, you'll want to snuggle up in front of a crackling fire and sip a cup of hot chocolate. **It's true Canadian comfort. Naturally.**

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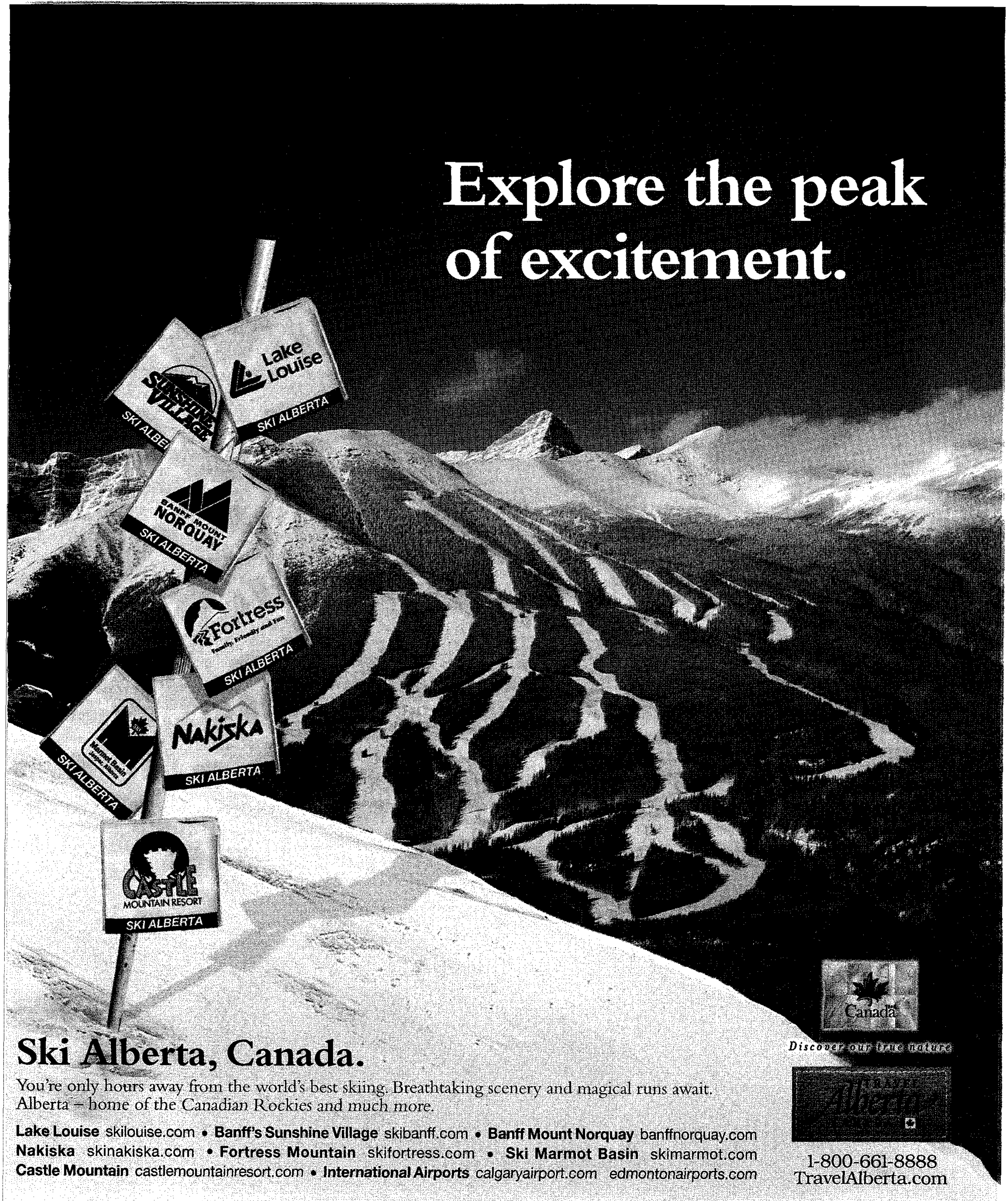
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Ski Alberta, Canada.

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1-800-661-8888
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Ski Banff/Lake Louise from $835 Per person

- Round trip air from New York to Calgary on Air Canada
- Accommodations for four nights at the Banff Boundary Lodge
- 3 day interchangeable lift ticket

(Interchangeable lift ticket valid at Banff, Mount Norquay, Lake Louise and Sunshine Village)

Ski Marmot Basin from $779 Per person

- Round trip air from New York to Edmonton on Air Canada
- Accommodations for four nights at the Sawridge Hotel
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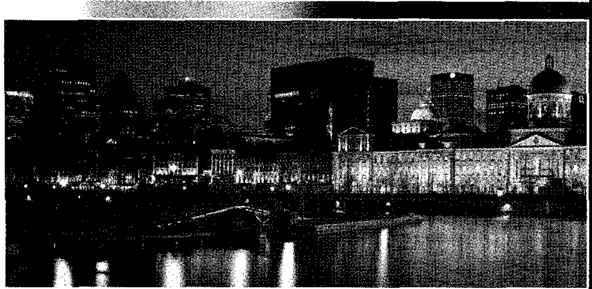
Note: Prices are per person based on double occupancy accommodations and roundtrip air. Prices are valid for travel 2/01-4/01/03. Car rental does not include tax, insurance or gasoline. Rates are subject to change without notice, availability, holiday blackouts, peak period surcharges, *cancellation charges and other restrictions. September 11th Security fee up to $10 and Foreign departure* tax of up to $15 may also be additional and payable to the appropriate airport authority. Not responsible for errors or omissions in the content of this ad.



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- Round-trip air on Air Canada to Montréal from Newark or New York (La Guardia)
- 2 nights at a boutique hotel in Old Montréal
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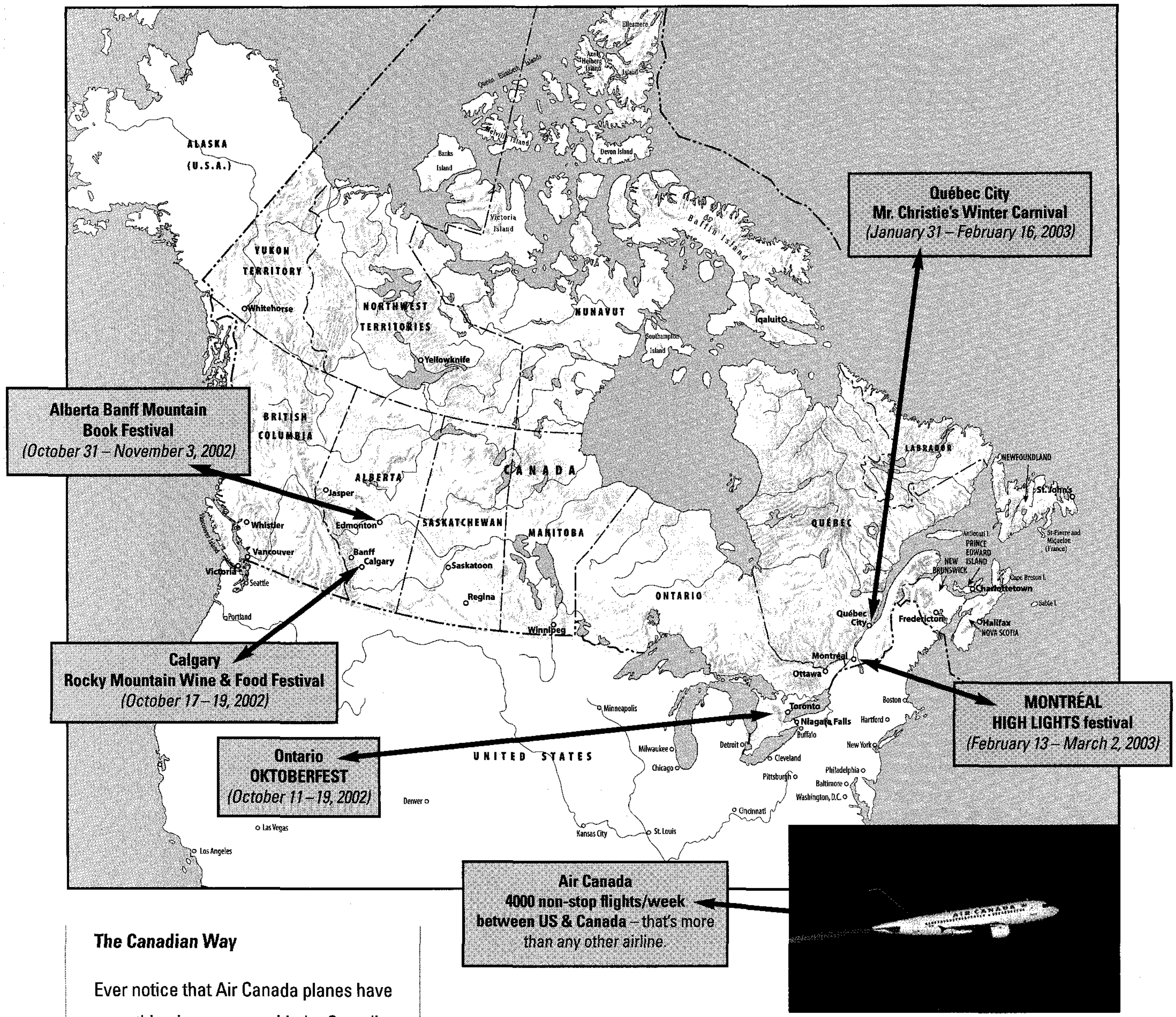
Fall and winter festivals across Canada

- **Atlantic Canada** – Celtic Colors International Festival *(October 11 – 19, 2002)*
- **Ontario** – Oktoberfest *(October 11 – 19, 2002)*
- **Calgary** – Rocky Mountain Wine & Food Festival *(October 17 – 19, 2002)*
- **Alberta** – Canadian Finals Rodeo *(November 6 – 10, 2002)*
- **British Columbia** – Cornucopia Food and Wine Celebration *(November 7 – 10, 2002)*
- **Québec City** – Mr. Christie's Winter Carnival *(January 31 – February 16, 2003)*
- **Manitoba** – Festival du Voyageur *(February 7 – 16, 2003)*
- **Montréal** – MONTRÉAL HIGH LIGHTS festival *(February 13 – March 2, 2003)*


Québec City
Mr. Christie's Winter Carnival
(January 31 – February 16, 2003)
Alberta Banff Mountain
Book Festival
(October 31 – November 3, 2002)
Calgary
Rocky Mountain Wine & Food Festival
(October 17 – 19, 2002)
Ontario
OKTOBERFEST
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MONTRÉAL
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AIR CANADA

The Canadian Way

Ever notice that Air Canada planes have something in common with the Canadian flag? It's not from lack of imagination they use the Canadian maple leaf – Air Canada is just proud to be Canada's flagship airline. With 4,000 weekly flights between the US and Canada – that's more than any other airline – Air Canada is the best choice for travel to Canada. And that's not just hearsay. Air Canada was recently voted best airline in North America. And their frequent-flyer program, Aeroplan, was voted best in the world.* Air Canada – the Canadian way to get to Canada.

aircanada.com *OAG awards, 2002.

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about the blacks in his neighborhood.

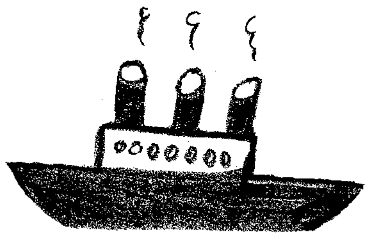
"I haven't had a very good impression of them," he said. "Maybe they're better in other parts of America, but around here they drink and do drugs all the time."

He was baffled by how the neighborhood functioned, because in China poverty tends to be concentrated in the countryside. Most Chinese urban areas teem with economic activity, but on Rhode Island Avenue the places of business were few and under siege: a dismal-looking Star Pawn; a Good Ole Reliable Liquor Store; a Tony's Neighborhood Market Grocery, owned by Korean immigrants, that had thick Plexiglas barriers around the cash register. Nearby was a dilapidated Chinese restaurant whose sign read "Wah Mee Restaurant. Chinese-American Restaurant. Polynesian Cocktails. Carry Out." Polat told me that the owners were immigrants from Fuzhou. "The blacks bully them," he said. "They eat and they don't pay."

There was a pay phone across the street from the restaurant, and one evening that winter Polat had used it to call his mother in Xinjiang. It was nearly midnight. While he was punching the numbers, he felt an object press against his back; a voice demanded something that Polat didn't understand. He whirled around and saw that the object was a handgun.

"Lay down," the man said, and this time Polat understood. Another man was waiting in a car nearby. Polat dropped down on his hands and knees. The gunman took seventy dollars from his front pants pocket but failed to find another three hundred that Polat had stashed in his back pocket. Within minutes, the men were gone.

Because Polat's immigration status was still illegal, he didn't report the crime. He didn't tell me about it for months, and I first learned of it from a mutual friend. When I asked Polat about the robbery, I sensed that he had withheld the story because it was humiliating. "It looked bad—on the ground like that," he said. He emphasized that he hadn't been able to tell whether the gun was loaded. He told me that a Uighur friend had also been held up at gunpoint in the District while delivering for Domino's Pizza. "He just grabbed the gun and pulled it away," Polat said.



I told him that he should assume that guns are loaded. But he insisted that he could read such situations. "You can fight a robber who doesn't know what he's doing," he said. "That happened to me once in Yabaolu—four money changers were murdered that year. I think some guys had been following me for a while; they were Chinese Mafia types. There were three of them, and the leader stopped me on the street and showed me his knife. He just flashed it and said, 'Friend, can you help us out a little?' I told him, 'I'm from Xinjiang, and we know about knives.' " Polat smiled proudly. "They didn't do anything," he said.

After I returned to Beijing, I called Polat periodically. His application for asylum stressed the past persecution in Xinjiang and the risk of imprisonment if he returned there, and I wrote a letter on his behalf, testifying that he was a former schoolteacher who had spent time in prison for his political beliefs. Under asylum procedure, the fact that he had used false documents to get into the United States didn't count against him. In the summer of 2001, Polat won political asylum. He immediately applied to the Immigration and Naturalization Service for the same protection to be granted to his wife. They talked frequently on the phone, but she was increasingly worried about coming to America. In August, he received authorization to work. His savings had dipped to less than twenty thousand dollars.

On the morning of September 11, 2001, Polat was in Baltimore, where a factory had offered him a seven-dollar-an-hour job moving crates. He didn't like the prospect of manual labor, and he decided not to take the job. Later that morning, he drove to Newark, Delaware, to visit some Turkish friends. But the Turks weren't there. The traffic was bad, and Polat sensed that something important had happened. He turned on the car radio. From the news reports, he understood only two words: "smoke" and "Pentagon." In Towson, Maryland, he

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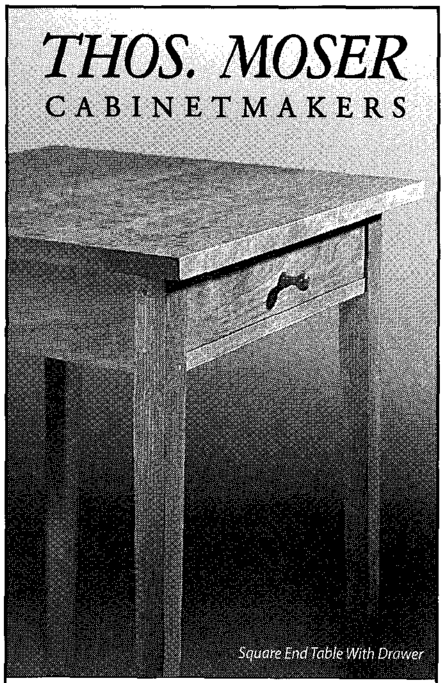

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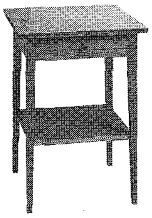

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"Remember, son, when life gives you a lemon, call the attorneys."

stopped at the apartment of some ethnic-Korean Chinese friends and asked them to explain what was happening. After they told him about the attacks, he decided to stay the night, because he was afraid that Americans might mistake him for a terrorist. When he arrived back in Washington the next morning, the Pentagon was still burning. A few days later, he removed both the American and the East Turkestan flags from his car.

In January of this year, I returned to Washington, where I met Polat's lawyer, Brian Mezger. Of the estimated five hundred Uighurs who now live in the United States, nearly a fifth of them have won asylum with Mezger's help.

Mezger is a quietly intense thirty-one-year-old who has made a career in immigration law. In 1998, he was working for a non-profit immigration organization in Philadelphia when he got a call from a potential client who explained that he was a Uighur. "What's a Uighur?" Mezger asked. Since then, he has opened his own practice, which is devoted mostly to representing Uighur immigrants. Mezger, who majored in East Asian studies at Oberlin, has read widely about the Uighurs, and in 1998 he showed his support for the exiled community by attending the World Uighur Youth Congress, in Ankara. Mezger told me that even when his cases are successful he worries about the future of his clients. "Every once in a while I think, I'm getting these people asylum, but I'm basically helping to destroy Uighur culture," he said. "Their kids adjust so fast. For the grandkids, it will just be an oddity that they were Uighur. But it's the same thing with any small, hunted group."

Mezger told me that the I.N.S. is generally sympathetic to the Uighurs' applications for asylum, and that the department has remained so despite reports that some Uighurs trained at Taliban camps in Afghanistan. In response to the events of September 11th, the Chinese government increased its military presence in Xinjiang, and stepped up the arrests of suspected separatists. Chinese officials warned foreign diplomats about the possible links between Al Qaeda and "Eastern Turkestan terrorists," but, during the initial months of the war on terrorism, the Bush Administration resisted citing Uighurs as enemies.

In Washington, I met with Mehmeh Omer Kanat, a Uighur correspondent who covered the war on Afghanistan for Radio Free Asia. Since 1998, RFA has been broadcasting daily news programs in the Uighur language in Xinjiang; Jesse Helms and other American conservatives have been prominent supporters of the Uighur broadcasts. The station's content has been strongly anti-China, and the Chinese government often jams the signal.

Last year, in Afghanistan and Pakistan, Kanat interviewed a half dozen Uighur captives who had been fighting alongside the Taliban; he estimated that a total of between six and seven hundred Uighurs had been involved. The prisoners he spoke to were all young men in their twenties or early thirties, and one of them had an economics degree from a Chinese university. Kanat described them as depressingly naïve. Some said they weren't upset about the Taliban's defeat, because now America could build bases in Afghanistan and use it to control China. They told him that, apart from the military training, they hadn't wanted anything to do with Al Qaeda. He remembers them saying, "We want to fight China. We came here to use the opportunity."

Polat had moved away from Rhode Island Avenue and closer to Chinatown. The language drew him in—Chinese was still the most useful tongue he spoke—and he was renting a single room for two hundred and sixty dollars a month in a Chinese-owned row house on Sixth Street N.W. It was a neighborhood of mostly blacks and Chinese, and, as the population changed, so did the signs on buildings, from "First Rising Mount Zion Baptist" and "Turner Memorial African Methodist Episcopal" to "China Boy Delicatessen" and "Wok N Roll Chinese N Japanese Fine Cuisine." American flags were everywhere in the Chinese zone.

Polat's first job was in a downtown takeout restaurant called Café Asia, and I spent a couple of evenings accompany-

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ing him as he delivered orders in his Honda. He told me that he was fortunate to have obtained his driver's license before September 11th; the Virginia loophole had been closed after it was discovered that seven of the nineteen hijackers had received Virginia identification cards.

Café Asia's sign advertised "exotic cuisine," and in the front window Malaysian chefs wearing Japanese happi coats made sushi. In the kitchen, many of the cooks were Thai, Indonesian, and South American. Most of the deliverymen were Uighurs. The job paid Polat seven dollars an hour, plus tips, and the majority of our deliveries—Takonuta octopus, "Panang Thai" curry, "General Tao" chicken—were for lawyers who were working late. We called up to their offices from marbled lobbies and they hustled down, bleary-eyed, ties loosened. None of them looked at us twice. At every stop, Polat hit the buzzer and spoke just two words: "Hello, delivery."

As I accompanied Polat on his rounds, I was acutely conscious of his sense of wariness. Once, as we were walking near the Washington Monument, he pointed out two men who he swore were North Korean spies; to me, they looked just like average Asian-Americans in suits. When a friend of mine offered to take him to a job-service center in Chinatown, Polat resisted because he feared that the place had links with the Communists. He was most wary of blacks; the men who had robbed him were black, and so was a drunk driver who had damaged his car in a hit-and-run accident. When I asked him whether he had encountered any racial prejudice himself, he said that, a few weeks after September 11th, he had tried to enter a gas station in Essex, Maryland, and been stopped by some white people. He said that such open displays of animosity had been rare, though he sensed a certain suspiciousness about him on the street. "Americans won't tell you to your face that they don't like you," he said. "It's not like the Chinese—if they don't like you, it's always clear. Americans are smart enough to hide those feelings."

He told me that he supported the war in Afghanistan, but he rarely talked about it. I asked if any Uighurs were protesting for greater autonomy in Xinjiang, and he proudly showed me photographs of demonstrations that had taken place in front of the Chinese Embassy; clearly, these events had been high points of his new social life. After September 11th, however, such activities had ceased. "We don't want to cause trouble," a local Uighur leader told me.

Polat said that relations with his wife were growing tense. She was tired of waiting for her visa—during the months after September 11th, the I.N.S. bureaucracy had slowed—and the American Embassy in Beijing was telling applicants that processing could take up to two years. But, for the most part, Polat was distressed by the pressures of everyday life. He had paid more than six hundred dollars in parking fines since starting his job, and the hit-and-run accident had caused more than five hundred dollars in damage to his Honda. After it was repaired, somebody had smashed his windshield and stolen his stereo. His apartment—a ten-by-ten room—contained nothing but a bed, a hot plate, six hangers of clothes, and five books devoted to the study of English.

Polat had arranged for me to stay with one of his neighbors, a Uighur whom I will call Sader. Like Polat, Sader was waiting to be joined by his wife; he delivered takeout for a Japanese restaurant named Hibachi Brothers. His room was on the ground floor of a two-story row house, which was also home to nine Chinese and three Mexicans, nearly all of whom worked in the food industry. After September 11th, the Chinese landlord had put an American flag in the front window.

One morning, Polat came over and joined us. The walls of Sader's room were adorned with a sign in Arabic that said "Allah is great," an English-language button that read "Stop China's Persecution of Uighurs," and a Chinese hanging, left by a previous tenant, that said "May all your wishes be gratified." A Japanese calendar hung on the door—a gift from the Hibachi Brothers.

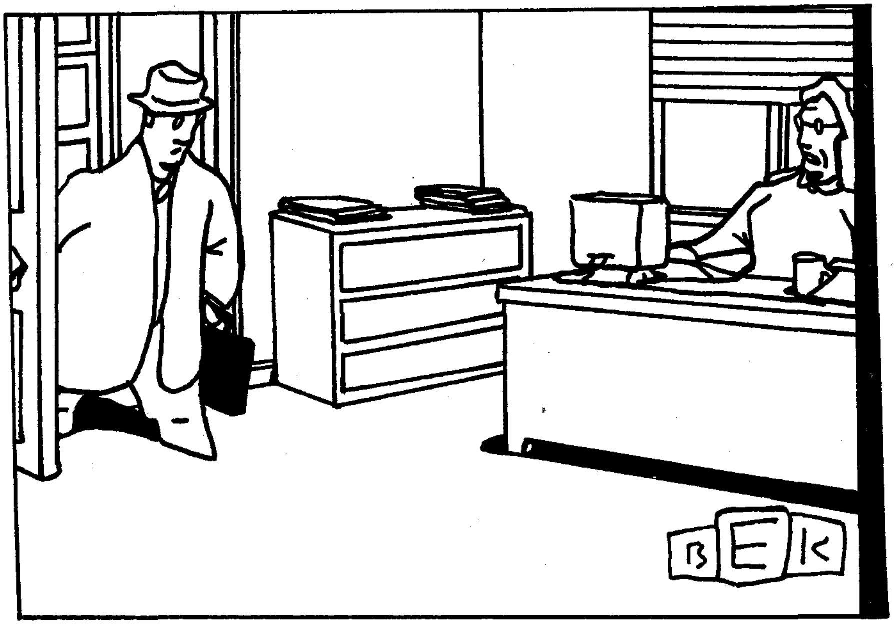
I asked Sader what he had learned about America in the course of his work. "I deliver to a lot of homes that are decorated with Chinese paintings," he said. "That tells me that a lot of Americans like China."

Was he bothered by that? I asked.

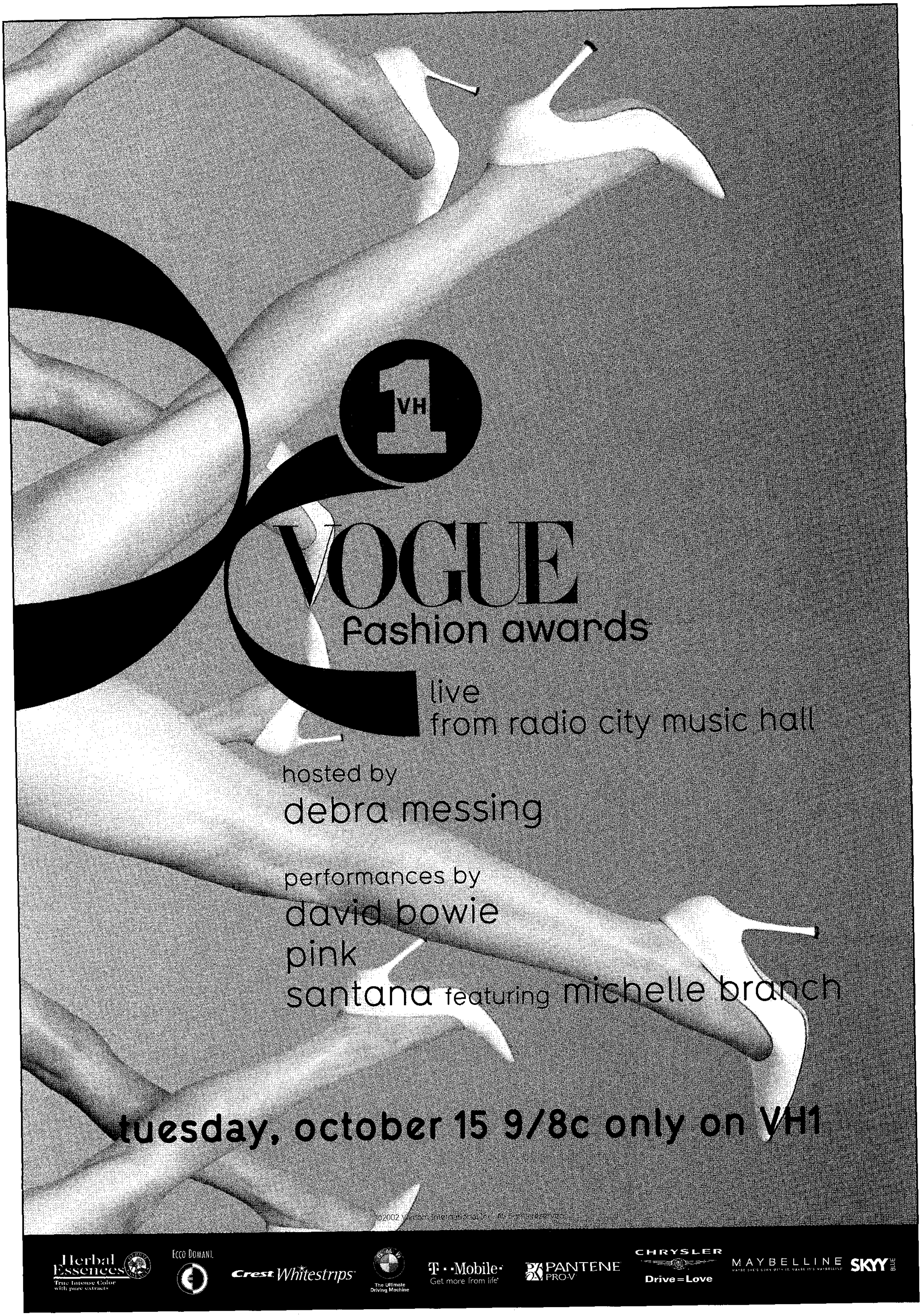
He shook his head and said, "No. It's fine to appreciate another culture. Probably it just shows that Americans have broad tastes."

Polat wrinkled his brow. "I see these Chinese paintings and it makes me think of the restaurant I work for," he said. "It's not real Japanese food—it's *jiade*. The people who make the food are not real Japanese. They're Malaysians and Chinese who are dressed up as Japanese. I don't see Japanese people eating there. It's all Americans.

"I think it has to do with American



"I put some things on your desk for you to sign, misplace, then say you never saw."



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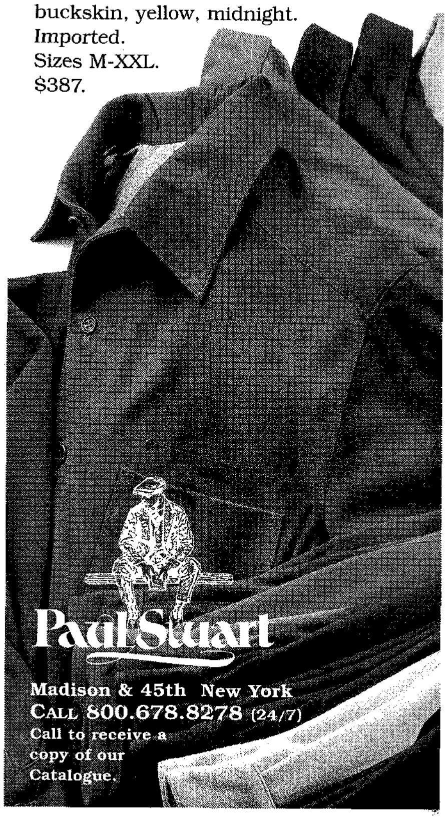

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freedom," he continued. "If you can find a way to make money, then you do it. That's what matters, and there's nothing wrong with that. But no Japanese ever eats there. It reminds me of some of those Uighur restaurants in Beijing, where they have Chinese dressed as Uighurs."

In August, Polat called me in Beijing and said that he and his wife had decided to divorce. "There were lots of little problems," he explained. "I don't get along with her family, and I think she worries too much. But I think the main problem was that she wasn't willing to wait."

I asked if he was seeing someone else. "No," he said. "There aren't any single Uighur women here. Most of the Uighurs who leave Xinjiang are men."

Later that month, Deputy Secretary of State Richard L. Armitage visited Beijing and announced that the United States had named an obscure Uighur group, the East Turkestan Islamic Movement, as an enemy in the war on terrorism. Little is known about the E.T.I.M., although in January, as the Chinese pushed to have the group listed as international terrorists, the E.T.I.M.'s leader had defended the group in an interview on RFA's Uighur program. (He denied having links with Al Qaeda.) The decision by the United States to place the E.T.I.M. on the terrorist list has been criticized by Western diplomats and academics who believe that there isn't enough evidence for such a designation, which gives legitimacy to the Chinese crackdown in Xinjiang.

When I called Polat, he echoed the opinion of many of the critics. "My Uighur friends say it's probably connected to Iraq," he said. "America wants to go to war with them and needs China's support in the United Nations. But I've never even heard of that group before."

Earlier in the summer, during my most recent visit to Polat, we took a trip to Arlington National Cemetery. Polat seemed slightly less overwhelmed by America. He had started a new job, delivering for another Asian restaurant, where the pay was better. He was enrolled in daily English classes, and, while we continued to speak mostly in Chinese, I could tell that he was making progress. He said that he was still hoping to write about the history of the Uighurs, although he acknowledged that it wouldn't be soon. He was forty-seven years old.

He became serious when I asked whether he still encountered any hostility against Central Asians. Yes, he said: some of his Uighur friends with Islamic-sounding names had been rejected for jobs. "I don't believe that those feelings will just disappear," he added. "They get deeper and deeper over time. Every time people hear the words 'bin Laden' or 'Islamic' on the news, it adds to those feelings."

I asked him if he had any regrets about coming to America. "There's a Uighur saying," he replied. " 'A man with regrets is not a real man.' There's no use worrying about that. And I believe that every immigrant who comes to America has a difficult time at first."

It was a beautiful afternoon, and the cemetery was crowded. We stopped at John F. Kennedy's grave, and Polat was visibly moved. "I always felt that Kennedy was a man who believed in freedom," he said as we walked away. "He was a man who shouldn't have died."

I asked Polat what else he wanted to see at Arlington. He told me that he had always wanted to have his photograph taken next to the tomb of General George S. Patton. "The Patton movie was translated into Uighur in the early nineteen-nineties, and it had a big influence on us," he explained. "There's one part where Patton talks about how much he hates Communism. That meant a lot to the Uighur intellectuals, because we'd been dealing with it for fifty years."

I found a cemetery employee and asked him to direct us to Patton's grave. He looked at me strangely. "It's not here," he said. "Patton's buried in Luxembourg."

Polat looked confused. I didn't know how to say Luxembourg in Chinese. "It's a small country in Europe," I said. "It's near Belgium. Maybe Patton died there—to be honest, I'm not sure."

Polat shrugged, and we spent the next half hour wandering through the cemetery. The perfect rows of tombstones shone as white as bones in the afternoon sun. We found the Honda out in the parking lot, and then we drove back to Chinatown. ♦

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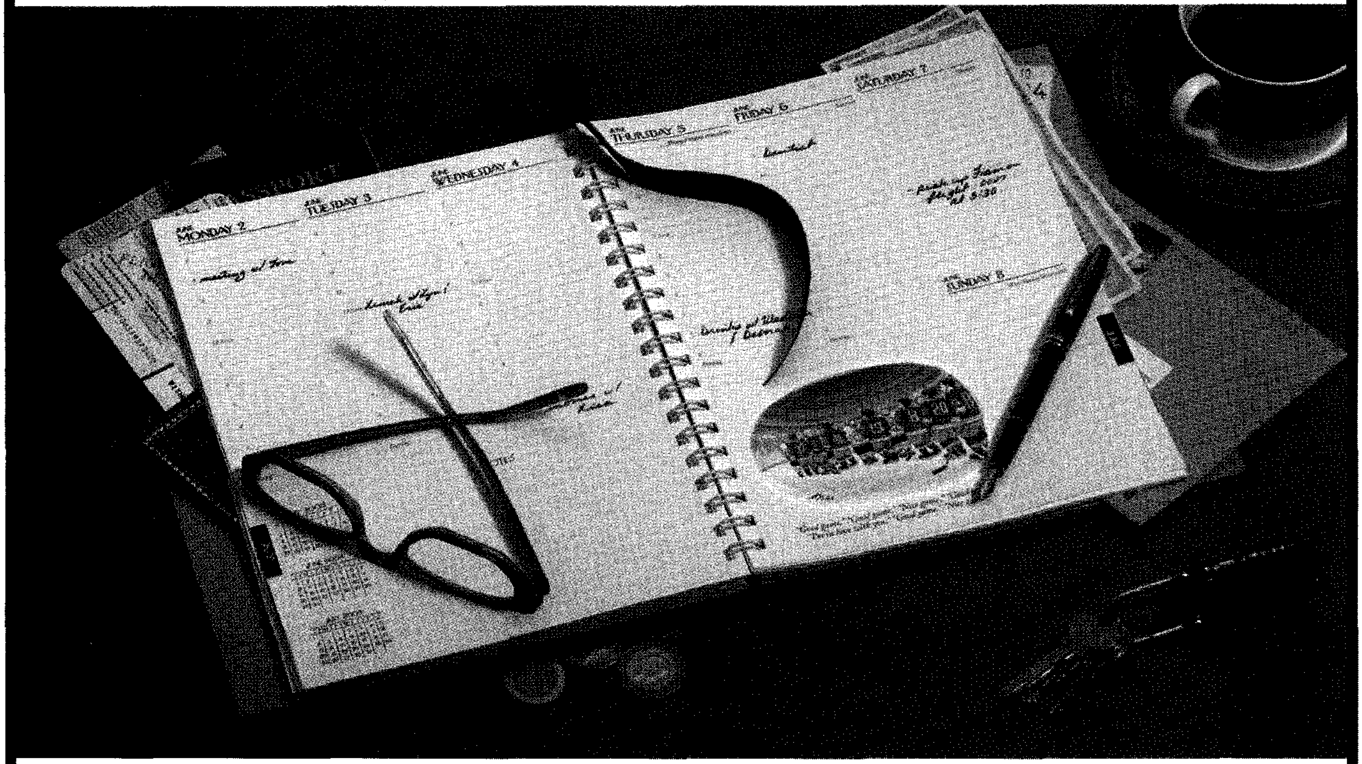

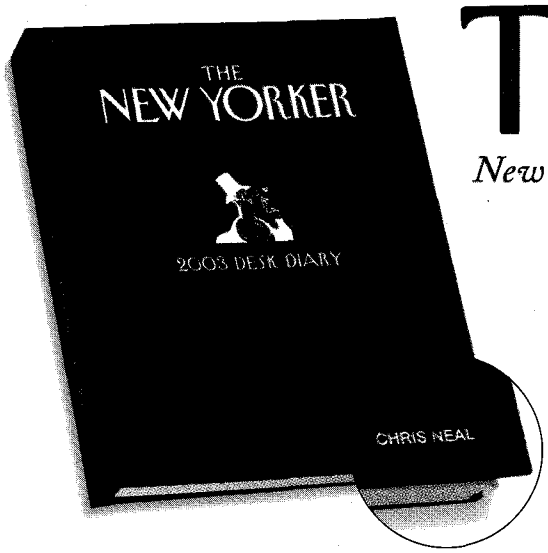

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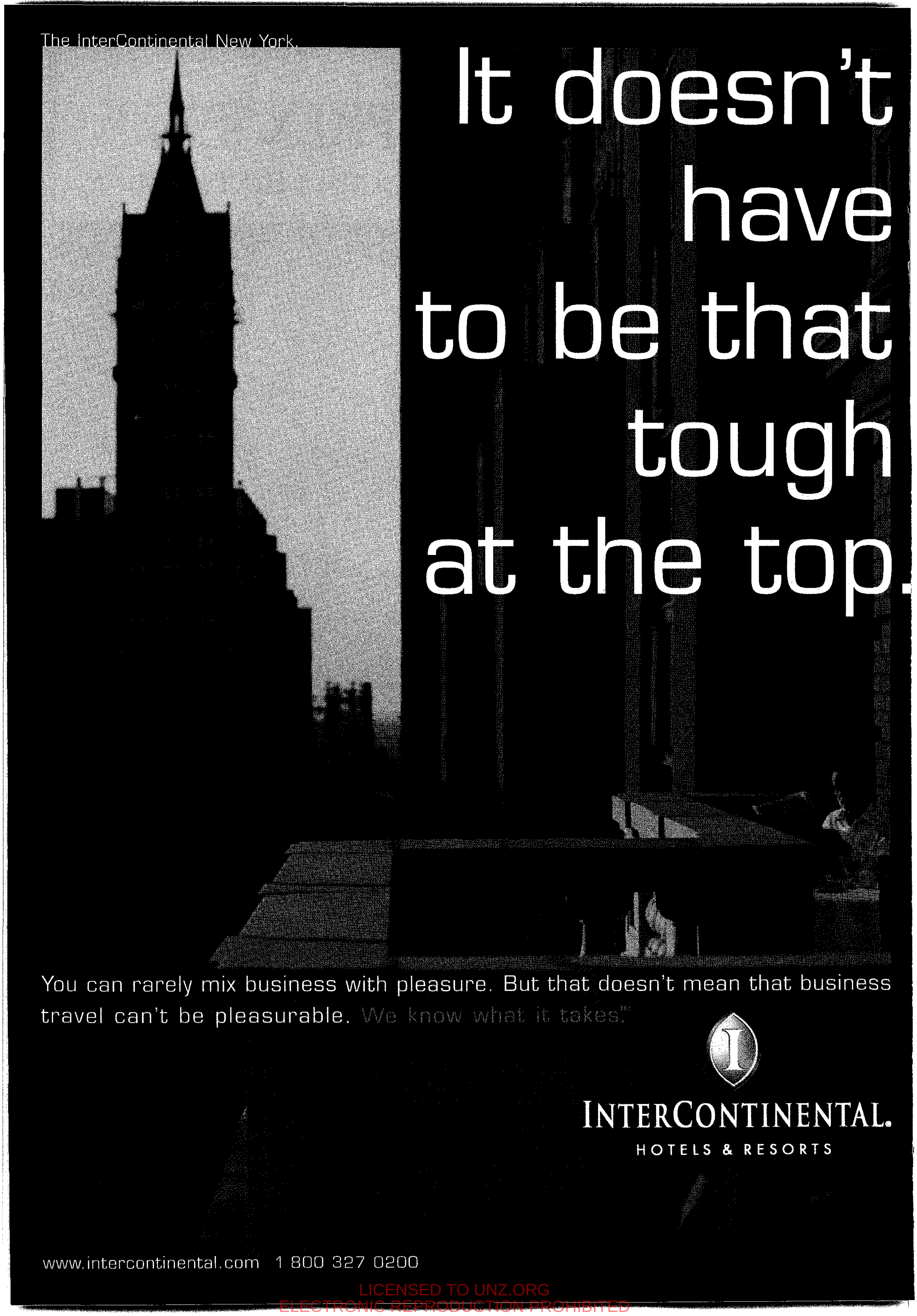
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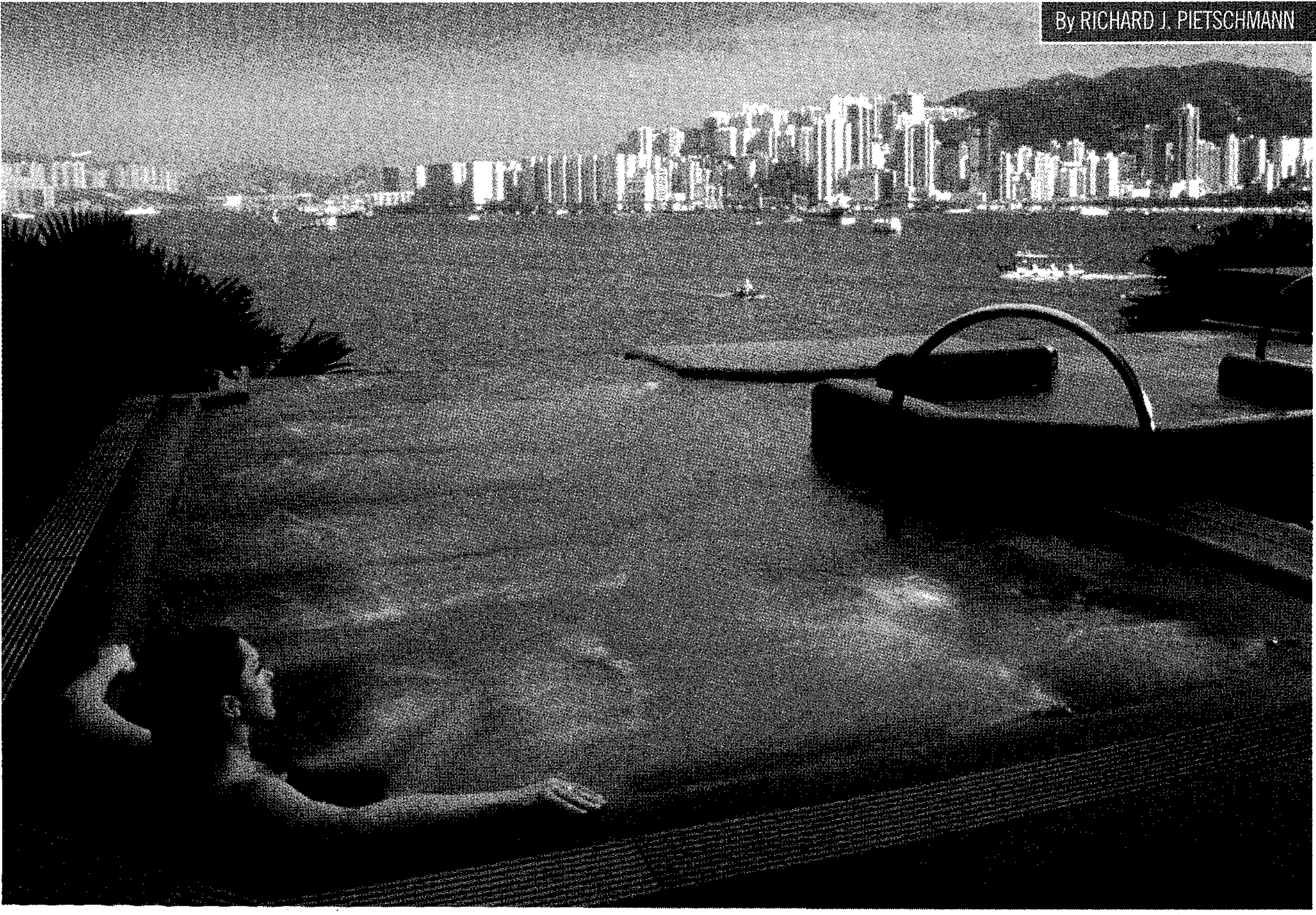
MINDFUL PLEASURES

By RICHARD J. PIETSCHMANN

Those of us who undertake personal travel primarily for cultural enrichment, broadened perspective, and deeper understanding know that the true value of hitting the road lies in savoring the new experiences along the way. Journeys that engage the mind as much as they entertain are always more satisfying in the long run than trips yielding little more than fuzzy memories of mindless pleasures. We travel to be stimulated and informed. For us, there is abundant truth in the Chinese proverb: "With reason one can travel the world over; without it, it is hard to move an inch."

There's a trend here, too. Richard Copland, president and CEO of the American Society of Travel Agents, says that such travellers constitute "a growing and expanding market." Dorlene Kaplan, president of on-line Shaw Guides, concurs. "We've found that the number of [enrichment travel] programs has doubled in the past five years."

One travel industry executive with a firm grasp on this mini-boom is George Deeb, founder and CEO of iExplore, a Web-based travel marketing company that offers three thousand trips from a hundred and thirty tour operators. He says cultural travel, iExplore's top category, accounts for thirty-five per cent of total business. "There's been a shift in the way people travel," Deeb says, "and experiential travel has been growing at double the rate of general leisure travel."



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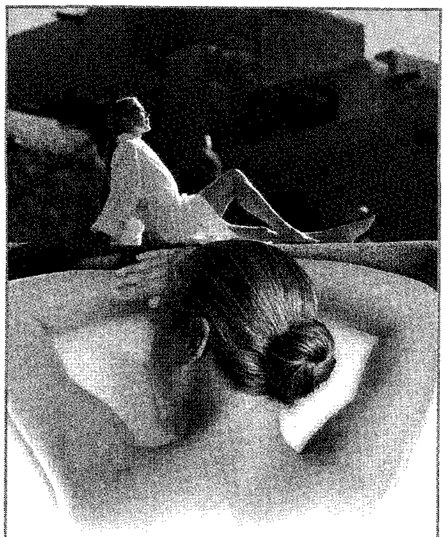

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CARIBBEAN FRONTLINE

Even in a place as seemingly sybaritic as the Caribbean, such travel is no oxymoron. Of course, on sun-washed islands cultural enrichment may take second place to white-sand beaches and the inviting sea. All the same, historical sites, museums, local art and music scenes, as well as hiking tours that promote environmental awareness and preservation can ensure a gratifying vacation for anyone craving a balance to the prototypical beach resort experience.

In the three-island nation of Cayman Islands, much of the thriving artistic and theatre community is driven by the Cultural Foundation. The foundation supports the distinguished three-hundred-and-thirty-seat Harquail Theatre on Grand Cayman and presents the Cayfest arts festival every April. Other foundation projects have included publishing a monograph on the Caymanian painter Gladwyn K. Bush and the sponsorship of an annual competition for playwrights. Cayman Islands native Stephen Pickering will premier his prize-winning romantic comedy "Happy New Year" on December 6–8 and 13–15. Also at the Harquail on December 9th, the annual Arts Awards Showcase will spotlight the year's top artists. Elsewhere on Grand Cayman in the nation's capital of George Town, the Cayman Islands National Museum houses a collection of four thousand historic and cultural items in the restored nineteenth-century Old Courts Building.

AHOY, ANTARCTICA!

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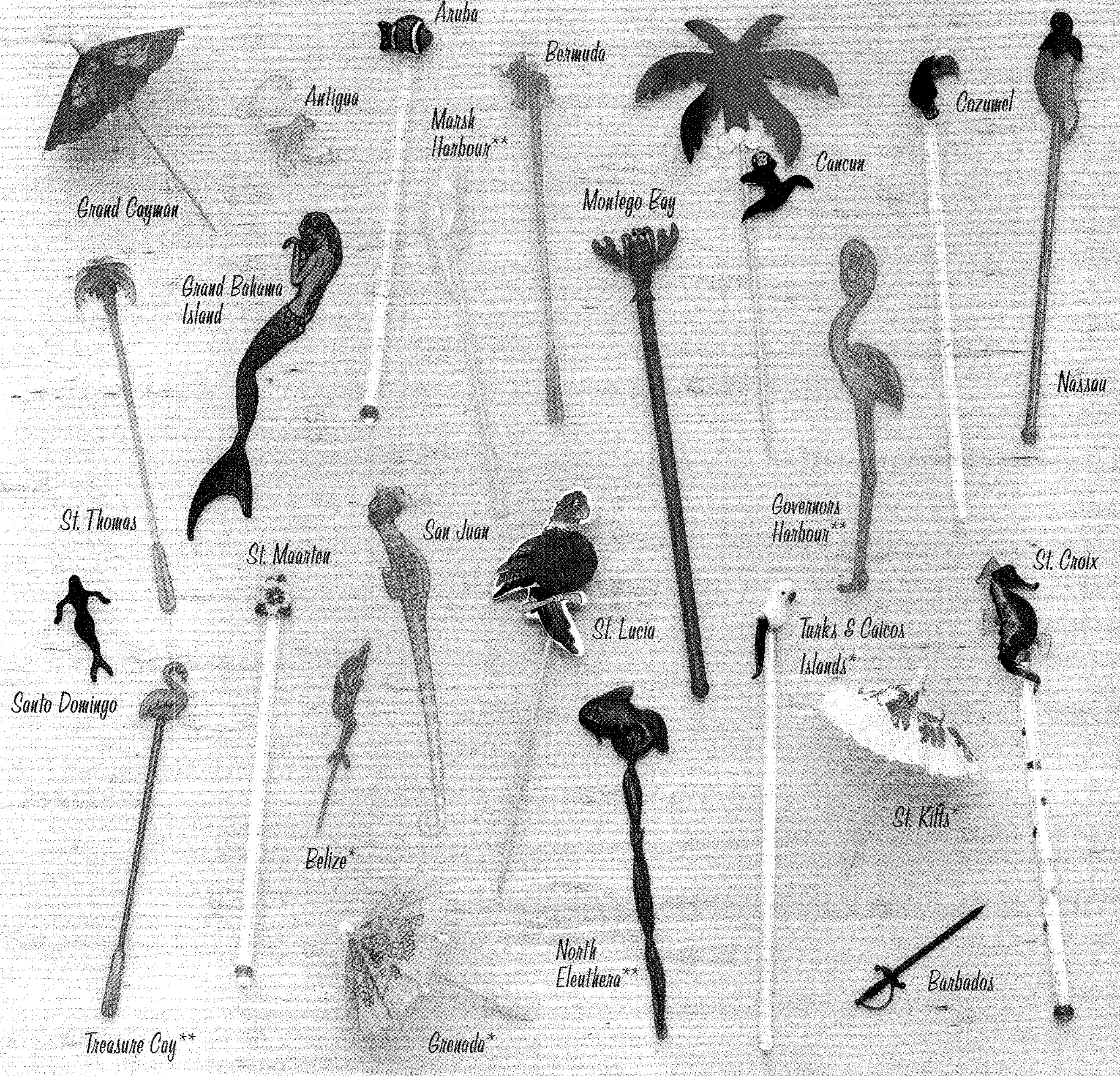
For more information, contact Orient Lines at 800-333-7300, or visit orientlines.com to navigate its itineraries.

A thousand or so miles to the east, Antigua is another island with far more to offer than its justly famed array of three hundred and sixty-five beaches. History is also a lure here, for Antigua was the linchpin in Great Britain's domination of the Caribbean two centuries ago. Admiral Horatio Nelson established the Royal Navy's primary Caribbean base in 1784 at English Harbour's protected anchorage. Sporting a Georgian-period restoration, the most renowned of Antigua's historical sites is the fifteen-square-mile Nelson's Dockyard National Park, revealing the island's British legacy.

Exhibits in the Museum of Antigua and Barbuda in St. John's, Antigua's largest city, provide a historical timeline of the island from pre-European contact to full independence in 1981. Housed in the Old Courthouse, the museum will also exhibit a show of local artists from November 10th.

>>> NEWSLINE

LONDON—The ***British Tourist Authority*** continues to celebrate the Queen's Golden Jubilee Year with special offers on travel, tours, hotels, and attractions throughout the U.K. (britain2002.org). Other 2002 exclusives, such as West End theatre-and-restaurant discounts, are available with a "Best of British Excellence" card (800-462-2748, travelbritain.org) valid through December. For London accommodations, ***Home from Home*** specializes in short-term rentals of privately owned homes, and ***Phoenix House*** will let luxury serviced apartments when it reopens this winter. A sampling of London events this fall: Henrietta Green's Food Lovers' Fair of farmers, growers, and chefs at Covent Garden (November 1–3) and the 46th Regus London Film Festival at various venues (November 6–21). A short walk from stylish South Kensington B. and B. ***Number Sixteen***, the Victoria and Albert Museum hosts a comprehensive retrospective of fashion stylist Gianni Versace (October 17–January 12). In addition to offering housing and entertainment services in London, ***Farnum & Christ*** specializes in travel throughout the country, from booking Britrail reservations to renting select Cotswold country cottages.



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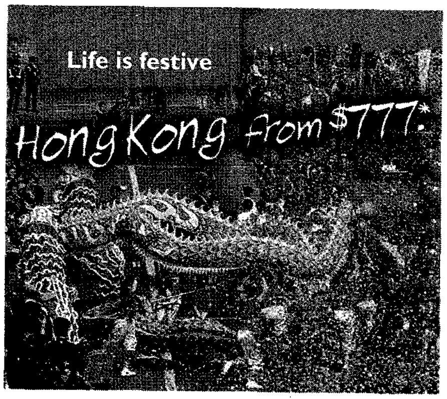

From the advent of Christmas until early March, Hong Kong celebrates its Season of Splendors. The festivities include the City of Life Street Carnival, a spectacular Chinese New Year celebration and the Hong Kong Arts Festival's whirlwind of performing arts. You'll also enjoy magnificent holiday shopping, festive decorations and lighting displays, superb cuisine, exiting nightlife, world-class shopping and Hong Kong's unique fusion of East and West.

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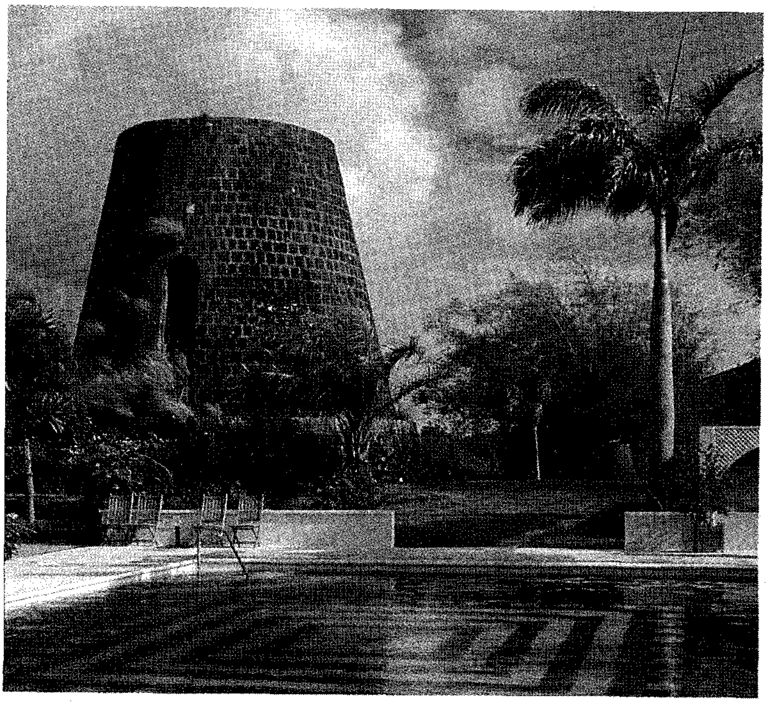
However, the focal point of the Antiguan arts community is Harmony Hall, located on a former sugar plantation overlooking Nonsuch Bay. The gallery's annual Artists Exhibition, beginning on November 17th, will feature twenty Antiguan artists. Antigua's maritime history will be highlighted December 4–10 at the 41st annual Nicholson's Boat Show & Marine Fair, the world's oldest charter yacht show. Boats from the seven seas will sail into English Harbour, Falmouth, and the St. James's Club, the island's primary anchorages.

LONDON CALLING

The opportunity to satisfy one's cultural appetite, of course, is always within easy grasp in the major cities of Europe, Asia, and North America. However, the challenge is identifying the don't-miss shows and exhibitions with finite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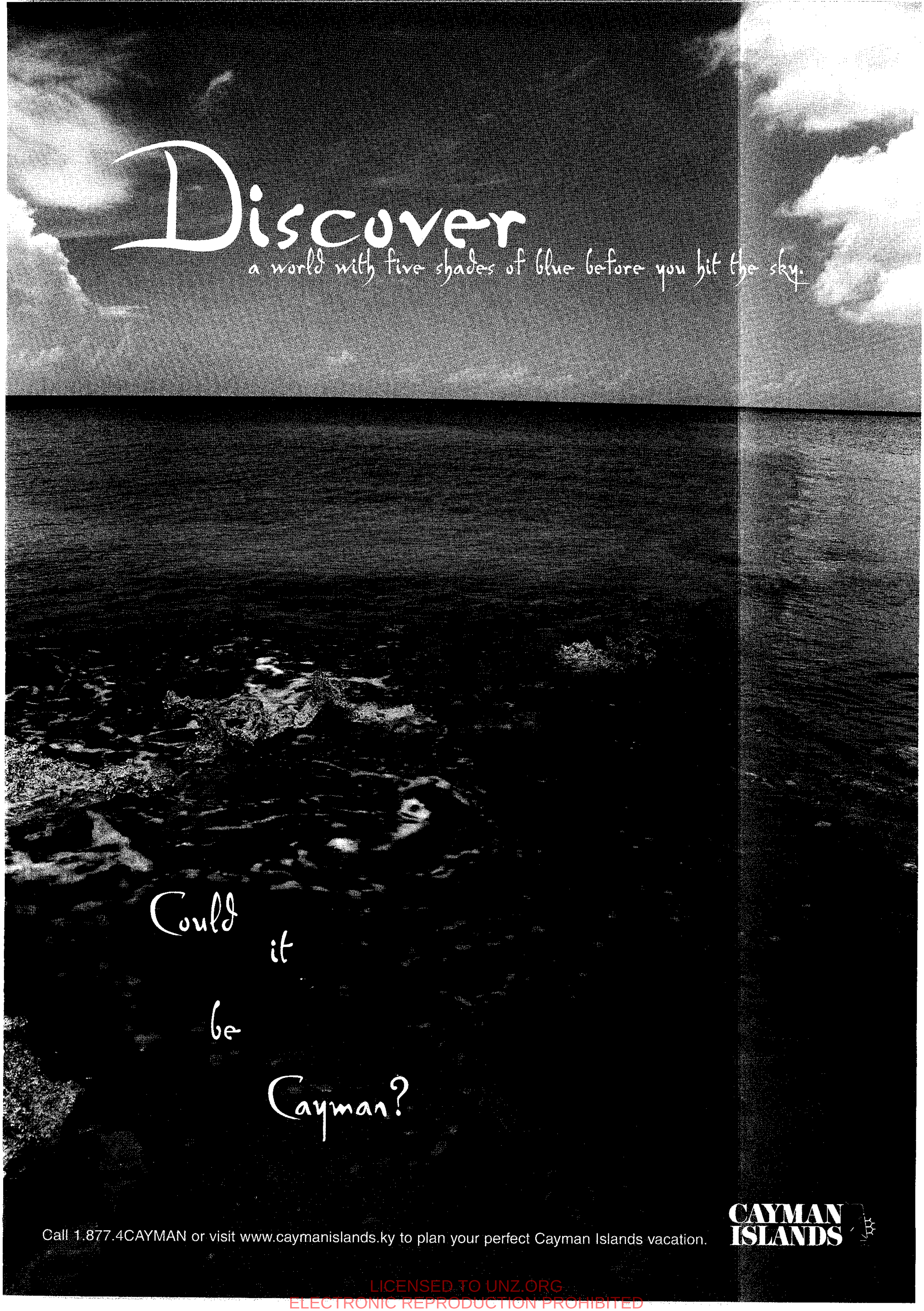
ON THE SLOPES OF NEVIS PEAK

Set amid African tulip trees, Montpelier Plantation Inn in Nevis, today a country house hotel, was once an eighteenth century sugar plantation. Pictured, old windmill ruins on the secluded thirty-acre estate.

>> > NEWSLINE

PALM BEACH, FL—Touring outside the U.K. for the first time, The Drambuie Collection will open on February 14th at the ***Society of the Four Arts*** and continue through March 16th. The hundred-and-seventeen-piece exhibition includes fifty-eight engraved Jacobite drinking glasses. The collection's pièce de résistance is the rare Spottiswoode 'Amen' Glass. **SAN FRANCISCO**—After an eighteen-month redesign, Union Square—one block from boutique ***Orchard Hotel***—recently reopened with a granite promenade, steel benches, and performance spaces. Also new in the city: SFMOMA's exhibit "Gerhard Richter: Forty Years of Painting," through January 14. **PACIFIC NORTHWEST**—From mid-February through New Year's '04, ***American West Steamboat Company's*** elegant stern-wheeler Queen of the West embarks from Portland, Oregon and cruises the Columbia, Willamette, and Snake rivers. **SPRING LAKE, NJ**—Introducing a luxe "Romance, Romance" special, ***Sea Crest by the Sea*** is offering two nights in the B. and B.'s Queen Victoria suite, in-room massages, dinner at a fine local restaurant, and take-home robes. **MONTAUK, L.I.**—Winter in the relaxed Hamptons at ***Gurney's Inn Resort & Spa*** where the off-season, mid-week discounted special of ocean-view accommodations begins October 15. **ATLANTA/ASHEVILLE**—This fall and winter both cities will play host to ***Culinary Vacations'*** weekend getaways featuring Chef John Wilson who conducts gourmet cooking classes. The themes: rustic Italian (in November and March) and low-cal, low-fat (January). **THE OUTER BANKS**—North Carolina's chain of barrier islands, welcomes fall and winter visitors with thirty-to-fifty per cent discounts in weekly and extended-weekend house rentals.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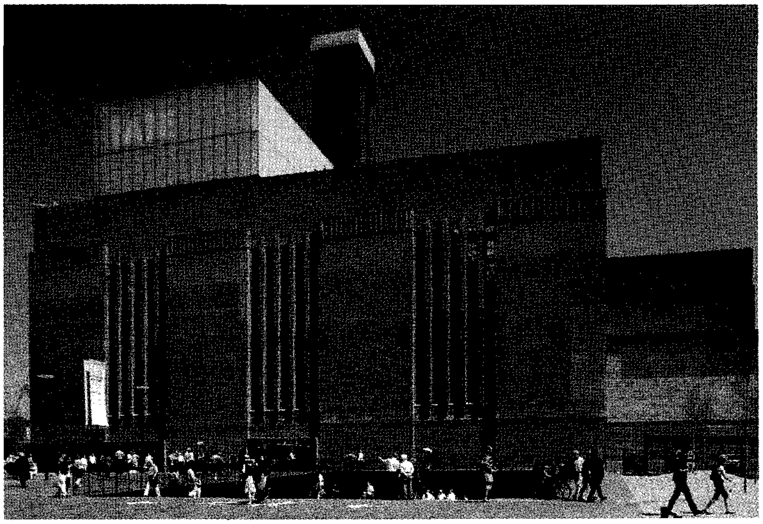
runs. Take London. Among this season's notable new stage productions are George Bernard Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession" starring Brenda Blethyn at the Strand Theatre through January 18th and David Hare's "The Breath of Life" with Dames Judi Dench and Maggie Smith at the Theatre Royal Haymarket through December 21st.

In assessing the city's estimable gallery and museum life, Hotel Inter-Continental London veteran concierge Salvatore Bartolone is recommending "Aztecs" to hotel guests—opening November 16th at the Royal Academy of Arts—as one of the standout cultural events this winter. The ambitious exhibition will showcase three hundred and fifty works from the ancient Aztec civilization, including many previously displayed only in Mexico. Bartolone also singles out the December 7th world première of English composer Nicholas Maw's latest opera adapted from the William Styron novel, "Sophie's Choice," directed by Trevor Nunn and conducted by Sir Simon Rattle, at the refurbished Royal Opera House in Covent Garden. The Tate Modern also ranks high on Bartolone's must-visit list. Currently it features the work of American Abstract Expressionist Barnett Newman up through January 5th.

"Unseen Vogue: The Secret History of Fashion Photography," at the Design Museum from November 1st to February 23rd, is a collection of commissioned but unpublished images by major fashion photographers such as Cecil Beaton, David Bailey, Helmut Newton, Norman Parkinson, and Mario Testino. The show promises a behind-the-scenes look into their glamorous but enigmatic world. On exhibit at the Tate Britain this month and running through January 19th is a



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THOROUGHLY MODERN

Housing some fifty thousand works of international modern art from 1900-present, the Tate Modern is scheduled to feature New York-born painter Barnett Newman through January.

>> > NEWSLINE

THE CARIBBEAN—High season never looked so good: Book reservations with ***Elite Island Resorts*** on or before December 10th and lock in a winter respite at summer rates for travel from December 21st through next April. Stay at their newest, most glamorous address, the St. James's Club, Morgan Bay in St. Lucia for only $225 per night (and enjoy free greens fees at the nearby, par-71 St. Lucia Golf and Country Club). Or stay at Elite Island Resorts properties on the 100-acre tropical peninsula of Antigua (from $120-$275), St. Kitts ($113), or the secluded Palm Island in The Grenadines ($280). **MEXICO**—***The California Native*** extends its Copper Canyon journey from eleven days to two weeks for more hiking and extra nights at new hotels in such isolated towns as Urique and Tejeban. **HONDURAS**—Guests of ***Global Impact Tours*** journey to the most unspoiled Central American country including Pico Benito National Park and Copan's extensive collection of intact ancient Mayan art. In addition, one day will be spent at the House of Friendship orphanage.

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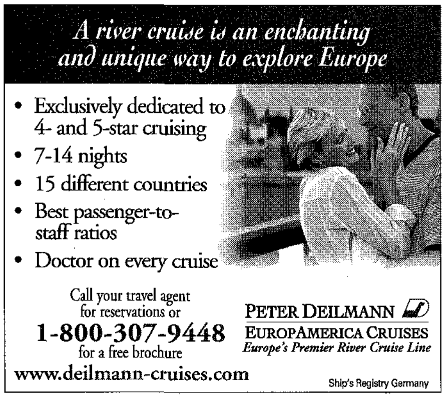

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comprehensive collection of eighteenth-century British landscape and portrait painter Thomas Gainsborough's quintessentially English artwork.

SEA & SKY

We've all been there: the grind of reaching a favorite Caribbean island by air. However, anyone wanting to get to Antigua and the Cayman Islands can now take advantage of nonstop flights from U.S. mainland cities via **US Airways.** US Airways and US Airways Express offer flights to more than twenty islands in the Caribbean, Bermuda, and the Bahamas, including jet service to many. The airline continues to expand in the Caribbean and the Bahamas, with service to Antigua, Barbados, Cozumel, St. Lucia, and Grand Bahama Island all added since late 2001. More routes are in the works, with plans to fly to thirty-two Caribbean and Bahamian destinations. Service to the Turks and Caicos will begin on November 2nd; to Belize on November 9th; St. Kitts on December 7th; and Grenada on December 21st. In addition, US Airways is increasing its presence with the GoCaribbean network, combining its U.S.-Caribbean service with airlines like Win Air, Caribbean Star, and Nevis Express to provide efficient air connections to such hidden jewels as Anguilla, Dominica, Nevis, Saba, St. Barthélemy, St. Eustatius, St. Vincent, and Tobago.

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CULTURAL TAPESTRY

Hong Kong teems with art, history, and culture. Among the city's museums, the Hong Kong Museum of Art is the largest, and the Hong Kong Museum of History houses a new permanent exhibit titled "The Hong Kong Story," documenting six thousand years of the city's archaeology, ethnography, and natural and political history. Led by docents who have completed an intensive two-month training program on Hong Kong history, tours of the exhibit's eight multimedia galleries take place on Saturdays, Sundays, and public holidays. However, public institutions aside, visitors may face difficulties negotiating the maze of Hong Kong culture. That's where the Hong Kong Tourist Board's new Meet the People program comes in handy. Central to the program are one-on-one guided tours—many of which are free

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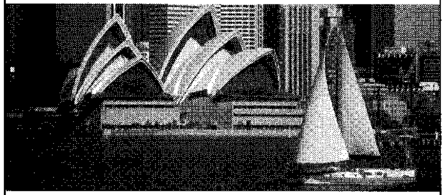

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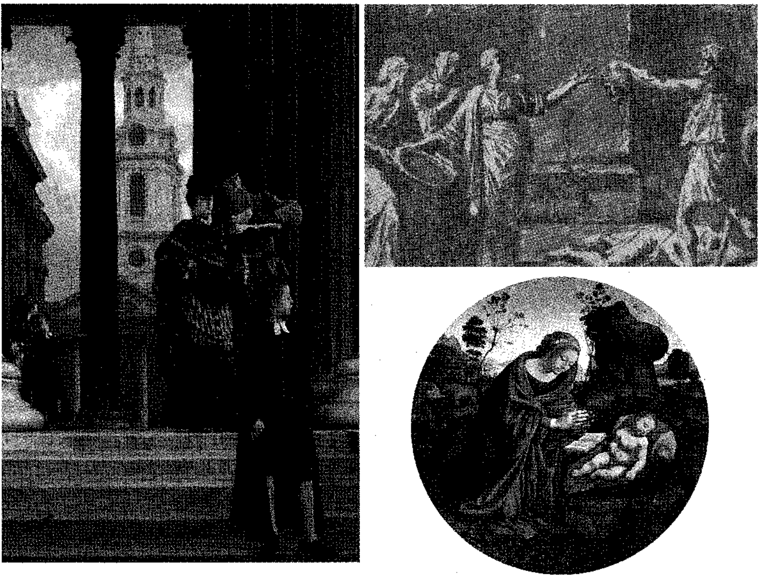
while others require a small fee. The itineraries include a daily morning heritage and architectural walk, an antiques appreciation walk on Fridays, a Cantonese opera appreciation and an architectural tour, both on Saturday. Booking ahead is not required in most cases.

With a calendar overflowing with cultural events, even New York City has its under-recognized treasures. Michael Romei, Chief Concierge at the Waldorf Towers, predicts enthusiastic patron interest in the nearby Frick Collection's November 26th installation of "two important eighteenth-century tapestries" from Brussels' Peter van den Hecke and once owned by Louis XV. The rare works, depicting scenes from Cervantes's novel "Don Quixote," will be on display through the spring. The Frick also hosts the seventy-two-drawing exhibit "Poussin, Claude, and Their World: Seventeenth-Century French Drawings from the École des Beaux-Arts, Paris," in its exclusive North American viewing through December 1st, and "Masterpieces of European Painting from the Toledo Museum of Art" (October 29–January 5), featuring works by El Greco, Gustave Courbet, and Paul Cézanne among others. Waldorf's Romei cites another highly anticipated event, the November 26th opening of the stage adaptation of "La Bohème." Scheduled to run at the Broadway Theatre through December 31st, this contemporary spin on Puccini's popular opera is directed by Baz Luhrmann of "Moulin Rouge" fame.



courtesy of The Frick Collection, New York

A MANSE CALLED FRICK

From Tissot to Poussin, a pair of important exhibitions is scheduled to grace the Collection's galleries.

>> NEWSLINE

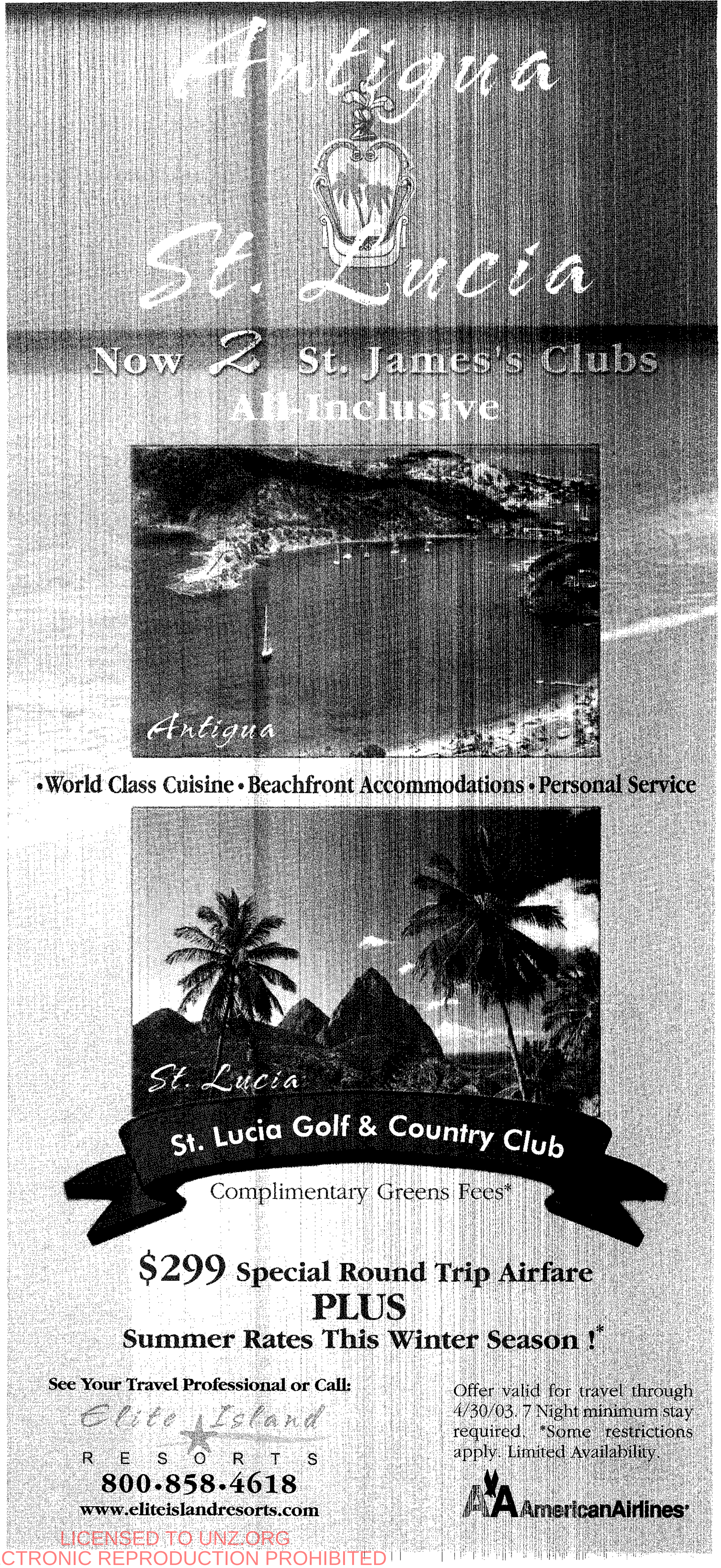
ITALY—Learn the language and the culture with ***University of California, San Diego Extension*** program in Florence at Palazzo Guadagni, a restored sixteenth-century palace with intricate frescoes on classroom ceilings. . . .The ninety-four-passenger Casanova, one of several deluxe river ships in the ***Peter Deilmann Cruises*** fleet, sails the Po River weekly starting in late March; the cruise begins and ends in Venice. . . . To experience Italy like the locals, ***The Parker Company*** features more than four hundred villas on its Web site, each with its own personality. **SPAIN**—On its signature Bilbao & Beyond tour, ***Cobblestone Tours*** travels to the Guggenheim Museum and explores Basque culture in San Sebastián, the vibrant seaside resort and food center. . . . Slow the pace in Mallorca at ***La Serranía***, which will host Christmas and New Year retreats and the dance workshop "The Joy of Movement" (February 8–15). **TURKEY**—***Peten Travels*** explores the forgotten Anatolia and civilizations of the Hittites and the Phrygians on its two-week tour of museums, excavation sites, monuments, and ancient settlements. **MOROCCO**—From seaside souks to the lofty peaks of Anti-Atlas to Marrakech's magical square, ***Living Morocco*** explores far-flung regions on its 2003 eco-cultural "Atlantic Coast to the High Atlas" trips.

A noteworthy museum exhibit this fall and winter is the North American première of a major new commission from video artist Bill Viola, "Going Forth by Day," at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum through January 12th. It's a five-part video/sound installation about the cycles of birth, death, and rebirth. Also through January 12th, the Metropolitan Museum of Art's "Portraits: A Century of Photographs" examines forty masterworks of photographic portraiture from early American and French daguerreotypes through the works of Gaspard Nadar, Edward Steichen, Berenice Abbott, and Diane Arbus, among others. This exhibition complements the museum's landmark "Richard Avedon: Portraits," a retrospective of the photographer's career, from the late nineteen-forties to his contemporary work on display through January 5th.

SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST

Equating a city's size with the depth of its cultural life can be an erroneous assumption. Case in point: The small New Mexico city of Santa Fe, population sixty-two thousand, is a hotbed of creative activity. New Mexico native Ellen Bradbury-Reid, founder and executive director of Recursos de Santa Fe—a nonprofit educational organization that also operates tours focussing on Southwest culture, architecture, and history—says the town has a "lively but disorganized intellectual life." It's fueled not only by Santa Fe's artists and "amazing people who keep swanning through," but also by scientists, many of whom work at the Santa Fe Institute. "We're particularly rich in Mayanists, but you can also overhear discussions of string theory," she says.

With more than two hundred and thirty galleries, Santa Fe was ranked the second-favorite city for art, after New York, in *American Style* magazine's annual poll of contemporary craft-art enthusiasts. A good starting place for viewing its wealth of art, suggests Bradbury-Reid, is the Museum of Fine Arts exhibit, "Realism to Abstraction: Art in New Mexico 1917-2002," up through February 3rd. (While you're there, don't miss the Brett Weston exhibit, "New Histories of Photography," through April 7th.)



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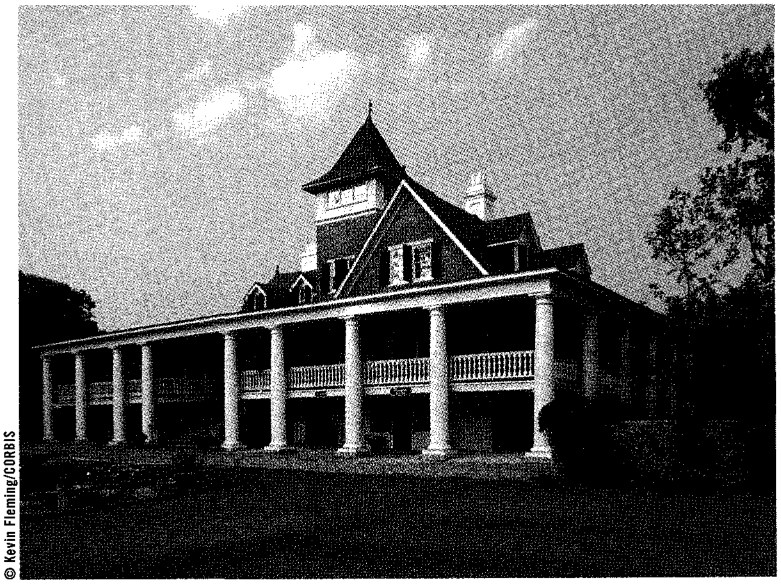
Once one of America's wealthiest cities before the Revolutionary War and perhaps best known today for the world-renowned Spoleto Festival each spring, Charleston is a South Carolinan port rich with history as well as culture. It was the first city in the country to build a structure dedicated to theatrical productions in 1735. (While the original theatre burned down five years later, the Dock Street Theatre is the current home of Charleston Stage.) Charleston was also the first to construct a museum as well as form a museum society (Charleston Museum and Charleston Museum Society, 1773). It boasts the oldest city gardens, Magnolia Plantation (circa 1680), and the oldest formally landscaped gardens, Middleton Place (circa 1741).

Not surprisingly, architecture is one of the treasures of Charleston, where eight distinct styles—from Colonial to Art Deco—flourish. Fern Williams Tuten, a local art historian who operates tours of the city, organizes two-hour walks that showcase what she calls Charleston's "superlative examples of every type of American architecture."

Whether it's Charleston, Santa Fe, Hong Kong, London, Antigua, the Cayman Islands, or any other destination we plan to visit, learning as we go is an invaluable experience. And if we can bring back some mental measure of our trip—a work of art, perhaps, or a better understanding of how culture motivates history—then we have indeed travelled well.

(Los Angeles-based Richard J. Pietschmann has written for *Newsweek*, *Bon Appétit*, and *San Francisco* magazine.)



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NATIONAL HISTORIC TREASURE

Thirteen generations later, the stately Magnolia Plantation is likely the only one of its kind in South Carolina still under original family ownership.

>> > NEWSLINE

CHINA—***Geographic Expeditions'*** Hidden Tribes of China 2003 trips venture into the rarely visited Guizhou Province for hiking (from limestone karsts to terraced rice fields) and traditional festivals of diverse ethnic groups like the Miaos and Gejias. . . . Beginning in Beijing and ending in Shanghai, ***Journeys into China's*** most distinctive excursion heads into the remote Yunnan Province and along the historic Yangtze River. **AUSTRALIA**—***Qantas Vacations'*** two-week "Best of Australia" trip explores the unique island of Tasmania, Yarra Valley wineries, and the Barrier Reef off Hayman Island, as well as an insider's view of Melbourne and Sydney. **NORTH POLE**—Following the routes of intrepid early twentieth-century polar explorers, ***Arctic Odysseys*** will embark on top-of-the-world excursions via planes, dogsleds, and snowmobiles. ■

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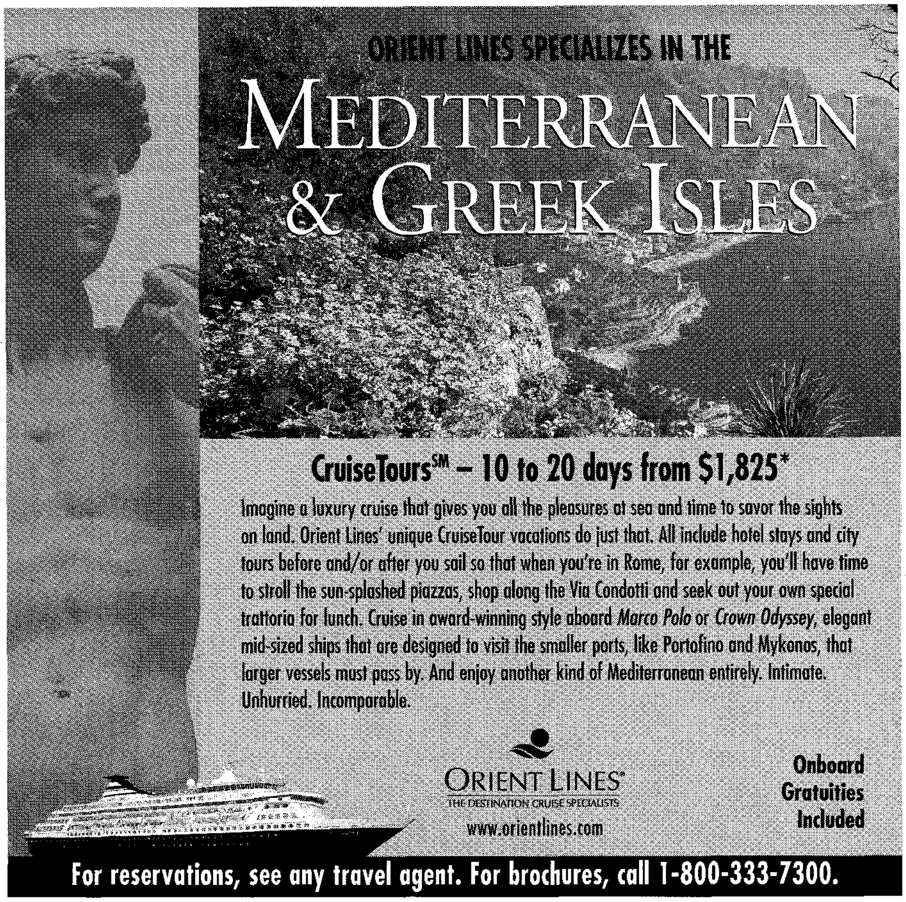

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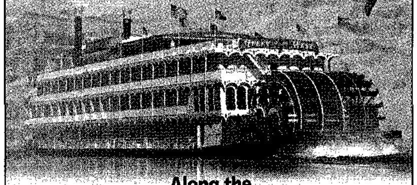

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PROFILES

WITHOUT A DOUBT

Has Condoleezza Rice changed George W. Bush, or has he changed her?

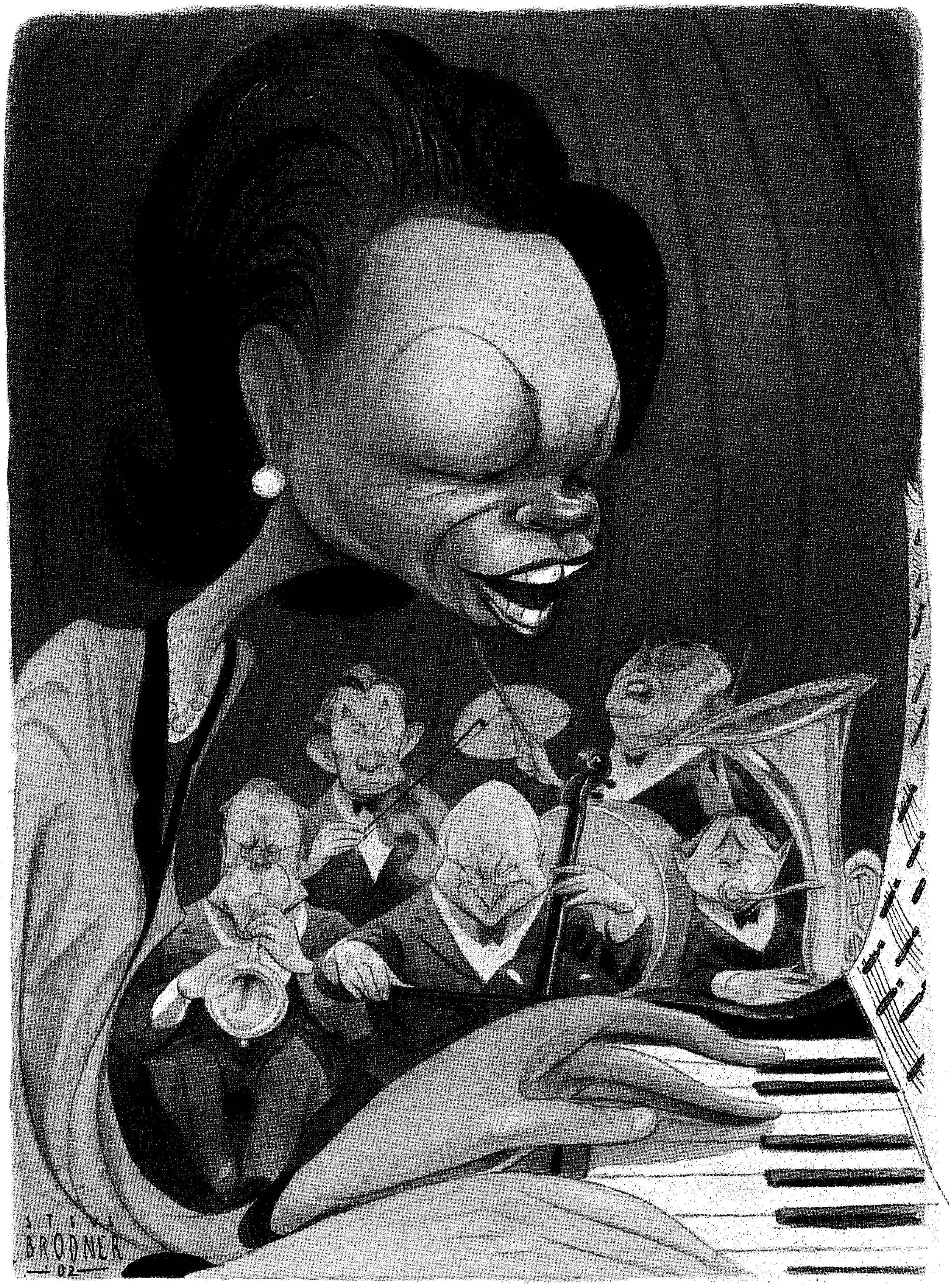
BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

Just outside the entrance to Condoleezza Rice's office in the West Wing of the White House hangs a large color photograph of Rice, the national-security adviser, standing onstage with Yo-Yo Ma, the cellist, their hands clasped, their arms hoisted in triumph. They are acknowledging the audience's applause after having played a Brahms sonata together at Constitution Hall, in Washington. Inside her office, across the front edge of Rice's desk, are four meticulously cleared-out boxes labelled "Intel," "Out," "Read," and "Immediate Action," and behind them is a small mirror on a stand.

Rice is a performer. She appeared in public before an audience for the first time when she was four. "It was a tea for the new teachers in the Birmingham public-school system," she told me, during one of four interviews we had in her office over the past few months. She had asked her parents for piano lessons, and they complied, when she was three. "And somehow my mother persuaded these people to let me play this little Tchaikovsky knockoff. It was called 'A Doll's Funeral.' And I have a picture of me sitting there in this taffeta dress with a fuzzy tam on my head—I don't know where she got that idea. But that was the first time I played. And I played a lot. I would be asked to play at this or that function. And I did that until I was about ten. And then, all of a sudden, I wasn't the cute little kid anymore. And I wasn't asked to play very much anymore. And I got really bored with the piano and wanted to quit. It's the only time my parents ever intervened. My mother said, 'You're not old enough or good enough to make that decision. When you are old enough and good enough, then you can quit, but not now.' And I'm really glad she didn't let me quit. Because by the time I did decide I wasn't going to pursue it I was good enough to play just about anything that I wanted to, and that's why even today it's a great avocation."

Flagging demand isn't a problem for Rice these days. The weekend after the September 11th attacks, when the Administration's top national-security officials gathered at Camp David to consider how to respond, after business hours Rice, accompanied by Attorney General John Ashcroft on the piano, entertained her colleagues by singing traditional American songs. In the Random House Audio version of "A World Transformed," the memoir of the end of the Cold War by former President George H. W. Bush and his national-security adviser, Brent Scowcroft, Rice is the narrator. On many Sunday mornings, one can see Rice on the Washington television talk shows, explaining, always in perfect paragraphs and with flawless composure, President George W. Bush's foreign-policy positions. An enthusiastic shopper, Rice, who dresses for work stylishly, even just short of daringly (by Washington standards), in bold-colored suits cut slightly above the knee, is also photographed now and then in a strapless gown for fashion magazines. In the next few months, three biographies of Rice, two of them meant to inspire preteen readers, will be published. Chevron, the California oil company on whose board she served before becoming national-security adviser, named a tanker after her, which she christened in 1993, at a launching ceremony in Rio de Janeiro.

Several of the crucial turns in Rice's career have had the quality of an audition—she makes a big impression. The Washington portion of her life proceeds directly from a dinner after a faculty seminar at Stanford University in 1984, at which Scowcroft, who was then the head of President Reagan's Commission on Strategic Forces, had given a talk on arms control. Rice, then a very junior faculty member in Stanford's political-science department, challenged him on some policy conventional wisdom, and did it most effectively. Scowcroft told me, "I thought, This is somebody I need to get to know. It's an intimidating subject. Here's this young girl, and she's not at all intimidated." Scowcroft began grooming Rice for a position in government, by arranging for her to be invited to seminars and conferences and to meet people. In 1989, when he became national-security adviser, Scowcroft appointed her to the National Security Council, as its chief authority on the Soviet Union. In just two years there, Rice became personally close to President and Mrs. Bush, as upper-middle-level White House staff members almost never do; just before she returned to Stanford, in 1991, she was invited upstairs into the White House family quarters to say goodbye. In 1992, as a member of Stanford's presidential-search committee, she so impressed one of the candidates, Gerhard Casper, at their first meeting that after he got the job he appointed Rice provost of the university. In 1998, Governor George W. Bush, of Texas, whom Rice already knew, but not well, from visits to the Bush family in Texas and in Kennebunkport, Maine, and who was thinking about running for President, spoke at a Republican fund-raising event in San Francisco. George Shultz, the former Secretary of State, who introduced Bush, arranged an impromptu policy discussion for him the following day, at the Shultz home on the Stanford campus, with a group of experts from the Hoover Institution, an on-campus think tank that functions as a Republican government-in-exile. Rice, by that time also a protégée of Shultz's, was there, and evidently turned in another dazzling performance. "Condi had a lot to say," Shultz told me. "And he listened." Soon Shultz's experts were being invited to Austin for more seminars. In 1999, Rice resigned as provost of Stanford and became the head of


STEVE BRODNER '02

Within the Administration, the competition Rice is involved in appears to be for unusually high stakes. Illustrations by Steve Brodner.

Bush's team of foreign-policy advisers, which was known within the campaign as the Vulcans.

To spend time with Rice is to see right away how she has such an effect on people. "Condi is just an A-plus-plus-plus presence," one former Administration official who knows her says. "She's the most gifted speaker and conveyer of solid thoughts, in articulate form, of anybody I've ever met. I'd put her in the top quartile in terms of the thoughts themselves. But that's not her thing—her thing is presenting it." She appears impeccably organized and prepared, with a great mass of detail in her head which she has reduced to a simple, clear form. She is gracious, poised, and charming, and isn't stiff or puffed up with her own officialdom. She has a wide, easy smile and a comfortable manner. No question ever seems to catch her unaware or to set off a rambling, disjointed answer. She ties everything up in a neat package of certainty and conviction. Before Rice answers a question, there is a moment that recalls a figure skater—another of her youthful performing careers—taking a first look at the program for the day's competition. There's a barely visible nod, conveying something like "Yup—got it," and then comes a reply unerringly pitched to the level of detail and expertise where, she senses, the person she's talking to wishes to dwell. That may be one reason that, when I asked several people who know Rice to describe her thinking, I often got the feeling that they were really describing themselves.

George Shultz, a tough-minded former labor negotiator, said, "She starts with saying, 'What are the interests of the United States?' And she recognizes that what happens elsewhere is important to us. But she starts with the United States, as any thinker about foreign policy should."

John Ashcroft, the Administration's leading evangelical Christian, said, "I think she understands that America is a very, very important leader. We not only have the reputation of leading by power, we have the opportunity of leading by moral authority: the basic values of freedom, opportunity, and duty."

Colin Powell, the most multilateralist member of the Cabinet, said, referring to how the September 11th attacks had changed Rice's views, "I think there's perhaps a little greater understanding now, on the part of all of us, on the need for coalitions, and the need for working on problems with our friends."

President George H. W. Bush, who

"Late summer to early fall—that's my favorite time of year."

values staff loyalty, said, in an interview I conducted with him in writing, "She is an honest broker. She does not share with me her private opinions on issues (nor should she). I imagine she gives the President her unvarnished opinions, but she also is sure the President receives without distortion or prejudice the views of his key foreign policy leaders such as Secretaries Powell and Rumsfeld."

As befits a person who has lived so much of her life in front of audiences, and has had the opportunity to do so because she commands attention, Rice seems always to have been the subject of lengthy exegeses by her friends and acquaintances, and never more so than now. In Washington, nothing matters more than closeness to the President, and she is evidently the person closest to the President, in terms of time logged in his presence. It isn't just that she briefs him every morning, attends several formal meetings with him every week, and sees or speaks to him several times in the course of a typical day; it's also that she spends many weekends as the Bushes' guest at Camp David or at the Presidential ranch, in Crawford, Texas. Rice, who shares the President's passions for exercise and watching sports events, especially football, on television, will often spend hours with him during non-working time when other staff members never see him. Washington urgently wants to know: What do they talk about for so long? Who's influencing whom?

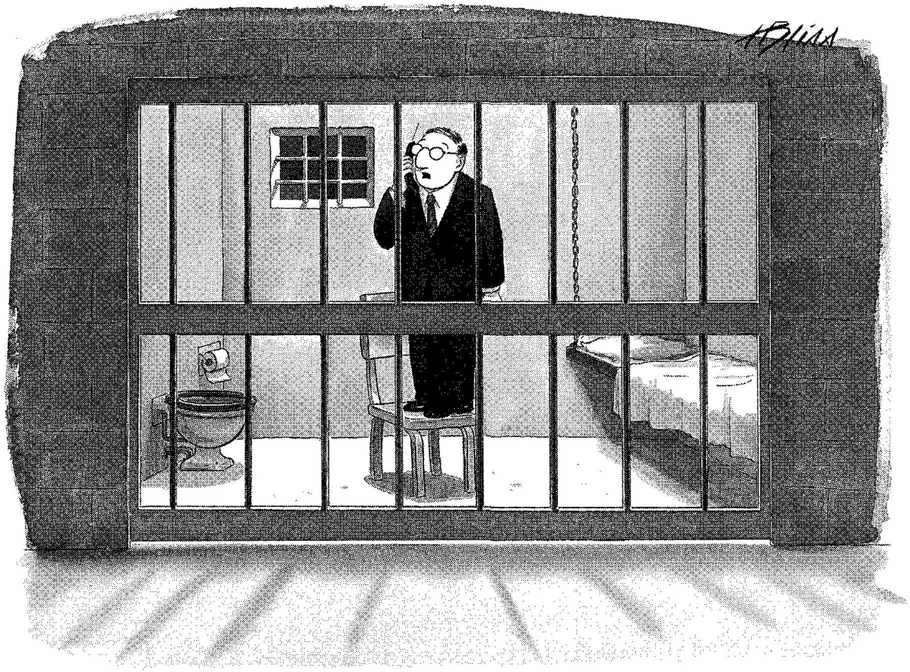
Washington will never find out from Rice. She has managed to become probably the highest-profile national-security adviser since Henry Kissinger, without ever employing the Kissingerian maneuver of letting it be known that her views hold sway within the Administration. Somehow she's able to convey importance without conveying content.

In the summer of 2001, she was the first senior American official to meet privately with Russian President Vladimir Putin—ahead of two Cabinet officers, theoretically higher in rank than she is, who were on the same trip to Moscow—and then she accompanied Putin to his dacha for the weekend. Her name never appears in what her staff calls "food fight" stories—press accounts of the Administration's incessant foreign-policy disputes. She does not drop hints, even to friends in private, that this or that accomplishment of the Administration's was really her doing—let alone imply that without her the President would be lost. On talk shows, she is much more likely than other officials to begin sentences with "The President believes that," and even within her small social circle, when conversation turns to Administration policy, she tends to say exactly what she says on television, except that she is more open about her adoration of the President. "I can't find the Archimedean point outside her love of Bush," one friend says. When I asked Rice what she advises Bush, she first made it clear that she most definitely does advise him, but on the substance of that advice all she would say was "I have a very strong view about this, which is that the President does not need to read my views in the newspaper. Our discussions about my views are private."

Condoleezza Rice, named by her mother after the Italian musical notation *con dolcezza*, was born in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1954—just six months after Brown v. Board of Education. Her childhood took place during one of the great social upheavals of American history. Rice was an eight-year-old in Birmingham in 1963, when it was the main civil-rights battlefield, and she knew two of the four girls who were killed in the bombing of the Sixteenth Street Baptist Church, in the late summer of that year. But Rice dislikes any attempt to shoehorn her into the prevailing white-liberal story line about civil rights. Some black people in the Jim Crow South might have been, as Martin Luther King, Jr., put it in his "I Have a Dream" speech, "sweltering with the heat of injustice and oppression" until the combination of their mass-protest movement at home and the passage of federal legislation in Washington freed them to enter the mainstream American world of justice and opportunity—but not the Rices. "We don't all have a deprivation narrative," one of her friends says tartly. The matter of Rice and race is complicated, but any exploration of it has to begin with her insistence that her family was proud, accomplished, self-reliant, and not in need of anybody's help, thank you.

It's true that Rice lived in a subculture that is now the object of great nostalgia in black America, and that white America has never fully acknowledged—the stable, churchgoing, family-oriented, improving Southern middle class of pre-civil-rights days, substantially employed in segregated schools, often living in close proximity to the poor. They were "very accomplished professional people who expected nothing less from their children," says Colin Powell, who married into the Birmingham world where Rice was reared. They were taught about segregation, "That's just the way it is, and don't let it be a problem. . . . We will go to extreme lengths to make sure that you get the same kind of cultural influences in your life that other children get." Birmingham had one notably rich black family, the Gastons, who were in the insurance business. Occupying the next rung down was Alma Powell's family—her father and her uncle were the principals of two black high schools in town. The Rices were another rung down. Rice's father, John Wesley Rice, Jr., worked for Alma Powell's uncle as a high-school guidance counsellor, and was an ordained minister who preached on weekends; Rice's mother, Angelena, was a teacher. The Rices' world in Birmingham was hardly a seedbed of the civil-rights movement—it seemed far too radical. Alma Powell, describing both her family and the Rices, told me, "They were not the generation that would get social change. They did not participate in sit-ins and marches. They were leery. In conversations with older people, you'd hear things like 'Oh, I don't know what's going to happen.' But there was no opposition to the movement—none of that." In the great intellectual divide of twentieth-century black America—between W. E. B. DuBois, the radical proponent of political change, and Booker T. Washington, the advocate of self-improvement and not confronting the Jim Crow system—the Rices sound as if they were more on the Washington side.

But to say that Rice is merely a typical product of her background would also be misleading. It may have been typical for children in her neighborhood to go to church and to be put on track for college and to take piano lessons—but not to perform in church and take



"Can you hear me now?"

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lessons aimed at a concert-pianist career, in addition to flute lessons and ballet lessons and French lessons and violin lessons and skating lessons and skipping two grades in school and unusually close instruction in dress and grooming and manners. The Rices, in full partnership with their daughter, brought a special intensity to the rearing of Condoleezza Rice. She was an only child, born to older (for that time and place: both Rices were over thirty when she was born), well-established parents, with a large supporting cast of relatives in addition to the community itself, and a long-standing family tradition of ambition and education. Rice's view of herself is as a black patrician, whose family on both sides was unusually well educated, accomplished, and determined; she is partly descended from white plantation owners (again, on both sides), which is a complicated matter, but nothing to be ashamed of or angry about. (One black friend of Rice's jokingly described discussing with her whose white ancestors were the more aristocratic.) Rice mentioned to me one long-ago relative, a slave, who had taught herself to read; another who was a Methodist bishop; another who, though poor, spent ninety dollars during the Depression "on seven leather-bound and gold-embossed books . . . the works of Dumas, the works of Shakespeare"; and another who took a train to Pittsburgh in order to remove his son from a job in a steel mill (at a time in black America when such a job was highly valued) and reinsert him in college. About her black forebears who gave birth to partly white children, she said, "I do know that they were house slaves. They were in the house employ of the master. It's, frankly, why the whole Thomas Jefferson flap just is absurd. This was par for the course for the slave owners. And I think, for most black Americans, this to-ing and fro-ing—'Did he or did he not'—is just absurd." How does she feel about the slave owners from whom she is descended? "They are there," she said, and laughed.

In Rice, this unusual set of circumstances produced a sense of personal destiny. When her parents told her that she could be anything she wanted, they meant it more literally than parents usually do, and were saying it in the face of longer odds than children usually face. Rice often remarks that her parents told her she could become President—at a time when most black people in the South couldn't vote. In one version of the story, her father took eight-year-old Condi to Washington, and, as they stood in front of the White House, she said, "One day, I'll be in that house." And the chief means to the glorious end was sheer discipline and determination and self-belief. "The outer poise creates inner poise," one friend says. "It *takes* inside." Another friend says, "Condi believes in fate. People are where they are because they want to be."

Rice not only believes in herself; she believes in belief, as an all-conquering force. Doubt, ambiguity, and caution are just not part of the picture—if Rice ever experienced them, she has either put them somewhere out of view or completely willed them away. Though she came of age in the nineteen-sixties, she appears to have been untouched by the sixties culture: she isn't a sixties-penitent, like her boss the President; she is sixties-neutral. She never rebelled, she never stopped going to church, she never dressed down, she never took drugs. One friend described walking with Rice in the eighties through a minimally bohemian neighborhood in Washington, and having the sense that she was almost physically uncomfortable there, because it struck her as unacceptably disorderly. Another friend had one of those Murphy Brown conversations with Rice, in which highly accomplished single women who are approaching middle age muse about having a child solo. "Oh, my God! You'd do that?" Rice said, in amazement. "I was a little on the young end" to be affected by the sixties, Rice told me. "I remember it as a pretty chaotic period. I don't think I found all that much resonance with the politics of the sixties. I found it chaotic and self-indulgent"—those adjectives being, for Rice, very high on the list of terms of opprobrium.

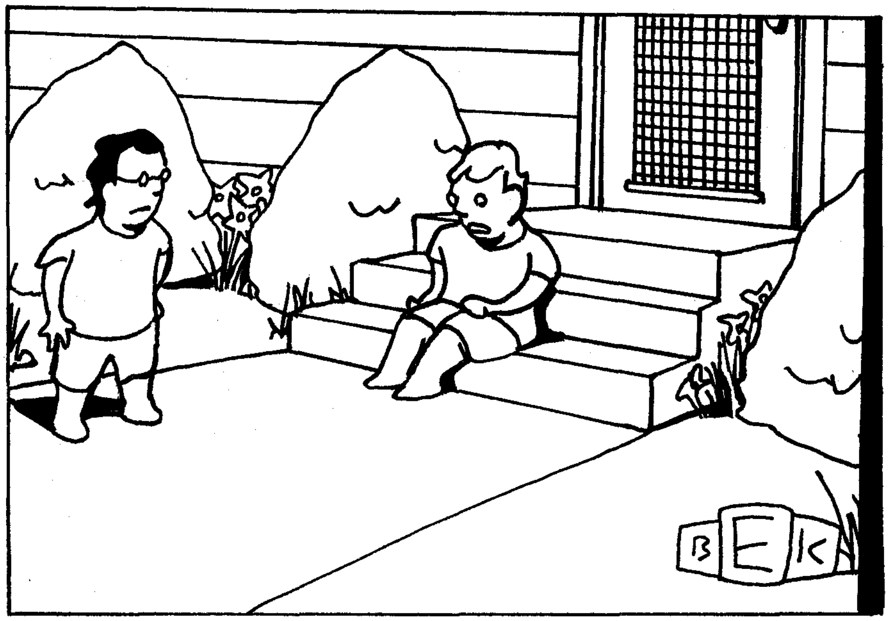
Rice believes so firmly that the individual (or, at least, the extraordinary individual, like herself) can triumph over imposed limitations that she is almost insulted by the idea that collective action and government intervention were essential to her own life. In Rice's rule book, you never, ever, complain personally about institutional racism or ask for things on explicitly racial grounds. One of Rice's former students, Kiron Skinner, when she was in graduate school at Harvard, came to Rice and said that she felt a distinct but unprovable chill in the professional air on account of her being black. "She told me to refocus my energy on getting my work done, and don't put energy into things I sensed but couldn't prove," Skinner said to me.

There are a couple of oft-told stories about Rice directly confronting racism. In one, she is an undergraduate at the University of Denver, and a professor approvingly cites William Shockley, the co-inventor of the transistor, who, in those days, was barnstorming the country making speeches about black people being genetically less intelligent than white people. "I raised my hand and said, 'You really should not be presenting this as fact because there's plenty of evidence to the contrary,' " Rice told Isabel Wilkerson in an interview for *Essence*. " 'Let me explain to you: I speak French, I play Bach, I'm better in your culture than you are.' " In another story, Rice is shopping for jewelry at the Stanford Shopping Center with an academic colleague and close friend named Coit (Chip) Blacker. The clerk pulls out the costume jewelry. She and Rice trade hostile remarks. Then, as Blacker told the story to Dale Russakoff, of the Washington *Post*, "Condi said, 'Let's get one thing straight. You're behind the counter because you have to work for six dollars an hour. I'm on this side asking to see the good jewelry because I make considerably more.' "

In both stories, what's noticeable is that Rice responds to an insult based on her membership in a group by angrily proclaiming her personal, individual superiority to the deliverer of the insult: she doesn't offer the counter-argument about black intelligence or say that the assumption that black people don't have money is a stereotype; she says that the slur on the race is disproved by her achievements. She competes with the deliverer of the insult one on one, and wins. Connie Rice, a second cousin of Rice's who became friends with her in adulthood, explains Rice's reluctance to advocate for the group this way: "It isn't so much a lack of empathy—it's that the synaptic connection is blocked. Think about what it took to grow up in 'Bombingham' and not let it affect your self-confidence. All the presumption of inferiority—you have to build a wall against that stuff. How do you come through that untouched? You have to create fortresses. I have five moats; she probably has twelve—formidable, titanium-level defenses. I think it does something to how you process negative information."

When Rice was eleven, her father began a career as a college administrator, and the family moved, first to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and then to Denver. When she was fifteen, she enrolled as a freshman at the University of Denver, where John Rice worked. During this period, Rice realized, at a music camp, that becoming a concert pianist was probably not within her grasp. In a coincidence as improbable as her having been a childhood acquaintance of the future wife of a future Secretary of State, in college she became a student and protégée of Josef Korbel, the Czech-refugee scholar whose daughter is Madeleine Albright, the former Secretary of State. Korbel's international-relations class, which Rice took in her junior year at Denver, was the pivot point in her life. In interviews, she invariably compares it—as she did with me—to falling in love. "It's hard to describe why you fall in love," she said, when I asked her if she could be more specific. "I remember the lecture that set off this light bulb. It's the lecture that every Soviet specialist gives about the policy swings in which Joseph Stalin engaged in the nineteen-twenties, first swinging right and isolating the left, then swinging left and isolating the right, and then swinging back right, and essentially now he had no competition whatsoever. And I just found this kind of byzantine politics absolutely fascinating. . . . It's always been that combination of power and morality that I've found particularly interesting."

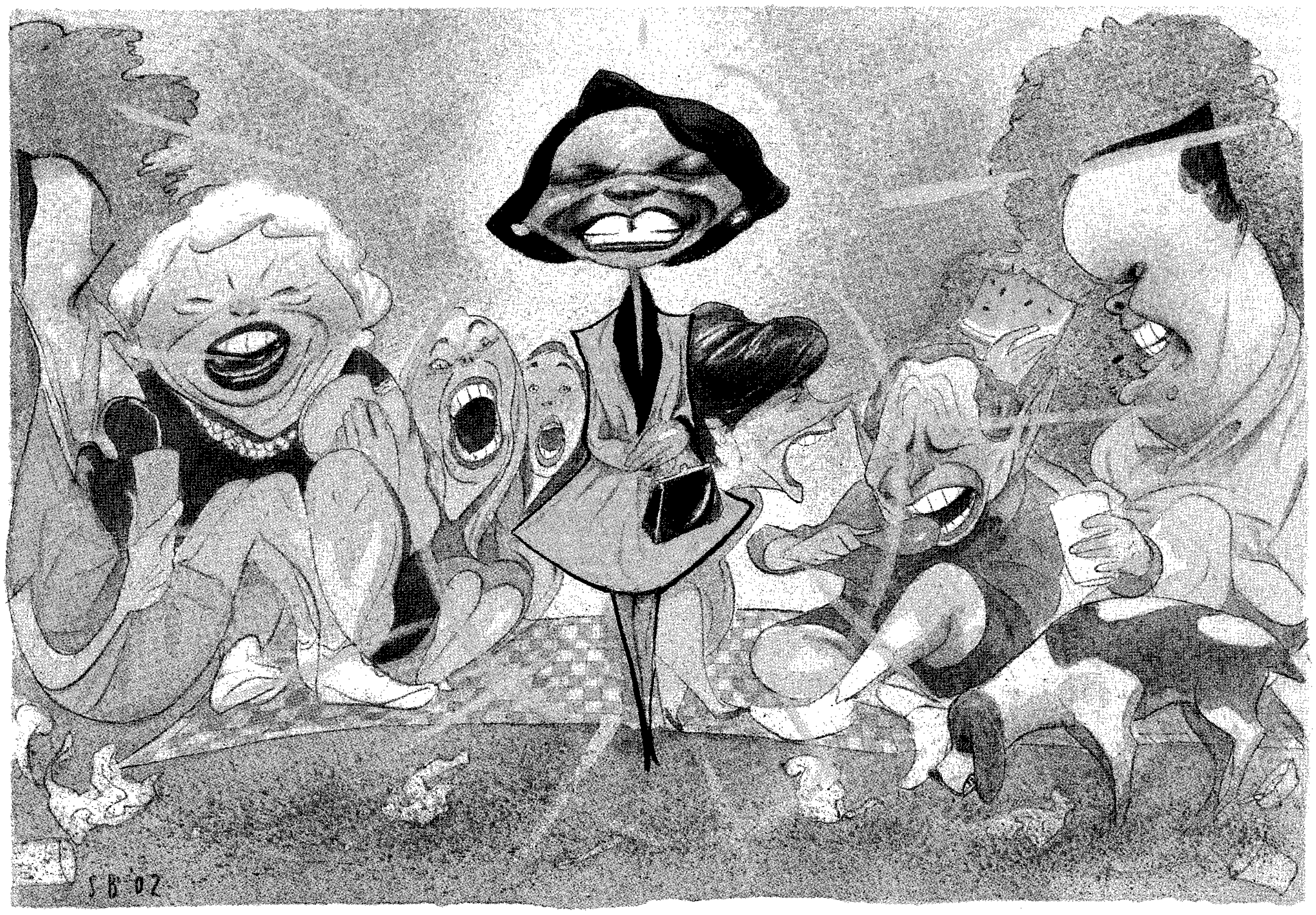
Rice graduated from the University of Denver in 1974, spent a year at Notre Dame (her first time away from home) getting a master's degree in government and international studies, and then returned to Denver not knowing quite what she'd do. "I thought I had a job as executive assistant to a vice-president of Honeywell," she said. "Before I could go to work, they reorganized, and I lost the job. I taught piano. I applied to law school. One day, I was at the university, and Dr. Korbel said, 'Why don't you take some courses?' " So she became a graduate student in international studies. Rice's field is a small specialty in which the extra-academic ambition to maneuver oneself into position to perform actual statecraft is ever present. And within international relations she belonged, by virtue of her association with Korbel, to what might be called the "captive nations" crowd, dominated by Eastern European refugees who disapproved of the Soviet Union more intensely than one was supposed to in that heyday of détente. Her dissertation, on party-military relations in Czechoslovakia, concluded that the quasi-independence of the Czech Communist Party was misleading, because the country was still being tightly



"They're trying to figure out whether it's a chemical thing or I'm just a crybaby."

controlled by Moscow, through the mechanism of the Warsaw Pact.

Rice made it to the academic big time, provisionally, in 1981, when she was awarded a fellowship at Stanford's Center for International Security and Arms Control. For an élite-university graduate student in international relations, she was almost wildly atypical. Her application was an impeccably neat handwritten letter on stationery with "Condoleezza Rice" embossed in gold across the top. The center had never admitted female fellows before, let alone a black female fellow. It had never accepted anyone from the University of Denver (as opposed to a more élite graduate program) before, either. Members of the captive-nations crowd were another rarity. The Center for International Security and Arms Control had been created, as its name implies, on the principle that arms-control agreements with the Soviets were a great and glorious thing. (Times have changed: the center's name no longer contains the words "and Arms Control.")



During the first Bush Administration, Rice, who was then a mid-level aide, became personally close to the President's family.

Unlike most Stanford graduate students in the social sciences, Rice was not cynical, or self-deprecating, or ironic. She plowed directly through her dissertation, rather than agonizing and fiddling for years. She gave the impression of an engaging rube, someone to be ever so gently patronized. A former Stanford administrator told me that people thought of her as somebody who had real potential—to become, maybe, after a little polishing up in Palo Alto, president of a historically black college.

"I've watched it over and over again—the sequential underestimation of Condi," says Janne Nolan, who was a fellow at Stanford with Rice and is still a close friend. "It just gets worse and worse. She's always thought of as underqualified and in over her head, and she always kicks everyone's butt." Within a year of arriving at Stanford, Rice was made an assistant professor in the political-science department. In 1987, she became a tenured professor. By that time, she was well known in the policy side, as opposed to the purely academic side, of international relations, thanks substantially to the sponsorship of Brent Scowcroft—though her reputation was as a technical specialist on the Soviet military. It was Rice's good luck that Scowcroft appointed her to the National Security Council staff in 1989, just in time for the unravelling of the Warsaw Pact and the dismantling of the Berlin Wall. She was closely involved in the American response to these events, and that enlarged her professional status.

By her mid-thirties, Rice had gone farther in academe, and also farther in government, than anybody in her cohort in international relations. Her achievements in the academic and policy realms, though, do not capture the full dimensions of the Rice phenomenon. In 1990, Pete Wilson, a United States senator from California, ran successfully for governor, which meant that he had to appoint someone to serve out the remainder of his Senate term. According to Brent Scowcroft, President Bush suggested that Wilson give the Senate seat to Rice—a thirty-five-year-old second-tier White House staff member with no political experience. Wilson told me he doesn't remember hearing from Bush, but he does remember that Rice was on his short list for the job and that he spoke to her about it. (Rice's name has also been mentioned in connection with other California political positions. She has said that she's not interested in running for office.) After she returned from Washington to Stanford, Rice acquired another important patron in George Shultz, and that led to her being appointed to the board of directors of Chevron (which led, in turn, to appointments to the boards of Charles Schwab and Transamerica). Shultz also encouraged Rice to join dignitary-style missions to the Middle East and other parts of the world which she hadn't studied in graduate school. She was becoming the sort of person whose life is scheduled, weeks in advance, in twenty-minute blocks. In 1993, Gerhard Casper appointed Rice—age thirty-eight, with no experience in academic administration—to the No. 2 position at Stanford.

"That was the toughest job I ever had," Rice told me, nearly a year into being a wartime national-security adviser. In 1989, Stanford ran its first budget deficit in more than a decade, and in the early nineties a mid-level federal employee, an auditor at the Office of Naval Research, accused the university of cheating the government in its accounting of how it spent federal grant money. His lone, determined enmity was enough to precipitate a crisis at the powerful institution. There were congressional hearings, investigations, lawsuits, and lots of bad publicity. In addition, the university was acquiring a reputation, at least in the conservative press, as the epicenter of political correctness: it was the place where Jesse Jackson had joined student demonstrators who were chanting, "Hey, hey, ho, ho, Western culture's got to go."

Rice was taking what most people would regard as a miserably unpleasant job. Her appointment, like her previous appointments, was considered a milestone, marking another step in the progress of women and minorities, and Rice herself, rightly or wrongly, was thought to be the classic beneficiary of affirmative action, having had her initial fellowship paid for with university funds reserved for minority faculty, and having had her professorship in the political-science department created for her, without the customary national-search process. The provostship was another example. In selecting Rice, Casper told me, "It would be disingenuous for me to say that the fact that she was a woman, the fact that she was black, and the fact that she was young weren't in my mind. They were." But it's one thing to be a first if you can then bestow favors on your group, like Thurgood Marshall on the Supreme Court, and another if you're expected to cast a skeptical eye on your group's requests, as Rice was. Some women and minorities at Stanford regarded Rice's appointment as a sign that they'd now have a friend in the provost's office.

But Rice, in doing a job that required saying no to lots of people at the university (she cut tens of millions of dollars from the budget), often said no to women and minorities, or at least to their organizations. She put minority-student groups on a budget, laid off Stanford's highest-ranking Chicana administrator, and so often failed to fulfill female professors' hopes that she'd take their side in salary and tenure disputes that, toward the end of her provostship, the United States Department of Labor began an investigation into bias against women and minorities at Stanford, in response to complaints by a number of women who blamed Rice's decision-making for their professional setbacks. Rice's decisions generated several demonstrations on the Stanford campus. Once, at a meeting of the faculty senate, a political-science professor named Susan Okin read out loud a letter of Rice's, for the purpose of disagreeing with it, and Rice, according to Okin, brusquely replied, "Those are not my words." Okin continued, "Nobody stood up for me. That's Condi's power. She was completely commanding. People behaved as though they were helpless. That shook me."

Rice, rather than agonize over her role as Stanford's bad cop, gave the appearance of being completely untroubled by it—indeed, her almost automatic reaction to having to do things that were messy was to do them with particular assurance and dispatch. She was not one to build consensus, soften blows, or deliberate. "I told people, 'I don't do committees,' " she said to me. "I figure if everybody's happy then you're not doing your job." Casper said, "She was very aggressive in going to a balanced budget. We really cut vigorously. We were relentless. Some would say we went too far. Condi was very clear about where she stood. She occasionally would lose her patience with criticisms that were missing the point, and some people don't care for that. There came a moment in meetings when she felt the topic had been exhausted. She would say so, and people felt they had been cut off."

It wasn't that Rice was confrontational as a first resort but that the prospect of a confrontation seemed to trouble her less than it does most people. "She's very charming, very gracious, but she can really come down on you hard when she has to," her friend Kiron Skinner says. "I have seen her be very, very tough on people; they have to back down." After Rice laid off Cecilia Burciaga, the Chicana dean, a group of students held a public hunger strike on the campus. A friend of Rice's asked her if that bothered her. "I'm not hungry. I'm not the one who's not eating," Rice said. Rice's friend Chip Blacker told me that after Rice was no longer provost, "She said to me, 'Maybe I was too much of a hard-ass. Maybe if I had it to do over, I'd be a little gentler.' "

Openly acknowledging the complexity of a situation seems to make Rice uncomfortable, as if it represented a weakening of discipline and assurance and control, the absolute essentials. Friends repeatedly mentioned her extraordinary disinclination to show vulnerability. Blacker told me that when her mother died, in 1985—it was a devastating loss to Rice—"She called me at about twelve-thirty in the morning and asked if I could come over and stay with her a while. She was pretty broken up. I stayed there overnight, and at seven I drove her to the airport. She was totally composed. I asked her how she could be. She said, 'It's because I honestly believe I will see my mother in heaven.' " Rice's father, a big, imposing man whom Rice obviously loved without reservation, had moved to Palo Alto after his wife's death, to be near his daughter. John Wesley Rice died in December, 2000; at his funeral, Rice greeted every guest with flawless composure, sang hymns from the stage, and didn't shed a tear.

When Rice arrived at Stanford, she was nominally a Democrat. She now usually says that what caused her to switch parties was President Jimmy Carter's remark, in 1980, that he was shocked by the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan. Rice, an attentive student of Josef Korbel's, was shocked that anybody would be shocked by that. She says that she changed her party registration in 1982. Nonetheless, in 1984, she informally advised Gary Hart in his campaign for the Democratic Presidential nomination. By 1988, when Korbel's daughter, Madeleine Albright, offered Rice a job on Michael Dukakis's campaign, she declined, because she'd become a Republican. When Rice returned to Stanford from her two years in the first Bush White House, in 1991, her friends noticed that she had become more conservative and more staunchly Republican. Although she remained a member of the political-science department, she began spending more of her professional time at the Hoover Institution.

True-blue Republican foreign-policy conservatives still didn't think of Rice as one of them, though. In that world, it's fine, even honorable, to be a converted Democrat, but you're supposed to have converted earlier than Rice did—early enough so that you wouldn't have helped someone who wanted to unseat Ronald Reagan. Hoover in the early nineties was a redoubt of former Reagan Administration officials, and George H. W. Bush was regarded the way Al Gore is among many Clinton Administration officials today, as somebody who had lost a winnable Presidential race by failing to inspire the voters; but Rice, an absolutist about loyalty, never assented even to casual conversational criticism of Bush. Another reason conservatives disliked Bush was that he seemed to believe in the Eastern-establishment tradition of a bipartisan, consensual, nonideological, business-friendly foreign policy. Rice seemed to believe in it, too. Another of her influential friends was Strobe Talbott, who directed Russian policy in the Clinton Administration. Just before Clinton took office, Talbott took him aside at Renaissance Weekend, in Hilton Head, South Carolina, and suggested that he appoint Rice Ambassador to Moscow. A few months later, Talbott brought Rice to the White House as one of a group of Russia experts who briefed Clinton before a summit meeting, and word got back to Stanford that she had made a special effort to charm Clinton in the meeting.

The conservatives had a specific complaint against Rice, too. During her first tour of duty at the National Security Council, the Soviet bloc was coming apart. Inside the Soviet Union, Boris Yeltsin, the nation's first high-ranking elected official and an ex-Communist, was well into his rise—but Mikhail Gorbachev, a reformer who remained a Communist, was still the Soviet head of state. President Bush and Brent Scowcroft were deeply committed to continuing to work with Gorbachev rather than supporting Yeltsin in the hope of hastening the demise of the Soviet empire; they didn't foresee a demise. In August of 1991, Bush travelled to the Soviet Union and made what conservatives derisively call his "Chicken Kiev" speech (after the city in Ukraine where he delivered it), in which he declared, "We will maintain the strongest possible relationship with the Soviet government of President Gorbachev." Within the Administration was a group of Yeltsin supporters whose members included most of the top foreign-policy conservatives in the current Bush Administration, among them, Vice-President Cheney; Paul Wolfowitz, the Deputy Secretary of Defense; and Lewis Libby, Cheney's chief of staff. The argument between the two groups was about whether the United States should promote regime change and democracy abroad—and it's an argument that's still going on regarding other places.

There is a famous anecdote about a 1989 visit to the first Bush White House by Yeltsin, which Rice, as the N.S.C. staff member for Russia, was in charge of. According to Rice, it had been arranged that Yeltsin would meet with her and Scowcroft, and the President would drop in and shake Yeltsin's hand. With Gorbachev still in power, Bush didn't want to give Yeltsin the encouraging signal of an Oval Office meeting. When Yeltsin's limo pulled up at the entrance to the West Wing, he threw a fit, because he thought the front door of the White House itself, which is used only for social occasions, was the real entrance, and he was being taken in the service entrance. Once he was coaxed inside, he threw another fit, because he was meeting merely with Scowcroft. He demanded to be taken to see Bush. "He made a scene," Rice says. You never make a scene on a visit to the West Wing. "I said, 'You might as well go back to your hotel.' He struck me as mercurial and difficult." She went on to praise Yeltsin as a courageous and historic figure, but, if you're dealing with Condoleezza Rice and you're messy and undisciplined, you've got two strikes against you right away.

Gorbachev, on the other hand, was the kind of masterly, sophisticated figure whom Rice most admires—a real statesman. Once, while he was still head of state, Gorbachev paid a visit to Stanford and was shepherded around the campus by Rice. They kept up a connection after the fall of the Soviet Union, in December of 1991, and his resulting

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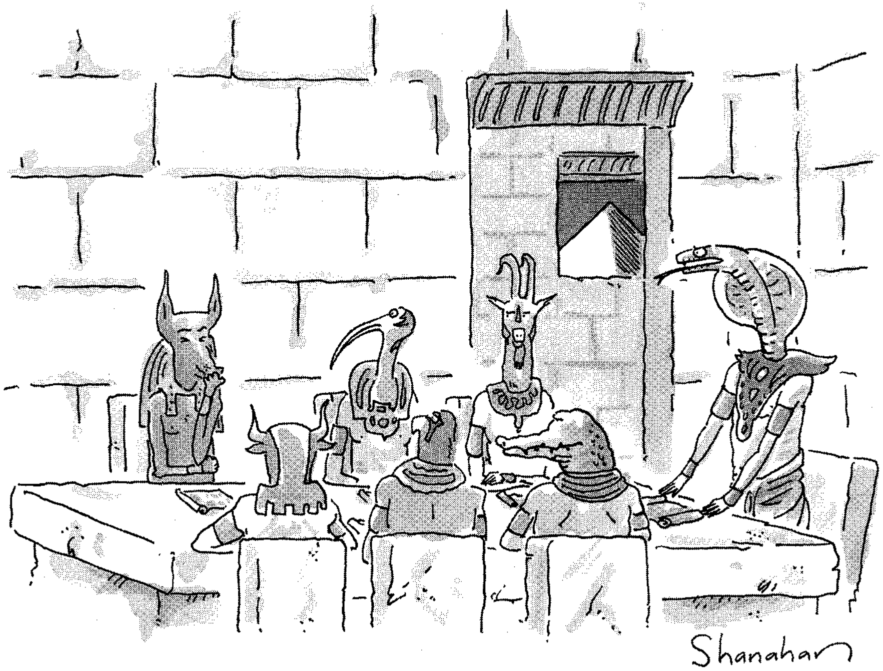
loss of power; Rice visited him in Russia and tried to persuade him to donate his papers to the Hoover Institution. Because Rice was out of government for the whole period when Yeltsin was the Russian head of state, the question of whether she could have repaired relations with him if it had been a necessity never had to be resolved. Substantively, Rice has a strong case to make for having bet on Gorbachev rather than on Yeltsin: Gorbachev was in a position to deliver on the withdrawal of Warsaw Pact troops from East Germany while Germany reunited as a full member of NATO; after the fall of the Soviet Union, that would have been much more difficult to achieve. Rice, in any case, has never been one to depart from the policy course set by her superiors, and supporting Gorbachev was consistent with her over-all view of international relations, in which statecraft between great powers—skillful and unsentimental, in pursuit of national interest rather than moralism or reform—is the essence of diplomacy. Academic friends who saw her in those days would say that what mattered most was the palpable, pervasive rot in the Soviet system, not that Gorbachev was a great leader; Rice, in the time-honored manner of the academic turned government official, would say, If you could see the intelligence I see, you'd understand that I'm right.



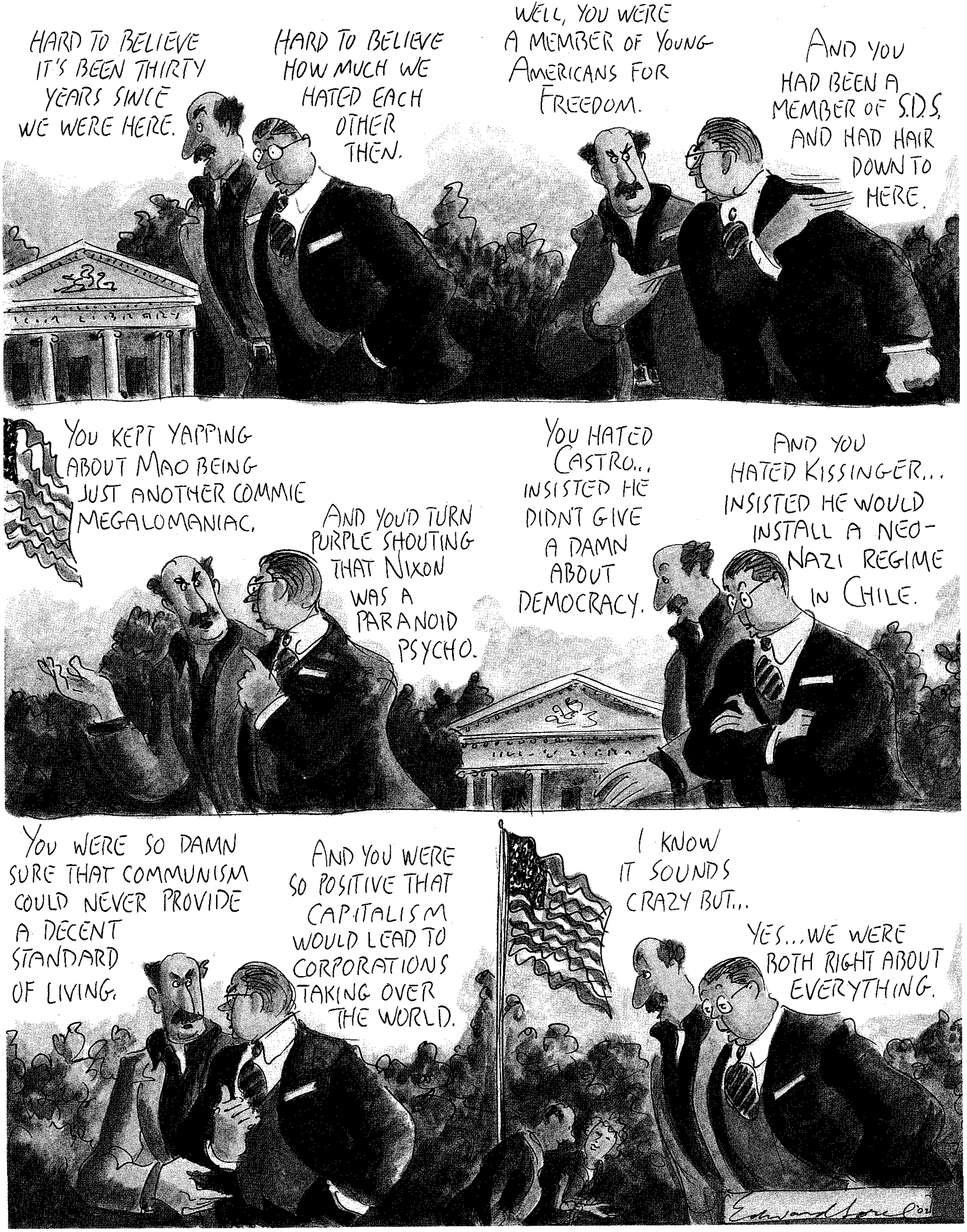
"Anubith? You find thomething humorouth?"

By the time she stepped down as provost and began working for George W. Bush's Presidential campaign, Rice had become much more politically Republican and was actively hostile and dismissive toward the Democrats. She had moved far beyond a conventional academic career anyway, so perhaps it was natural that she would begin to adopt the norms of the political world. Her attitude toward Clinton turned contemptuous—which isn't surprising, because in every possible way he's not her type—and her chummy relationship with Strobe Talbott cooled, then faded away entirely. (Bush, a Yale classmate and distant relation through marriage of Talbott's, has reportedly been nurturing a special dislike for him for three and a half decades.) In January of 2000, Rice published an article in *Foreign Affairs* which was considered a blueprint for the prospective Bush Administration's foreign policy, and which she had produced, with her customary uncontemplative assurance, in just two days. It was unusually blistering in its treatment of the Clinton Administration, given her previous strong ties to Talbott and Albright and the polite tone in which the foreign-policy establishment usually conducts its business. In late December, a time when officials of an incoming Administration typically strike a bipartisan note, she published an op-ed piece in the Chicago *Tribune* saying that Clinton's Russian policy, which consisted substantially of "happy talk," had "quite simply failed."

If Rice's tone had noticeably hardened, in substance her critique of the Clinton Administration was consistent with the position she had taken during her time in the first Bush White House. Her *Foreign Affairs* article was called "Promoting the National Interest." It was impatient with Clinton's preoccupation with morally motivated "nation-building" in second-order-of-magnitude countries like Haiti, Somalia, Kosovo, and Bosnia, and it proposed a renewed focus on tough-minded bargaining among the great powers. This was not the position of the new Administration's hawks, the people who had been on the other side of the Yeltsin-Gorbachev dispute from Rice ten years earlier; they think of themselves as moralists and world-remakers. In at least the outer, nongovernmental reaches of the hawk camp, in the early days of the Administration one regularly heard Rice disparaged: she was too close to Colin Powell; she was not a first-rank geopolitical thinker, like her predecessors Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski, but merely a super-briefer; she was an "over-promoted staffer." (Rice's job in the first Bush Administration was thought to be one rung too low to warrant a direct leap to national-security adviser.) There was considerable snickering among the hawks when Bush, after his first meeting with President Vladimir Putin in Russia, during the summer of 2001, said, "I looked the man in the eye. . . . I was able to get a sense of his soul," because it appeared that Rice, the chief manager and promoter of the Bush-Putin relationship, after having criticized Clinton for over-investing in a personal relationship with a Russian leader—in the 2000 campaign, she had called for a policy of "quarantine and containment" toward Russia—was now arranging for Bush to do the same thing. (As in the case of Bush's father and Gorbachev, Rice, if she engaged in internal debate publicly, would have a good comeback: the relationship with Putin led to the achieve-

SKETCHBOOK BY EDWARD SOREL

CLASS REUNION


HARD TO BELIEVE IT'S BEEN THIRTY YEARS SINCE WE WERE HERE.
HARD TO BELIEVE HOW MUCH WE HATED EACH OTHER THEN.
WELL, YOU WERE A MEMBER OF YOUNG AMERICANS FOR FREEDOM.
AND YOU HAD BEEN A MEMBER OF S.D.S. AND HAD HAIR DOWN TO HERE.
YOU KEPT YAPPING ABOUT MAO BEING JUST ANOTHER COMMIE MEGALOMANIAC.
AND YOU'D TURN PURPLE SHOUTING THAT NIXON WAS A PARANOID PSYCHO.
YOU HATED CASTRO... INSISTED HE DIDN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT DEMOCRACY.
AND YOU HATED KISSINGER... INSISTED HE WOULD INSTALL A NEO-NAZI REGIME IN CHILE.
YOU WERE SO DAMN SURE THAT COMMUNISM COULD NEVER PROVIDE A DECENT STANDARD OF LIVING.
AND YOU WERE SO POSITIVE THAT CAPITALISM WOULD LEAD TO CORPORATIONS TAKING OVER THE WORLD.
I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT...
YES... WE WERE BOTH RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING.

ment of one of the hawks' longest-cherished dreams, the demise of the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty.)

But then Rice changed—rather abruptly, for somebody who has been thinking about foreign affairs professionally for twenty-five years. If her advice to the President on specific issues remains unknown, it is evident from what she says in broad, general terms that she has joined the moralists. These days, she often says that great-power rivalry—the basic theme of realist foreign policy and of her own writing when she was a Vulcan—is a thing of the past, because all the great powers now share the same interests (which are America's interests). She likes to compare the significance of the present foreign-policy moment to that of the period just after the end of the Second World War, when American officials thought up the Marshall Plan and helped create NATO and the United Nations and the International Monetary Fund, and undertook the Cold War; she presents this as a time when the United States should do more than react adeptly to great events, as it did during the first Bush Administration, but affirmatively undertake to reshape the world.

Last month, Rice's office released a congressionally mandated document called the National Security Strategy, which begins by asserting that there is "a single sustainable model for national success"—America's—that is "right and true for every person, in every society." It hails the unprecedented power of the United States, declares the traditional doctrines of containment and deterrence to be bygones, and asserts that we will "be strong enough to dissuade potential adversaries from pursuing a military buildup in hopes of surpassing, or equalling, the power of the United States." America, it declares, "will not hesitate to act alone, if necessary, to exercise our right of self-defense by acting preemptively" via military action. The tone is strikingly different from that of Rice's *Foreign Affairs* article from early 2000, which treated the impulse to globalize American democracy as merely a sentimental distraction from great-power politics. "To be sure, there is nothing wrong with doing something that benefits all humanity, but that is, in a sense, a second-order effect," Rice wrote then. And: "It is simply not possible to ignore and isolate other powerful states that do not share [American] values." And: "This overly broad definition of America's national interest is bound to backfire as others arrogate the same authority to themselves."

The National Security Strategy, as with many government reports, reads like something stitched together from the contributions of many people. The master concepts are all moralist, but among them are flashes of the old Rice. There is a section on American relations with Russia, China, and India which envisions them as the key actors in a great-power scheme, and another drawing attention to the importance of a favorite program of Rice's, the New Millennium Challenge Account, which increases American foreign aid but imposes behavioral standards on the governments that receive it. (Rice is often drawn to a conservative means of achieving a liberal goal.) There is even a sentence, deep within the report, that endorses the heretical (from the conservative point of view) idea that auto emissions cause global warming. Still, the master concepts matter a lot—they're more than just slogans. In the short run, they point to a definite, dramatic course of action: a war against Iraq. (In *Foreign Affairs*, Rice called somewhat dutifully for the removal of Saddam Hussein from power, but imagined helping organize an internal opposition to him as the maximum possible American action in pursuit of that goal.) In the long run, the concepts suggest—well, it's not clear exactly what they suggest. The United States will promote democracy, but in which countries, and how? It will relegate certain countries to the rogue-nation category, but which ones, and with what consequences? It will wage preëmptive war, but when and where? What this vagueness surely means is that, after the invasion of Iraq, within the Administration the familiar foreign-policy arguments about other countries are bound to resume.

A few days after the release of the National Security Strategy, I went to see Rice for a final interview. I asked her to walk me through the definitions and applications of these ideas of democracy, rogue nations, and preëmptive war. Rogue nations, she said, are those which support terrorism, disregard international agreements they have signed, and are not democratic. (She didn't mention a fourth criterion listed in the National Security Strategy, which sounded to me like a sentence most likely to have been contributed by the President himself: that they "reject basic human values and hate the United States and everything for which it stands.") "Not every rogue nation is subject to the use of military force to deal with it," she said. "It depends on the circumstances."

I asked her how many rogue nations there are in the world. "It's probably best not to name them," she said. "Countries can change their behavior, I suppose," and remove themselves from the category. "But let me say that there are several. It's not three, as in the axis of evil, but it's not tens of, as well. You're not a rogue nation simply because the United States disagrees with your policies." Could there be a nation that fit the definition but that America would not try to change, because it wasn't a threat? "I don't think there's any place that you don't try to do *something*—there is a range of options—about it," she said. "I don't think you ever want to simply abandon the unhappy and unfortunate residents of a dictatorship to their fate."

We broached the subject of democracy and how far the United States would go to promote it. "We clearly have relationships with states that are not democracies, and we have long-standing friendships and alliances with states that are not democracies," Rice said. "But there's a very clear statement here that the wave of the future, the road to modernity, is through democracy—not defined as any particular system of government but defined as adherence to certain key foundational principles about the relationship between human beings and their government."

Hearing Rice speak about these new guiding principles of American foreign policy was more persuasive emotionally, because of the force of her personality, than it was intellectually. She seemed like a master debater who has been handed a challenging (because of its indefiniteness) argument to make—one that probably had not originated with her.

I asked her how Iraq had crossed the

threshold of preëmptive war. "It's a brutal regime," she said. "All right, so are many others. It's an *aggressively* brutal regime that has invaded its neighbors, in a region of the world in which the United States has vital interests and vital allies. Not too many in that category. It has perpetrated terrorist acts against our friends in ways that have also taken American life, like paying suicide bombers, like the ones who carried out the Hebrew University attack, killing five Americans. Iraq has tried to assassinate an American President—again, not too many people in that category. And Saddam has used weapons of mass destruction—nobody else in that category. And continues to acquire them at an incredibly rapid pace. We tried containment, and it's clearly broken down."

Is it important to the rationale for invasion to tie Iraq to Al Qaeda? "The tie to terrorism and Al Qaeda is important," Rice said. "It's important in two ways. First of all, there was 9/11, which reminds us not to let dangers gather. Second, Saddam's regime and Al Qaeda have been orbiting each other quite a lot. I mean that there have been contacts for quite a while. There are a number of serious Al Qaeda people who have found refuge in Iraq, and I don't mean the part of Iraq that is not governed by the Iraqi regime. And we have picked up from detainees, or from one particular detainee, evidence of their training Al Qaeda operatives in chemical-weapons activities."

I asked Rice why this is the moment to act. "People say, 'Well, maybe it's five years from now before he acquires a nuclear weapon,' " she said. "As a student of this business, I know that intelligence estimates almost always underestimate capabilities. They rarely overestimate capabilities, in terms of time lines. The Soviet Union was supposed to have created an atomic weapon by 1955; it was 1949. In 1991, we thought Iraq was years from the capability to enrich uranium and build nuclear weapons; it was a year from the capability to enrich uranium and build nuclear weapons. So time lines are always underestimated. That means that if we're wrong, and it's still years in the future, then maybe this is early. But, if those who say that it's five years in the future are wrong, then we're too late. And in this case you'd better be early, rather than late. It is also the case that you don't want to wait until he gets too good at it until you take this threat on."

ARRIVEDERCI KINGSPORT

It's all interstate anymore,
the sedge fields Ted Glynn and I
Would shoot doves on. Or underwater.
The Country Music Highway, out of the hollers and backwash
Of southeastern Kentucky, old U.S. 23,
Has carried the boys to a different demarcation,
Their voices like field mice in the twenty-first-century wind.

Goodbye to that stuff,
The late forties and early fifties and adolescence,
Dolores Urquiza and Clara Hall
—memory's music just out of tune—
Drifting in their seventh-grade frocks across the Civic Auditorium floor.
Goodbye to Sundays, and band practice,
the back seats of cars,
Goodbye to WKPT and everybody's song.

Jesus, it's all still a fist of mist
That keeps on cleaning my clock,
tick-tock, my youth, tick-tock, my youth,
Everything going away again and again toward the light.
Who will remember Christina Marsh and Bobby Step
now that I'm gone?
Who will remember the frog famine
Now that the nameless roads
have carried us all from town?

Midsummer in 1951,
the censer gone,
The call and response both gone, how far away is that?
A life unremarkable, but one which was remarked,
It turns out. Without consolation, it seemed,
adolescence,
The summer seeped to its end,
The sweet smoke of the past like bandages
on all our imagined wounds.

Rice usually explains her adoption of moralism by saying that September 11th has changed the way everybody thinks about the world. She is too tough-minded, and too cool a head, for this explanation to hold totally. One Stanford friend who had dinner with Rice in Washington a few months ago told me that she had asked Rice if she'd had trouble sleeping after September 11th. "The first night, yes," Rice had said. "But after that we put together a plan, and ever since then I've slept like a baby." It's also the case that within the Republican Party moralists and realists have been struggling against each other for a generation—Ronald Reagan's challenge to Gerald Ford for the Party's nomination in 1976 was built around an election plank called Morality in Foreign Policy—and the moralists have steadily gained the upper hand. Every prominent Republican has become more moralist, even Kissinger. That's how you stay in the game. In this Administration in particular, the moralists have been winning.

But the most obvious force push-

And once upon a time, in the long afternoons of autumn,
The boys and girls would lay them down
                                        in the bitter weeds
And watch the hidden meanderings
Of stars in their luminous disguise,
                                        that ill-invested blue.
Is there reprieve for this act?
Is there reprieve for such regard?
                                        Not in this life, and not in the next.

Well, yes, but beside the point.
And what is the point?
                                        The point is the drawn-out landfall
From Chestnut Ridge to Moccasin Gap.
The point is U.S. 11W disappearing
In front of us and behind our backs,
                                        the winter winds
And the clouds that dog our footsteps, out west and back east.

And so the dance continues,
Boots Duke and Jackie Imray,
                                        Bevo and Kay Churchill,
Jim Churchill and Nancy Sims,
Name after name dropping into the dark waters of day before
                                        yesterday,
Champe Bachelder and Karen Beall,
                                        Bill Ring and Sarah Lou,
Slow dance, the music coming up again.

Good night, sweetheart, well, it's time to go.
Ta-ta-ta-ta-tum, Good night, sweetheart, well, it's time to go,
                                        the soft-aired Tennessee night
Gathers its children in its cupped hands.
Time has its covenant, and who's to say that it is unjust.
We make our sad arrangements.
                                        The sky clears, the sun sets.
No matter the words, we never forget our own song.

—*Charles Wright*

ing Rice toward moralism is the difference between George H. W. Bush and George W. Bush. Bush the father was steeped in arms control, détente, international organizations, and balance of power. Bush the son's foreign-policy stance during the 2000 campaign can be seen as a marriage of the specific positions of the father (the Texas governor had no foreign-policy experience and was surrounded by his father's former advisers) with the temperament of the son. In office, as George W. Bush has had to make decisions about foreign policy, he has gravitated consistently toward moralism, grand ambition, and a broad, simple way of seeing the world. I asked Rice several times to describe the way her boss thinks. Here are a few of her responses:

"He's very intuitive and insightful. He works from a framework, and then we work through the details. But he's intuitive in a way that I find very comfortable."

"He is somebody who very efficiently goes to the essence of a question. He least likes me to say, 'This is complex.' "

"I know that the President is always going to ask first what is the principled thing to do or the right thing to do."

On this subject above all others, Rice is extremely careful, but it is striking that if one tries to use any of those sentences as a description of George H.W. Bush, or Scowcroft, or Shultz, it doesn't seem to work. In stressing intuition over intellect, right and wrong over strategic considerations, and simplicity over detail, Rice really is communicating something about the President.

For Rice—who has never married, has no siblings, and was orphaned just a few weeks before assuming her post—Bush and the job represent a very large part of her life, even by upper-level White House staff standards. She has a close circle of old friends and relatives, but most of them live down South or in California. She isn't on the Washington social circuit. Home is a sparsely furnished apartment in the Watergate complex. Entertaining means ordering takeout. Her primary off-hours companions seem to be George and Laura Bush.

National-security advisers come in a variety of flavors. Rice, because she has an academic background, would seem to belong to the category of master strategists, like Kissinger and Brzezinski, who, at least in the cartoon version, cast a Svengali-like spell over the mind of the President. Rice is not a master strategist, though, and most of her predecessors haven't been, either. Several—Scowcroft, the younger Colin Powell, John Poindexter—have been career military officers. Clinton's first national-security adviser, Anthony Lake, was a former foreign-service officer, and his second, Samuel R. Berger, was a corporate lawyer. In her background, Rice perhaps most closely resembles McGeorge Bundy, of the Kennedy Administration, who was the first non-invisible national-security adviser: he was a young prodigy, and a protégé of various establishment figures, in international relations, and he came to the White House from a position at Harvard that was similar to Rice's at Stanford, and held at a similarly early age. What most distinguishes Rice from her predecessors is her visibility and her talent in selling the Administration's foreign-

"My favorite part of being a stay-at-home mom is when they're at school."

policy program, and her closeness to the President. Rather than her simply guiding him through the unfamiliar world abroad, it looks as if something more complicated and interesting were going on: he's actually influencing her, and she seems to be performing for him the immensely useful service of transforming shorthand impulses into developed, stated policy. When you hear Rice speaking, that's what Bush would sound like if he were as articulate as Rice is.

Though Rice and Bush would appear to be an unlikely pair, the common ground between them encompasses religious faith and football fandom and a sardonic sense of humor; more broadly, an outsider-inside-the-establishment feeling and a tendency to see life in terms of good guys and bad guys; even more broadly, a complete absence of self-doubt. Bush, born into circumstances in which virtually nothing was impossible, and Rice, born into circumstances in which believing, against all evidence, that nothing was impossible must have seemed like the best revenge, have wound up with the equation of caution and weakness as a shared conviction. Rice and Bush seem to reinforce, rather than challenge or balance, each other.

Rice owns a first edition of "War and Peace," and she has read the novel twice, in Russian. I asked her what she thinks of Tolstoy's view of history as an ungovernable force and of high officials as self-deluded. "I factor it out and enjoy the book," she said. "You have to understand, it's also a kind of prized accomplishment. I actually read 'War and Peace' in the Russian. It's more the artistic side of me than the political-historical side that loves 'War and Peace.' It's really quite beautiful. And, no, I don't think that he was a particularly astute political commentator. It is a particularly nineteenth-century Russian tradition, this cynicism about government and about governmental figures . . . that I don't associate with in terms of modern-day politics."

A story that Rice often tells, and which she told in a speech at the last Republican Convention, involves her paternal grandfather. "He was a poor farmer's son in rural Alabama, but he recognized the importance of education," she said. "Around 1918, he decided it was time to get book learning, so he asked, in the language of the day, where a colored man could go to college. He was told about little Stillman College, a school about fifty miles away. So Granddaddy saved his cotton for tuition and went off to Tuscaloosa. After the first year, he ran out of cotton and needed a way to pay for college. Praise be—God gave him one. Grandfather asked how the other boys were staying in school. 'They have what's called a scholarship,' he was told, 'and if you wanted to be a Presbyterian minister, then you could have one, too.' Granddaddy Rice said, 'That's just what I had in mind.' And my family has been Presbyterian and college-educated ever since. This is not just my grandfather's story—it is an American story."

On the surface, the story is about the value of taking an opportunity when it's presented, but look a little closer and you'll see that it also reveals a proud Rice-family ethic in changing something as fundamental as your religious affiliation if the result will be a chance to do more in the world. Rice's foreign-policy conversion fits that standard. Bush's instincts were inherently moralist, but if anybody brought them to the surface in foreign policy it was more likely Vice-President Cheney, who was already a moralist, than Rice, who wasn't. But moralism, in addition to being the President's emerging preference, is a good fit with Rice's expansive view of life's possibilities. It offers a much broader mandate to reshape the world than the old balance-of-power theology. It's quite a heady position that Rice and Bush are in right now.

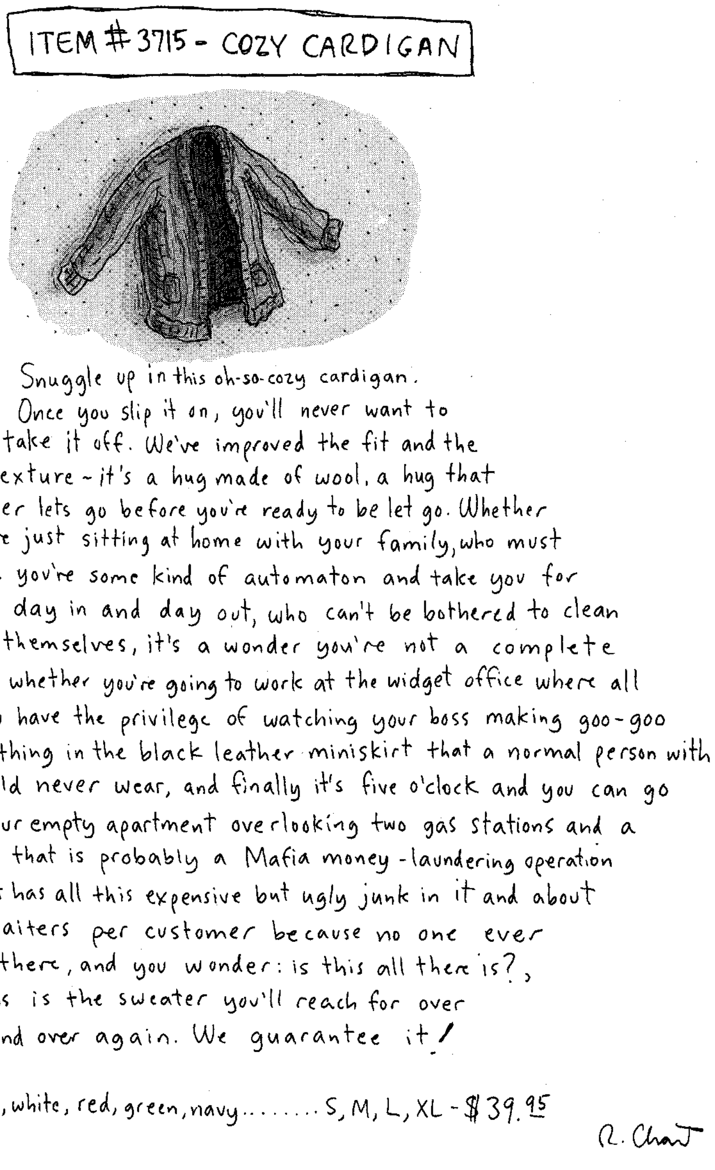
Last summer, when I went to Stanford to interview people who know Rice, the place was alive with the rumor that in 2004 Vice-President Cheney is going to retire and Bush will nominate Rice as his replacement. "It's a possibility, I think," Gerhard Casper said. "It's just so sweet," Chip Blacker said. "George H. W. Bush will talk to George W. Bush, and tell him this is his chance to make history." Of course, if Rice were elected Vice-President in 2004, she would automatically become the front-runner for the Republican Presidential nomination in 2008.

At the end of July, a curious front-page story appeared in *USA Today*, under the headline "CHENEY IS POWER HITTER IN WHITE HOUSE LINEUP." It quoted "administration officials and outside experts" making various competitive and dismissive remarks about Rice and the N.S.C. staff. Then, on August 7th, Cheney said, during a public appearance on Rice's home turf—the Commonwealth Club in San Francisco, whose C.E.O., Gloria Duffy, is an old friend of Rice's—"If the President's willing and if my wife approves and if the doctors say it's O.K., then I'd be happy to serve a second term" as Vice-President. One gets the sense from this that, unlike past national-security advisers who have competed publicly with the Secretary of State, the internal competition Rice is engaged in, more privately, is for rather higher stakes. I asked her about the possibility of her becoming Vice-President, and she said, genially but firmly drawing the subject to a close, "We have one." Meanwhile, among Bush, Cheney, and Rice, there is no evident argument about America's taking on as ambitious and forceful a role as possible in the world.

In one of our interviews, I asked Rice if, when she was teaching international relations, there was a thinker on American foreign policy she had particularly admired. She said that she'd been a big fan of Hans Morgenthau. In 1951, Morgenthau published a short book called "In Defense of the National Interest: A Critical Examination of American Foreign Policy." It makes an impassioned case against moralism in foreign policy—which to the contemporary ear may sound contradictory. Morgenthau was writing at a moment when it was plausible to conclude that moralism had led to almost unimaginable slaughter and destruction: the Nazis were moralists in their way, and so were the Communists, and so were the American and European believers in peace and disarmament who had failed to stand up to them. Morgenthau gives the impression of a man who is working very hard to transform his own horror and rage into an intellectual discipline about the proper use of power, who absolutely refuses to yield to the standard emotional responses to totalitarianism and war, because they won't solve the problem. The fit with Rice is pretty obvious. He ends the book with a strange quasi-poem, called "Forget and Remember!," parts of which feel almost eerily applicable fifty years later:

> FORGET the sentimental notion that foreign policy is a struggle between virtue and vice, with virtue bound to win.
>
> FORGET the utopian notion that a brave new world without power politics will follow the unconditional surrender of wicked nations.
>
> FORGET the crusading notion that any nation, however virtuous and powerful, can have the mission to make the world over in its own image.
>
> REMEMBER that diplomacy without power is feeble, and power without diplomacy is destructive and blind.
>
> REMEMBER that no nation's power is without limits, and hence that its policies must respect the power and interests of others.

I ended our last interview by asking Rice what she thinks is the proper role of caution in statecraft. The answer she gave, delivered with her usual calm and total assurance, was a sign—one of many—of how far behind, as an exerciser of power, she has left her Morgenthau days. "It's important in statecraft to always be aware of the downside of action, and to try to mitigate any downsides that might come into being," she said. "Everyone understands that there are unanticipated consequences. But I think if you go through history you can make a very strong argument that it was not acting, or acting too late, that has had the greatest consequences for international politics—not the other way around. We all live with the spectre of World War Two, and we all live with the fact that the great democracies were not able to muster the will to act even when the handwriting was pretty clear on the wall that Adolf Hitler was unstoppable except by force." ♦



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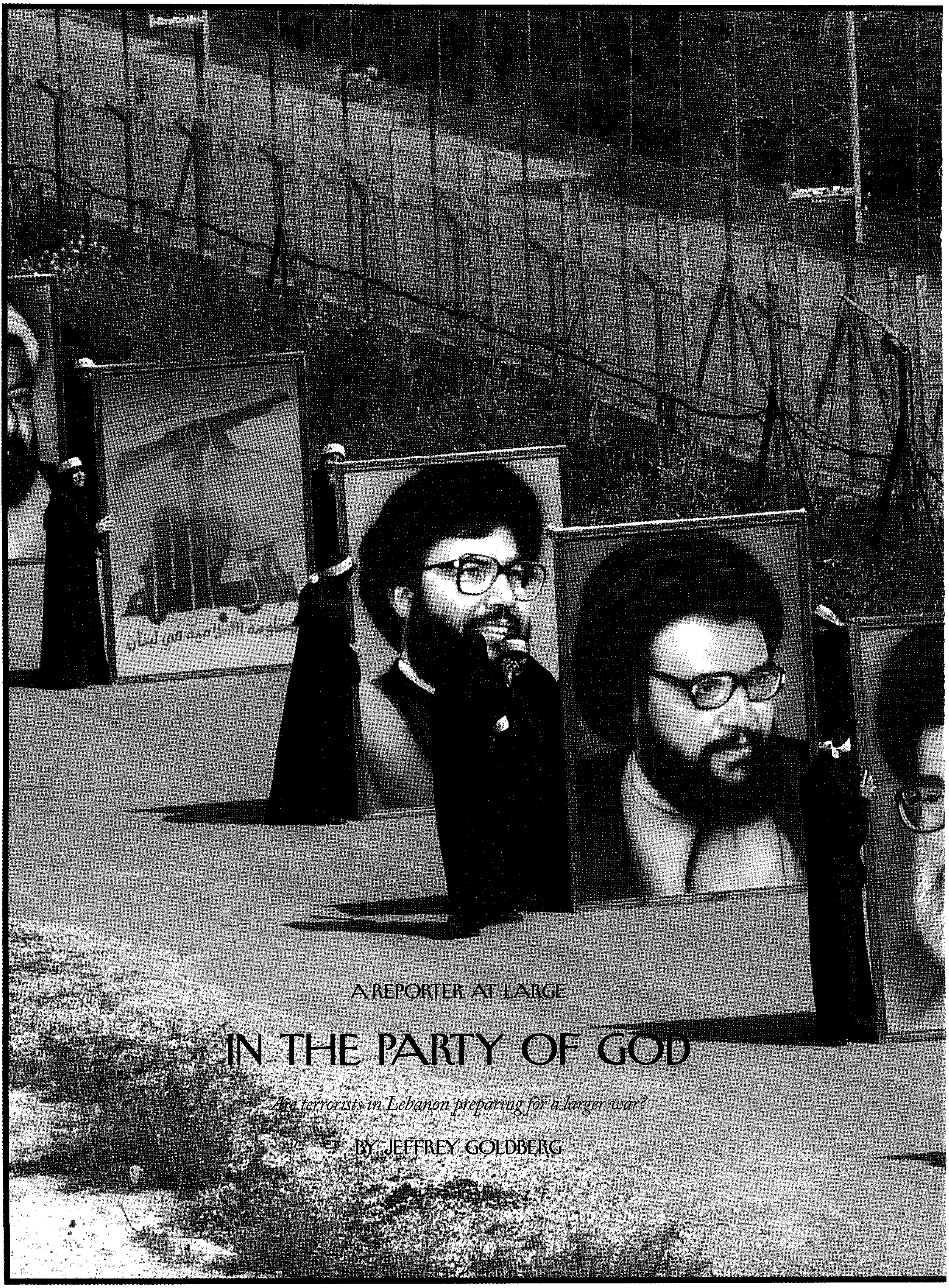

المقاومة الإسلامية في لبنان

A REPORTER AT LARGE

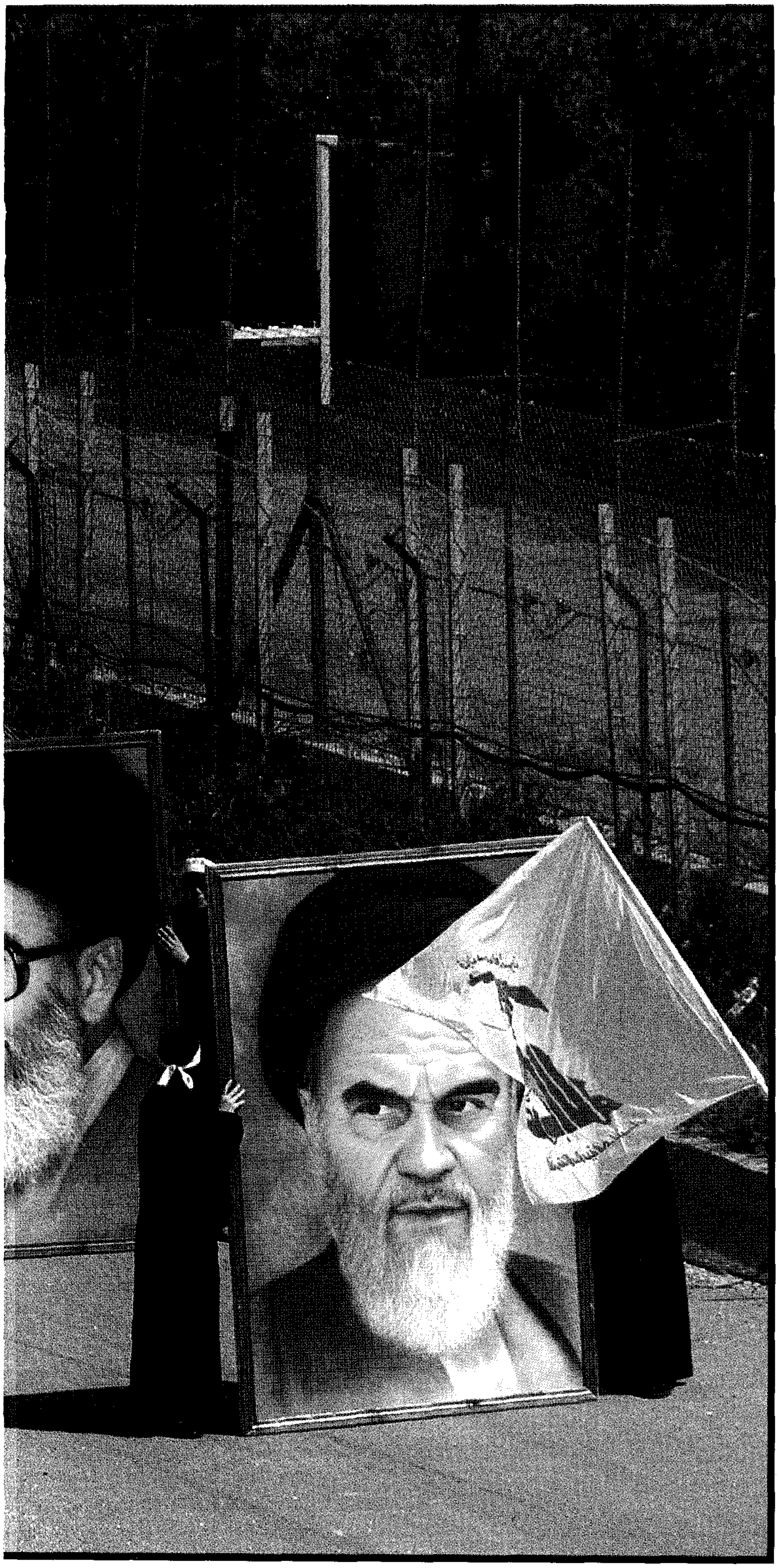
IN THE PARTY OF GOD

Are terrorists in Lebanon preparing for a larger war?

BY JEFFREY GOLDBERG

JAMES HILL/GETTY/LAIF

Women at the Fatima Gate, on the border between Lebanon and Israel, carrying the Hezbollah flag and portraits (from left) of Hassa



Jasrallah, Abbas al-Mussawi, Ayatollah Khamenei, and Ayatollah Khomeini.

I—THE MEETING

The village of Ras al-Ein, which is situated in the Bekaa Valley of Lebanon, falls under the overlapping control of the Syrian Army, the Iranian Revolutionary Guard Corps, and the Shiite terrorist group Hezbollah, or Party of God. The village is seedy and brown, and is decorated with posters of martyrs and potentates—Ayatollah Khomeini is especially popular—and with billboards that celebrate bloodshed and sacrifice.

I visited Ras al-Ein this summer to interview the leader of a Hezbollah faction, a man named Hussayn al-Mussawi, who, twenty years ago, was involved in kidnapping Americans. Many of those kidnapped were held in Ras al-Ein; they were kept blindfolded, and chained to beds and radiators. It is thought that Ras al-Ein is where William Buckley, the Beirut station chief of the Central Intelligence Agency, was held for a time before he was killed by Hezbollah, in 1985.

When I arrived, it was midday; the air was still and the heat smothering, and the streets were mostly empty. A man was selling ice cream in a park at the center of town. Slides and swing sets, their paint peeling, dot the park; in the middle is a pond covered by a skin of algae. Several women and children were there. The women wore gray chadors, and their heads were covered by scarves, pinned high and tight under the left ear, so that no strand of hair could escape.

Like the rest of the town, the park was crowded with ferocious Hezbollah art. One poster showed an American flag whose field of stars had been replaced by a single Star of David. Another portrayed the Dome of the Rock, the Muslim shrine in Jerusalem, cupped in the bony hand of a figure with a grotesquely hooked nose. A third poster, extolling the bravery of Shiite martyrs, showed a Muslim fighter standing on a pile of dead soldiers whose uniforms were marked with Stars of David. The yellow flag of Hezbollah could be seen everywhere; across the top is a quotation from the Koran, from which Hezbollah took its name—"Verily the party of God shall be victorious"—and at the center is an AK-47 in silhouette, in the hand of the Shiite martyr Husayn, a cousin of the Prophet Muhammad. In the background is a depiction of the globe, suggesting Hezbollah's role in the worldwide *umma*, or community of Muslims. Along the bottom of the Hezbollah flag is written "The Islamic Revolution in Lebanon." I did not see the red-green-and-white flag of Lebanon anywhere in Ras al-Ein.

I had taken a taxi from Ashrafieh, the prosperous Christian neighborhood in Beirut, to Ras al-Ein, a two-hour trip over potholed roads and through a modest number of roadblocks. The soft Mediterranean air soon gave way to the dry-bones heat of the Bekaa. The taxi-driver, an elderly Christian, had been hesitant about the trip (Lebanon's Christian minority is fearful of Shiite gunmen), but he smoothly negotiated the passage through two Syrian Army checkpoints. At one, a sergeant of about thirty, who carried a side arm and wore a round helmet covered in black mesh, inspected my American passport, handed it back to me, and said, enigmatically, "Osama bin Laden."

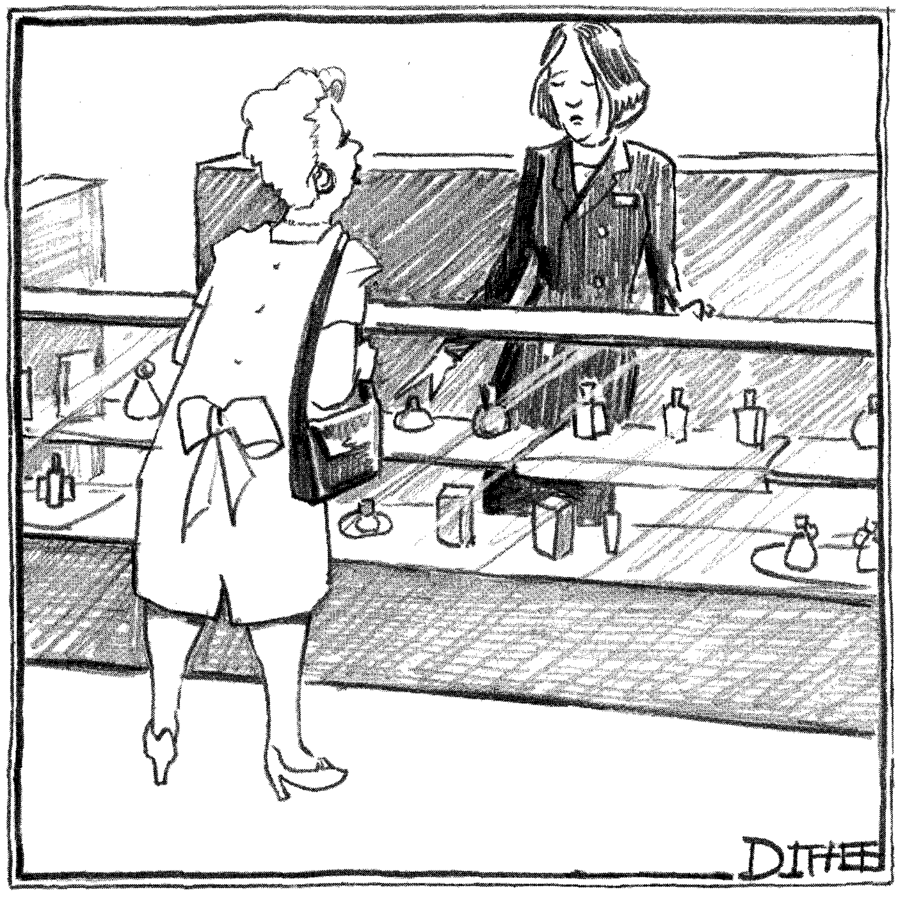
We had by then reached the outskirts of Baalbek, the main Bekaa town. Baalbek is famous for three well-preserved Roman temples, of Jupiter, Venus, and Bacchus. (A statue of Hafez al-Assad, the late dictator of Syria and the father of the current dictator, stands at the entrance to the town.) The temples, which are enormous—the two main temples are larger than the Parthenon—are the site of an annual international cultural festival that draws the élite of Beirut, and Lebanese officials like to point to it as proof of Lebanon's normalcy. This year, the festival featured a performance of Michael Flatley's "Lord of the Dance." Ras al-Ein is a couple of miles from the temples, and we soon arrived at the Nawras Restaurant, next to the park, where I was to meet Mussawi. I sat at a table outside, with a view of the street. Two men nearby were smoking hookahs. I ordered a Pepsi and waited.

Shiism arose as a protest movement, whose followers believed that Islam should be ruled by descendants of the Prophet Muhammad's cousin Ali, and not by the caliphs who seized control after the Prophet's death. The roots of Shiite anger lie in the martyrdom of Ali's son Husayn, who died in battle against the Caliph Yezid in what is today southern Iraq. (I have heard both Shiites from southern Iraq and Iranian Shiites refer to their enemy Saddam Hussein as a modern-day Yezid.) At times, Shiism has been a quietist movement; Shiites built houses of mourning and study, called Husaynias, where they recalled the glory of Husayn's martyrdom.

In Lebanon in the nineteen-sixties, the Shiites began to be drawn to the outside world. Some joined revolutionary Palestinian movements; others fell into the orbit of a populist cleric, Musa Sadr, who founded a group called the Movement of the Deprived and, later, the Shiite Amal militia. Hezbollah was formed, in 1982, by a group of young, dispossessed Shiites who coalesced around a cleric and poet named Muhammad Hussayn Fadlallah. They were impelled by a number of disparate forces, including the oppression of their community in Lebanon by the country's Sunni and Christian élites, and the rapture they felt in 1979 as Iran came under the power of "pure" Islam. A crucial event, though, was Israel's invasion of Lebanon in June of 1982.

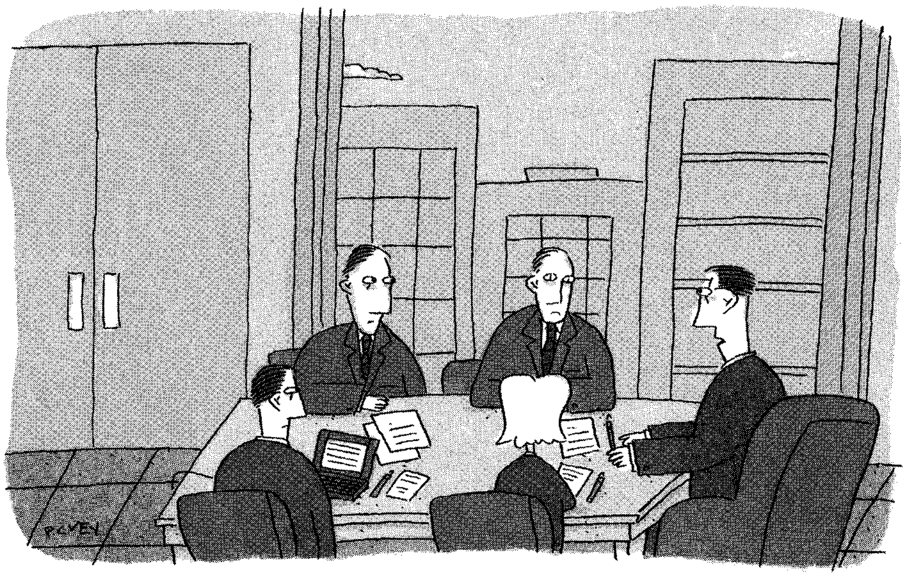
Fatah, which is part of the Palestine Liberation Organization, had been firing Katyusha rockets into northern Israel from Lebanon, where it had its main base, and Prime Minister Menachem Begin, on the advice of his defense minister, Ariel Sharon, ordered Israeli forces into Lebanon. The stated purpose was to conquer what had come to be known as Fatahland, the strip of South Lebanon under Yasir Arafat's control, and to evict the P.L.O.'s forces. Sharon, though, had grander designs: to secure a friendly Christian government in Beirut and to destroy the P.L.O. It was not so much the invasion that inspired the Shiites, who were happy to see the South free of Arafat and Fatah. The Shiites took up arms when they realized that Sharon, like Arafat, had no intention of leaving Lebanon.

Hezbollah, with bases in the Bekaa and in Beirut's southern suburbs, quickly became the most successful terrorist organization in modern history. It has served as a role model for terror groups



"I want something that will make me smell thinner."

around the world; Magnus Ranstorp, the director of the Centre for the Study of Terrorism and Political Violence, at the University of St. Andrews, in Scotland, says that Al Qaeda learned the value of choreographed violence from Hezbollah. The organization virtually invented the multipronged terror attack when, early on the morning of October 23, 1983, it synchronized the suicide bombings, in Beirut, of the United States Marine barracks and an apartment building housing a contingent of French peacekeepers. Those attacks occurred just twenty seconds apart; a third part of the plan, to destroy the compound of the Italian peacekeeping contingent, is said to have been jettisoned when the planners learned that the Italians were sleeping in tents, not in a high-rise building.



"Let's just sit tight till the cultural amnesia sets in."

• •

Until September 11th of last year, Hezbollah had murdered more Americans than any other terrorist group—two hundred and forty-one in the Marine-barracks attack alone. Through terror tactics, Hezbollah forced the American and French governments to withdraw their peacekeeping forces from Lebanon. And, two years ago, it became the first military force, guerrilla or otherwise, to drive Israel out of Arab territory when Prime Minister Ehud Barak withdrew his forces from South Lebanon.

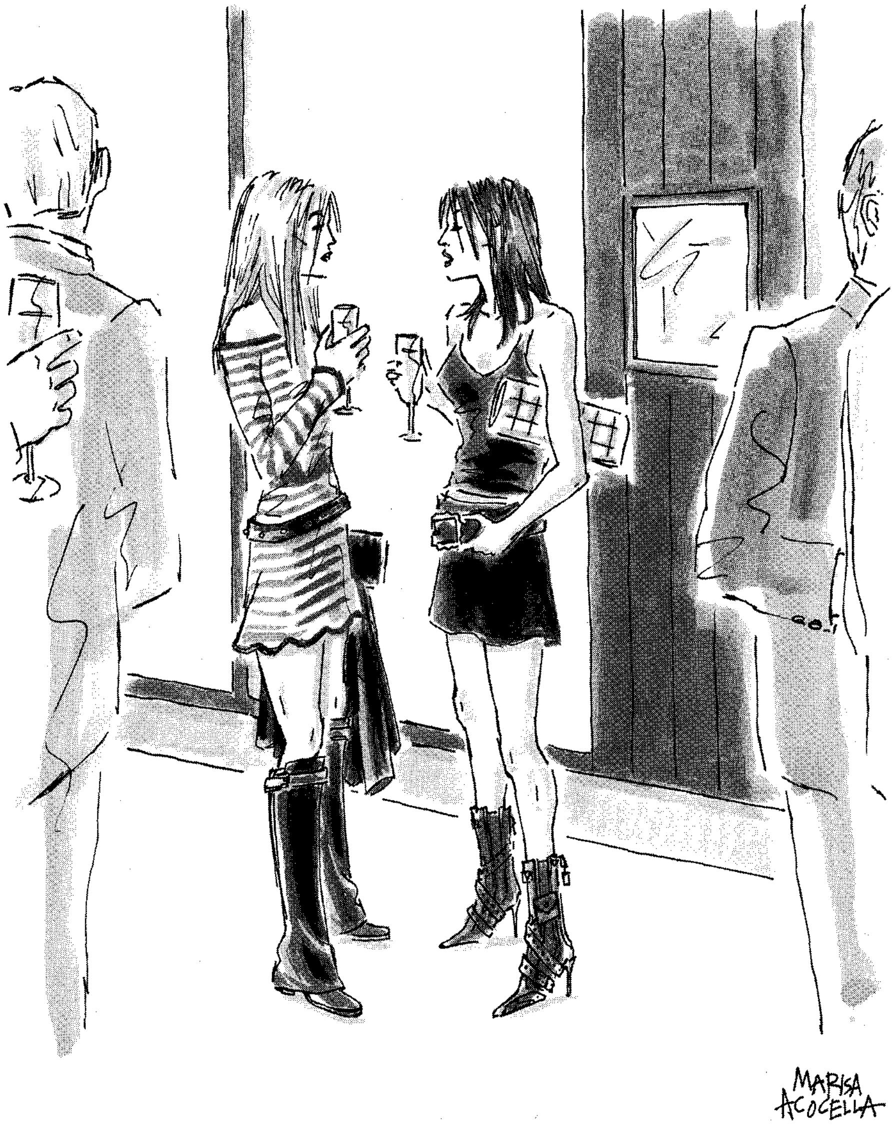
Using various names, including the Islamic Jihad Organization and the Organization of the Oppressed on Earth, Hezbollah remained underground until 1985, when it published a manifesto condemning the West, and proclaiming, "Every one of us is a fighting soldier when a call for jihad arises and each one of us carries out his mission in battle on the basis of his legal obligations. For Allah is behind us supporting and protecting us while instilling fear in the hearts of our enemies."

Another phase began in earnest in 1991, when, at the close of Lebanon's sixteen-year civil war, the country's many militias agreed to disarm. Nominally, Lebanon is governed from Beirut by an administration whose senior portfolios have been carefully divided among the country's various religious factions—Maronite and Greek Orthodox Christians, Sunnis and Shiites and Druze. But in fact Lebanon is under the control of Syria; and the Syrians, with encouragement from Iran, have allowed Hezbollah to maintain its arsenal, and even to expand it, in the interest of fighting Israel as Syria's proxy. The Syrians also allowed Hezbollah to control the Shiite ghettos of southern Beirut, much of the Bekaa Valley, and most of South Lebanon, along the border with Israel.

Hezbollah's current leader, Sayyid Hassan Nasrallah, is as important a figure in Lebanon as the country's ruling politicians and the Syrian President, Bashar al-Assad. Hezbollah officials run for office in Lebanon and win—the group now holds eleven seats in the hundred-and-twenty-eight-seat Lebanese parliament. But within Hezbollah there is little pretense of fealty to the President of Lebanon, Émile Lahoud, who is a Christian, and certainly none to the Prime Minister, Rafiq Hariri, who is a Sunni Muslim. The only portraits one sees in Hezbollah offices are of Khomeini and of Ayatollah Khamenei, the current ruler of Iran.

Hezbollah has an annual budget of more than a hundred million dollars, which is supplied by the Iranian government directly and by a complex system of finance cells scattered around the world, from Bangkok and Paraguay to Michigan and North Carolina. Like Hamas in Gaza, Hezbollah operates successfully in public spheres that are closed off to most terrorist groups. It runs a vast and effective social-services network. It publishes newspapers and magazines and owns a satellite television station that is said to be watched by ten million people a day in the Middle East and Europe. The station, called Al Manar, or the Lighthouse, broadcasts anti-American programming, but its main purpose is to encourage Palestinians to become suicide bombers.

Along with this public work, Hezbollah continues to increase its terrorist and guerrilla capabilities. Magnus Ranstorp says that Hezbollah can be active on four tracks simultaneously—the political, the social, the guerrilla, and the terrorist—because its leaders are "masters of long-term strategic subversion." The organization's Special Security Apparatus operates in Europe, North and South America, and East Asia. According to both American and Israeli intelligence officials, the group maintains floating "day camps" for terrorist training throughout the Bekaa Valley; many of the camps are said to be just outside Baalbek. In some of them, the instructors are supplied by the Iranian Revolutionary Guard Corps and Iran's Ministry of Intelligence. In the past twenty years, terrorists from such disparate or-



"She's gotten really arrogant now that she has a stalker."

• •

ganizations as the Basque separatist group ETA, the Red Brigades, the Kurdistan Workers' Party, and the Irish Republican Army have been trained in these camps.

A main focus today appears to be the training of specifically anti-Israel militants in the science of constructing so-called "mega-bombs," devices that can bring down office towers and other large structures. The explosion of a mega-bomb is the sort of event that could lead to a major Middle East war. In fact, such attacks have been tried: in April, a plot to bomb the Azrieli Towers, two of Tel Aviv's tallest buildings, was foiled by Israeli security services; in May, a bomb exploded beneath a tanker truck at a fuel depot near Tel Aviv, but did not set off a larger explosion, as planned. Had these operations been successful, hundreds, if not thousands, of Israelis would have died. Salah Shehada, a Hamas leader in Gaza, is said by Israel to have been planning a coördinated attack on five buildings in Tel Aviv. (In July, an Israeli warplane dropped a one-ton bomb on the building where Shehada lived; he was killed, along with at least fourteen others, including nine children.)

Gal Luft, an Israeli reserve lieutenant colonel and an expert on counterterrorism, told me that Hezbollah's role in these plans is unknown. "Hezbollah has experience with bulk explosives," Luft said. "You can make the case that the Hezbollah provides inspiration and advice and technical support, but I wouldn't rule out its own cells trying this." Luft said that it is only a matter of time before a "mega-attack" succeeds.

Hezbollah agents have infiltrated the West Bank and Gaza, and Arab communities inside Israel, helping Hamas and Islamic Jihad and attempting to set up their own cells; many Palestinians revere Hezbollah for achieving in South Lebanon what the Palestinians have failed to achieve in the occupied territories. In the past year, Hezbollah has also been stockpiling rockets for potential use against Israel. These rockets, most of which are from Iran, are said to be moved by truck from Syria, through the Bekaa Valley, and then on to Hezbollah forces in South Lebanon.

Hezbollah has not been suspected of overt anti-American actions since 1996, when the Khobar Towers, in Saudi Arabia, were attacked, but, according to intelligence officials, its operatives, with the help and cover of Iranian diplomats, have been making surveillance tapes of American diplomatic installations in South America, Southeast Asia, and Europe. These tapes, along with maps and other tools, are said to be kept in well-organized clandestine libraries.

In recent days, top American officials have suggested that Hezbollah—and its state sponsors—may soon find themselves targeted in the Bush Administration's war on terror. Deputy Secretary of State Richard Armitage recently called Hezbollah the "A-team" of terrorism and Al Qaeda the "B-team." The C.I.A. has lost at least seven officers to Hezbollah terrorism, including William Buckley. Sam Wyman, a retired C.I.A. official, who recommended Buckley for the job in Beirut, told me that "those who work the terrorism problem writ large, and those who are working the Hezbollah problem writ small, know that this is an account that has not been closed." The chairman of the Senate intelligence committee, Bob Graham, of Florida, says he wants the Administration's war on terrorism to focus not on Iraq but on Hezbollah, its Bekaa Valley camps, and its state sponsors in Iran and Syria. "We should tell the Syrians that we expect them to shut down the Bekaa Valley camps within *x* number of days, and, if they don't, we are reserving the right to shut them down ourselves," Graham said last month.

After drinking a third Pepsi, I watched a Land Cruiser pull up to the restaurant and deliver a stiff and unhappy-looking man with a well-kept beard. The man sat down silently across from me. Three men, one of whom wore a leather jacket, despite the terrific heat, stood quietly by the Land Cruiser.

The bearded man was not Hussayn al-Mussawi, whom I had hoped to meet. He said that his name was Muhammad, that he was an aide to Mussawi, and that he had been sent to assess my intentions. I was here, I said, to examine the claim that Hezbollah had transformed itself into a mainstream Lebanese political party.

I said that I also wanted to gauge the group's feelings about America, and look for any sign that its implacable opposition to the existence of Israel had changed.

"Are you going to ask about past events?" Muhammad asked. I indicated that I would.

When he pressed me further, I admitted that I was curious about one person in particular, a Hezbollah security operative named Imad Mugniyah. Mugniyah, who began his career in the nineteen-seventies in Arafat's bodyguard unit, is the man whom the United States holds responsible for most of Hezbollah's anti-American attacks, including the Marine-barracks bombing and the 1985 hijacking of a T.W.A. flight, during which a U.S. Navy diver was executed. He is also suspected of involvement in the attack on the Khobar Towers, in which nineteen American servicemen were killed.

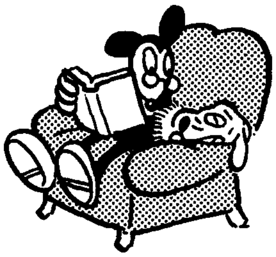
Last year, the U.S. government placed Mugniyah on the list of its twenty-two most wanted terrorists, along with two of his colleagues, Ali Atwa and Hassan Izz-al-Din. (Atwa and Izz-al-Din are wanted specifically in connection with the hijacking of the T.W.A. flight in 1985.) The very mention of Mugniyah's name is a sensitive issue in Lebanon and Syria, which have refused to carry out repeated American requests—one was delivered recently by Senator Graham—to shut down Hezbollah's security apparatus, and assist in the capture of Mugniyah. Lebanon's Prime Minister Hariri became agitated when, in a conversation this summer, I asked why his government has refused to help find Mugniyah and his accomplices. "They're not here! They're not here!" Hariri said. "I've told the Americans a hundred times, they're not here!"

Seated in the Nawras Restaurant in Ras al-Ein, across from a man who called himself Muhammad, I said yes, Imad Mugniyah would figure in my story. At that, Muhammad rose, looked at me dismissively, and left the restaurant without a word.

II—THE GOAL

The chief spokesman for Hezbollah is a narrow-shouldered, self-contained man of about forty named Hassan Ezzeddin, who dresses in the style of an Iranian diplomat: trim beard, dark jacket, white shirt, no tie. His office is on a low floor of an apartment building in the southern suburbs of Beirut, which are called the Dahiya. Hezbollah has five main offices there, and all are in apartment buildings, which helps to create a shield between the bureaucracy and Israeli fighter jets and bombers that periodically fly overhead. The shabby offices are sparsely furnished; apparently, the idea is to be able to dismantle them in half an hour or less, in case of an Israeli attack.

The eight members of Hezbollah's ruling council are said to meet in the Dahiya once a week. Lebanese police officers are stationed at a handful of intersections, but they don't stray from their posts. The buildings housing Hezbollah's offices are protected by gunmen dressed in black, and plainclothes Hezbollah agents patrol the streets. Once, while walking to an appointment, I took out a disposable camera and began to take pictures of posters celebrating the deaths of Hezbollah "martyrs." Within thirty seconds, two Hezbollah men confronted me. They ordered me to put my camera away and then followed me to my meeting.



The Shiite stronghold in the southern suburbs of the city is only a twenty-minute drive from the Virgin Megastore in downtown Beirut, but it might as well be part of Tehran. Ayatollah Khomeini and Ayatollah Khamenei stare down from the walls, and the Western fashions ubiquitous in East Beirut are forbidden; many women wear the full chador. The suburbs are the most densely packed of Beirut's neighborhoods, with seven- and eight-story apartment buildings, many of them jerry-built, jammed against one another along congested streets and narrow alleys. The main businesses in the Dahiya are believed to be chop shops, where stolen automobiles and computers are taken apart and sold.

I was introduced to Ezzeddin by Hussain Naboulsi, and he translated our conversation. Naboulsi is in charge of Hezbollah's Web site. He spent some time in America, and incorporates American slang unself-consciously into his speech. He is young and gregarious, but he grew evasive when the subject of his background came up. "We lived in Brooklyn, and I was going to go to the University of Texas, but then we moved to Canada. . . ." He trailed off.

Ezzeddin said that anti-Americanism is no longer the focus of his party's actions. Hezbollah, he said, holds no brief against the American people; it is opposed only to the policies of the American government, principally its "unlimited" support for Israel. Like all Hezbollah's public figures, Ezzeddin is proud of the victory over Israel in South Lebanon, two years ago, and he spoke at length about the reasons for Hezbollah's success. He quoted a statement of Hezbollah's leader, Sayyid Hassan Nasrallah, made shortly after the Israeli withdrawal: "I tell you: this 'Israel' that owns nuclear weapons and the strongest air force in this region is more fragile than a spiderweb." Ezzeddin explained that Ehud Barak pulled out his troops because the soldiers—and their mothers—feared death. This isn't true for Muslims, he said. "Life doesn't end when you die. To us, there is real life after death. Reaching the afterlife is the goal of life. Once you have in mind the goal of dying, you stop fearing the Jews.”

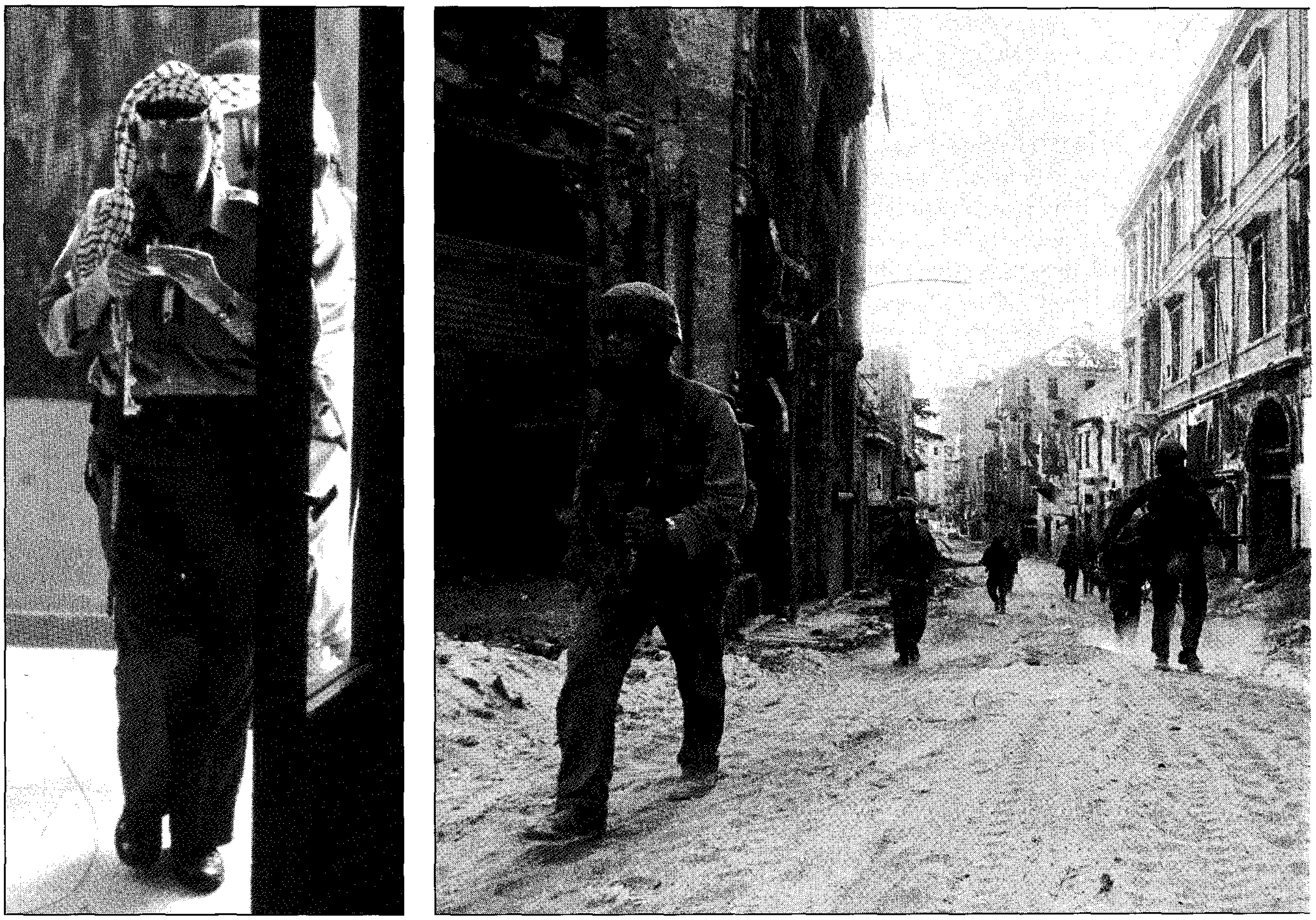
After Israel withdrew from southern Lebanon, many experts on the Middle East assumed that Hezbollah would focus on social services and on domestic politics, in order to bring about a peaceful transformation of Lebanon into an Islamic republic. Even before the Israeli pullout, a leading scholar of Hezbollah, Augustus Richard Norton, of Boston University, wrote a paper entitled “Hezbollah: From Radicalism to Pragmatism?” In his paper, Norton said that in discussions with Hezbollah officials he had got the impression that the group “has no appetite to launch a military campaign across the Israeli border, should Israel withdraw from the South.”

But Hezbollah is, at its core, a jihadist organization, and its leaders have never tried to disguise their ultimate goal: building an Islamic republic in Lebanon and liberating Jerusalem from the Jews. Immediately after the withdrawal, Hezbollah announced that Israel was still occupying a tiny slice of Lebanese land called Shebaa Farms. The United Nations ruled that Shebaa Farms was not part of Lebanon but belonged to the Israeli-occupied Golan Heights, and thus was a matter for Israeli-Syrian negotiations. Hezbollah disagreed, and, with Syria’s acquiescence, has continued to launch frequent attacks on Israeli outposts in Shebaa.

Ezzeddin seemed to concede that the Hezbollah campaign to rid Shebaa of Israeli troops is a pretext for something larger. “If they go from Shebaa, we will not stop fighting them,” he told me. “Our goal is to liberate the 1948 borders of Palestine,” he added, referring to the year of Israel’s founding. The Jews who survive this war of liberation, Ezzeddin said, “can go back to Germany, or wherever they came from.” He added, however, that the Jews who lived in Palestine before 1948 will be “allowed to live as a minority and they will be cared for by the Muslim majority.” Sayyid Nasrallah himself told a conference held in Tehran last year that “we all have an extraordinary historic opportunity to finish off the entire cancerous Zionist project.”

The balance of forces on Israel’s northern border suggests that Hezbollah’s ambitions are unrealizable. Its fighters number in the low thousands, at most; the Israeli Air Force is among the most powerful in the world. But the pullout from Lebanon heightened Hezbollah’s self-regard, its contempt for Jews, and its desire for total victory. “Everyone told us, ‘You’re crazy, what are you doing, you can’t defeat Israel,’ ” Ezzeddin said. “But we have shown that the Jews are not invincible. We dealt the Jews a serious blow, and we will continue to deal the Jews serious blows.”

The withdrawal of Israeli forces from southern Lebanon, after eighteen years, closed a disastrous chapter in Israeli military history. The conflict destroyed the government of Menachem Begin, and Begin himself; he lived out



A crucial event in the founding of Hezbollah was Israel’s invasion of Lebanon, in 1982. Yasir Arafat, who had used Lebanon as a bas

LEFT: MAGNUM; MIDDLE: MICHEL PHILIPPOT/CORBIS SYGMA

bsequently left the country; Israeli soldiers in Beirut, in September; Ariel Sharon with one of his generals.

RIGHT: MICHA BAR AM/MAGNUM

his final days as a recluse. An Israeli commission held Ariel Sharon, his defense minister, "indirectly responsible" for the massacre by pro-Israeli Christian militiamen of approximately eight hundred Palestinians at the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps, in Beirut, in 1982. The Lebanon invasion seemed to have ended Sharon's career. By the time the troops left, more than nine hundred Israeli soldiers had been killed in Lebanon. The withdrawal was badly managed and chaotic. The Army abandoned equipment, and also deserted its Christian allies, a militia called the South Lebanon Army.

In one of the Israeli Army's final acts, sappers tried to bring down the twelfth-century Beaufort Castle, a fortress that sits high over the upper Galilee. The castle had served as a platform for P.L.O. rocket attacks on Israeli towns and farms before Sharon's invasion, and, in the final days of the occupation, the Army was hoping to deny the Palestinians the shelter of its battlements. The Israelis succeeded only in part. The walls did not crumble, and the Hezbollah flag now flies from the highest tower.

I visited Beaufort on a brilliantly hot day this summer, and the only people around were a handful of Hezbollah fighters, a group of Beirutis on a day-long excursion through the South, and two Iranian tourists, with cheap cameras hanging from their necks. One of the Hezbollah guerrillas, a pimply man in his early twenties named Na'im, showed me around. We picked our way across half-collapsed battlements, among thorn bushes and patches of purple and yellow wildflowers, to the remains of the outer rampart, which overlooks a steep drop to the floor of the Litani River valley. Na'im wore bluejeans and a red-and-green plaid shirt. He carried a rifle, which he used as a walking stick. He told me that the castle dated back to the Islamic conquest of the Holy Land. In fact, Beaufort was built by the Crusaders, but in Na'im's version the castle began as a Muslim fortress. "Saladin used this to defeat the Crusaders," he said, in a rehearsed manner. "Hezbollah will use it to defeat the Jews."

From where we stood, we had a clear view into the Israeli town of Metulla, with its red-roofed, whitewashed houses, small hotels, and orchards. "The Jews are sons of pigs and apes," Na'im said. We walked down the crumbling rampart, past a dry cistern, and up a ridge to the high tower, where the Hezbollah flag waved in the wind.

From Beaufort, I headed to the village of Kfar Kila, and the border, where the Fatima Gate is situated. During the occupation, Israel called it the Good Fence; it was the entrance to Metulla for Lebanese workers. The Good Fence has been sealed, and is now famous as the place where Palestinians and Lebanese throw rocks at Israeli soldiers.

I saw, on my drive down, the digging of what appeared to be anti-tank trenches, but, though the South may be a future battlefield, it is also a museum of past glory. Of the four or five main Islamic fundamentalist terror organizations in the Middle East, Hezbollah has by far the most sophisticated public-relations operation, and it has turned the South into an open-air celebration of its success against Israel. The experience of driving there is similar in some ways to driving through Gettysburg, or Antietam; roadside signs and billboards describe in great detail the battles and unit formations associated with a particular place. One multicolored sign, in both Arabic and English, reads:

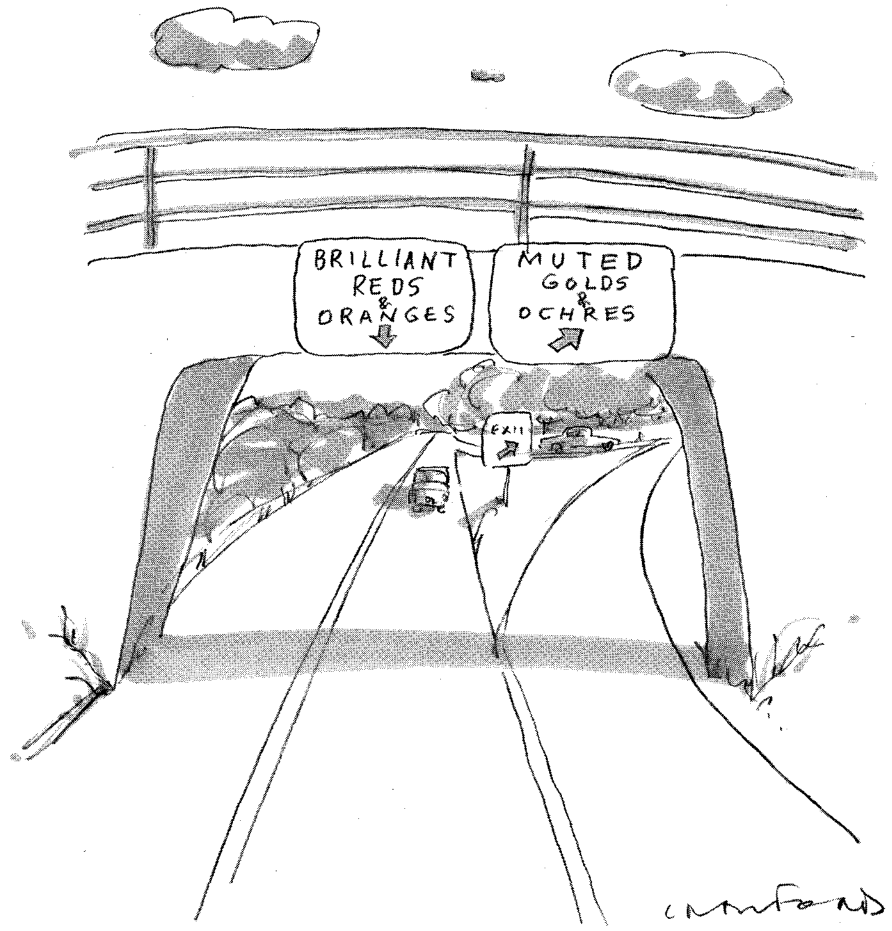
> On Oct. 19, 1988 at 1:25 p.m. a martyr car that was body trapped with 500 kilogram of highly exploding materials transformed two Israeli troops into masses of fire and limbs, in one of the severe kicks that the Israeli army had received in Lebanon.

Most of the signs place the word "Israel" in quotation marks, to underscore the country's illegitimacy, and every sign includes a fact box: the number of "Israelis" killed and wounded at the location, and the "Date of Ignominious Departure" of "Israeli" forces. The historical markers also carry quotations from Israeli leaders praising the fighting abilities of Hezbollah's martyrs. One sign reads, "Zionists comments: 'Hezbollah's secret weapon is their self-innovation and their ability to produce bombs that are simple but effective.' " The attribution beneath the quote is "Former 'Israeli' Prime Minister Ihud Barak."

According to Israeli security sources, the Israelis have never been able to infiltrate Hezbollah as they have the P.L.O. One intelligence official told me that Hezbollah leaders have so far been immune to the three inducements that often lure Palestinians to the Israeli side. In Hebrew, they are called the three "K"s: *kesef,* or money; *kavod*, respect; and *kussit,* a crude sexual term for a woman.

The centerpiece of Hezbollah's propaganda effort in the South is the former Al-Khiam prison, a rambling stone-and-concrete complex of interconnected buildings, a few miles from the border, where I stopped on the way to Kfar Kila. For fifteen years, the prison was run by Israel's proxy force in Lebanon, the South Lebanon Army, with the assistance of the Shabak, the Israeli equivalent of the F.B.I. Prisoners in Al-Khiam—which held almost two hundred at any given time—were allegedly subjected to electric-shock torture and a variety of deprivations. The jail has been preserved just as it was on the day the Israelis left. There are still Israeli Army-issue sleeping bags in the cells. Hezbollah has added a gift shop, which sells Hezbollah key chains and flags and cassettes of martial Hezbollah music; a cafeteria; and signs on the walls of various rooms that describe, in Hezbollah's terms, the use of the rooms. "A Room for Investigation and Torturing by Electricity," reads one. "A Room for the Boss of Whippers." "A Room for Investigation with the Help of the Traitors." And "The Hall of Torturing-Burying-Kicking-Beating-Applying Electricity-Pouring Hot Water-Placing a Dog Beside." A busload of tourists, residents of a Palestinian refugee camp outside Beirut, were clearly in awe of the place, treating the cells as if they were reliquaries and congratulating the Hezbollah employees.

Like me, the tourists were headed for the border at Kfar Kila, where one can walk right up to the electrified fence, and where Israeli cameras feed real-time pictures to a series of fortified observation stations just south of the line. An Israeli bunker sits about fifty feet in from the fence—one man told me that the Israeli soldiers never show their faces—and the Palestinians took turns taking pictures and yelling curses. I drove a short distance to a Hezbollah position that faces a massive concrete Israeli fortress called Tziporen. The tour bus, headed for the same place, stopped on the way at an overlook, and the Palestinians got out. On the Israeli side, on a track that ran parallel to the Lebanese road, was a Humvee and three Israeli soldiers. They were protecting a group of workers who were repairing a section of the road. The Israelis were no more than forty feet away, on the lower part of the slope. The experience for the Palestinians—and for a group of Kuwaitis who arrived by car—was something like a grizzly sighting in a national park. *"Yahud!"* one Kuwaiti said, dumb-



founded. "Jews!" His friends produced video cameras and began filming. The Israeli soldiers waved; the Arabs did not. A few began cursing the soldiers and, once it was decided that the workers were Israeli Arabs, cursed them, too. *"Ana bidi'ani kak!"* one Palestinian yelled at the soldiers—"I want to fuck you up." "*Jasus*"—"spy"—another called out. An argument broke out on the ridge, and the Palestinians decided that it was not right to curse the Arab workers, who were only earning a living in oppressive circumstances. Apologies were offered, and what was by now a cavalcade moved forward, to the Hezbollah position opposite the Israeli fortress.

Tziporen, the fortress, overlooks the mausoleum of a Jewish sage named Rav Ashi, who was the redactor of the Babylonian Talmud, and who died in 427. The modest mausoleum sits half in Lebanon and half in Israel. Barbed wire runs atop it, and, with the help of a southerly breeze, the Hezbollah flag planted on the Lebanese side of the mausoleum flapped into Israel. The fighters at the Hezbollah position warned us not to get too close to the fence; the Israelis might fire. Rock throwing from a comfortable distance was encouraged, and the Palestinians aimed for the roof of the fort. On weekends, when the crowds are thicker, villagers drive in tractors full of rocks to supply the tourists.

Because it was too risky to approach the fence, it was impossible to read a large billboard planted three feet north of the line. It faced south into Israel, carrying what was obviously a message for the Israelis alone. The border is, of course, sealed, so it was a month before I got a clear look at the billboard. It read, in Hebrew, "Sharon—Don't Forget Your Soldiers Are Still in Lebanon." The message was written under a photograph of a Hezbollah guerrilla holding, by the hair, the severed head of an Israeli commando.

"Would you care for something to talk about during dinner?"

III—THE *SUICIDE* CHANNEL

The true propaganda engine of Hezbollah is the Al Manar satellite television station. Unlike most of Hezbollah's public offices, the studios of Al Manar are not shoddily built or cheaply decorated. The station's five-story headquarters building in the Dahiya, at the end of a short side street, is surrounded by taller apartment buildings. Guards carrying rifles patrol its perimeter, but, inside, Al Manar has a corporate atmosphere. The lobby is glass and marble, and behind the reception desk a pleasant young man answers the telephone. He sits beneath a portrait of Abbas al-Mussawi, the previous Hezbollah leader, who was assassinated ten years ago by Israel. At the reception desk, women whose dress is deemed immodest can borrow a chador.

Al Manar's news director is Hassan Fadlallah, who is in his early thirties and is a member of the same clan as Muhammad Hussayn Fadlallah, the Hezbollah spiritual leader. Fadlallah, a studious-looking man who had several days' stubble on his face, is working on a Ph.D. in education. He apologized for his poor English. A waiter brought us orange juice and tea.

I began by asking him to compare Al Manar and the most famous Arabic satellite channel, Al Jazeera. "Neutrality like that of Al Jazeera is out of the question for us," Fadlallah said. "We cover only the victim, not the aggressor. CNN is the Zionist news network, Al Jazeera is neutral, and Al Manar takes the side of the Palestinians."

Fadlallah paused for a moment, and said he would like to amend his comment on CNN. "We were very happy with Ted Turner," he said. "We were so happy that he was getting closer to the truth." He was referring to recent comments by Turner, the founder of CNN, who talked about suicide bombers and the Israeli Army and then said, "So who are the terrorists? I would make a case that both sides are involved in terrorism." Turner was criticized harshly in the American press and by supporters of Israel, and later said that he regretted "any implication that I believe the actions taken by Israel to protect its people are equal to terrorism." Fadlallah claimed that Turner revised his statement because "the Jews threatened his life." He said Al Manar's opposition to neutrality means that, unlike Al Jazeera, his station would never feature interviews or comments by Israeli officials. "We're not looking to interview Sharon," Fadlallah said. "We want to get close to him in order to kill him."

Al Manar would not rule out broadcasting comments from non-Israeli Jews. "There would be one or two we would put on our shows. For example, we would like to have Noam Chomsky." Fadlallah suggested, half jokingly, that I appear on a question-and-answer show. (Later, another Al Manar official suggested that I answer questions about what he termed "the true meaning of the Talmud.")

Fadlallah said that one of Al Manar's goals is to set in context the role of Jews in world affairs. Anti-Semitism, he said, was banned from the station, but he was considering a program on "scholars who dissent on the issue of the Holocaust," which would include the work of the French Holocaust denier Roger Garaudy. "There are contradictions," Fadlallah said. "Many Europeans believe that the Holocaust was a myth invented so that the Jews could get compensation. Everyone knows how the Jews punish people who seek the truth about the Holocaust."

It would be a mistake, Fadlallah went on, to focus solely on Al Manar's anti-Israel programs. "We have news programming, kids' shows, game shows, political news, and culture." At the same time, he said, Al Manar is "trying to keep the people in the mood of suffering," and most of the station's daily schedule, including its game shows and children's programming, tends to center on Israel. A program called "The Spider's House" explores what Hezbollah sees as Israel's weaknesses; "In Spite of the Wounds" portrays as heroes men who were wounded fighting Israel in South Lebanon. On a game show entitled "The Viewer Is the Witness," contestants guess the names of prominent Israeli politicians and military figures, who are played by Lebanese actors. Al Manar also has a weekly program called "Terrorists."

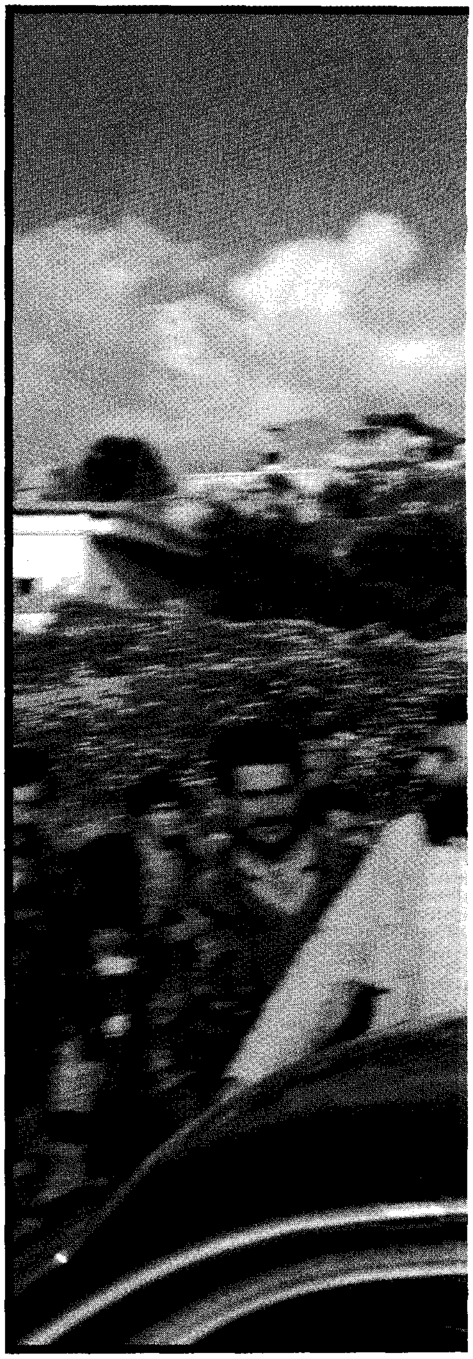
Avi Jorisch, a fellow at the Washington Institute for Near East Policy, a pro-Israel think tank, who is writing a book about Al Manar, has visited the station and watched several hundred hours of its programming. The show "Terrorists," he told me, airs vintage footage of what it terms "Zionist crimes," which include, by Hezbollah's definition, any Israeli action, offensive or defensive. According to Jorisch, Al Manar, with its estimated ten million viewers, is not as popular in the Arab world as Al Jazeera, although he noted that Arab viewership is not audited. He said that his Lebanese sources credit Al Manar as the second most popular station among Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza. (Al Manar can be received in the United States via satellite.)

Al Manar regularly airs raw footage of violence in the occupied territories, and it will break into its programming with what one Al Manar official called "patriotic music videos" to announce Palestinian attacks and applaud the killing of Israelis. When I visited the station, the videos were being produced in a basement editing room by a young man named Firas Mansour. Al Manar has modern equipment, and the day I was there Mansour, who was in charge of mixing the videos, was working on a Windows-based editing suite. Mansour is in his late twenties, and he was dressed in hip-hop style. His hair was gelled, and he wore a gold chain, a heavy silver bracelet, and a goatee. He spoke colloquial American English. I asked him where he learned it. "Boston," he said.

Mansour showed me some recent footage from the West Bank, of Israeli soldiers firing on Palestinians. Accompanying the video was a Hezbollah fighting song. "What I'm doing is synchronizing the gunshots to form the downbeat of the song," he told me. "This is my technique. I thought of it." He had come up with a title: "I'm going to call it 'Death to Israel.' " Mansour said that he can produce two or three videos on a good day. "What I do is, first, I try to feel the music. Then I find the pictures to go along with it." He pulled up another video, this one almost ready to air. "Try and see if you could figure out the theme of this one," he said.

The video began with Israeli soldiers firing on Palestinians. Then the screen filled with pictures of Palestinians carrying the wounded to ambulances, followed by an angry funeral scene. Suddenly, the scene shifted to Israelis under fire. An Israeli soldier was on the ground, rocking back and forth, next to a burning jeep; this was followed by scenes of Jewish funerals, with coffins draped in the Israeli flag being lowered into graves.

Mansour pressed a button, and the images disappeared from the screen. "The idea is that even if the Jews are killing us we can still kill them. That we derive our power from blood. It's saying, 'Get ready to blow yourselves up, because this is the only way to liberate Palestine.' " The video, he said, would be shown after the next attack in Israel. He said he was thinking of calling it "We Will Kill All the Jews." I suggested that these videos would encourage the recruitment of suicide bombers among the Palestinians. "Exactly," he replied.



Shiite fighters celebrating the withdrawal fr

The anti-Semitism of the Middle East groups that oppose Israel's right to exist often seems instrumental—anti-Jewish stereotypes are another weapon in the anti-Israeli armamentarium. The rhetoric is repellent, but in the past it did not quite touch the

ebanon of some Israeli troops in 1985. That year, Hezbollah, which had been an underground group, began to operate openly.

CHRIS STEELE-PERKINS/MAGNUM

malignancy of genocidal anti-Semitism. The language has changed, however. In April, in a sermon delivered in the Gaza Strip, Sheikh Ibrahim Madhi, a Palestinian Authority imam, said, "Oh, Allah, accept our martyrs in the highest Heaven. Oh, Allah, show the Jews a black day. Oh, Allah, annihilate the Jews and their supporters." (The translation was made by the Middle East Media Research Institute.) In Saudi Arabia, where anti-Semitism permeates the newspapers and the mosques, the imam of the Al Harram mosque in Mecca, Sheikh Abd al-Rahman al-Sudais, recently declared, "Read history and you will understand that the Jews of yesterday are the evil forefathers of the even more evil Jews of today: infidels, falsifiers of words, calf worshippers, prophet murderers, deniers of prophecies . . . the scum of the human race, accursed by Allah." Hezbollah has been at the vanguard of this shift toward frank anti-Semitism, and its leaders frequently resort to epidemiological metaphors in describing the role of Jews in world affairs. Ibrahim Mussawi, the urbane and scholarly-seeming director of English-language news at Al Manar, called Jews "a lesion on the forehead of history." A biochemist named Hussein Haj Hassan, a Hezbollah official who represents Baalbek in the Lebanese parliament, told me that he is not anti-Semitic, but he has noticed that the Jews are a pan-national group "that functions in a way that lets them act as parasites in the nations that have given them shelter."

The Middle East scholar Martin Kramer, a biographer of Sayyid Muhammad Fadlallah, told me that he has sensed a shift in hard-line Shiite thinking in the past twenty years. In the first

"Don't do anything stupid, Leon—just give him the acorn."

• •

burst of revolution in Iran, the United States was cast by Ayatollah Khomeini and his allies as the "Great Satan." Israel occupied the role of "Little Satan." This has been reversed, Kramer said. Today, Shiite authorities in Lebanon view America as one more tool of the Jews, who have achieved covert world domination. President Mohammad Khatami of Iran, who is often described as a reformer, last year called Israel "a parasite in the heart of the Muslim world."

There are bitter feelings, to be sure, about Israel's invasion of Lebanon, about Israel's treatment of Palestinians in the occupied territories, about the Israeli Air Force's not infrequent patrols in the skies over Beirut. But even some cosmopolitan Beirutis I met, Christians as well as Muslims, seemed surprisingly open to anti-Jewish propaganda—for instance, that the World Trade Center was destroyed by Jews.

A young Shiite scholar named Amal Saad-Ghorayeb has advanced what in Lebanon is a controversial argument: that Hezbollah is not merely anti-Israel but deeply, *theologically* anti-Jewish. Her new book, "Hezbollah: Politics & Religion," dissects the anti-Jewish roots of Hezbollah ideology. Hezbollah, she argues, believes that Jews, by the nature of Judaism, possess fatal character flaws.

I met Saad-Ghorayeb one afternoon in a café near the Lebanese American University, where she is an assistant professor. She was wearing an orange spaghetti-strap tank top, a knee-length skirt, and silver hoop earrings. She is thirty years old and married, and has a four-year-old daughter. Her father, Abdo Saad, is a prominent Shiite pollster; her mother is Christian.

Saad-Ghorayeb calls Israel "an aberration, a colonialist state that embraces its victimhood in order to displace another people." Yet her opposition to anti-Semitism seemed sincere, as when she described the anti-Jewish feeling that underlies Hezbollah's ideology. "There is a real antipathy to Jews as Jews," she said. "It is exacerbated by Zionism, but it existed before Zionism." She observed that Hezbollah, like many other Arab groups, is in the thrall of a belief system that she called "moral utilitarianism." Hezbollah, in other words, will find the religious justification for an act as long as the act is useful. "For the Arabs, the end often justifies the means, even if the means are dubious," she said. "If it works, it's moral."

In her book, she argues that Hezbollah's Koranic reading of Jewish history has led its leaders to believe that Jewish theology is evil. She criticizes the scholar Bernard Lewis for downplaying the depth of traditional Islamic anti-Judaism, especially when compared with Christian anti-Semitism. "Lewis commits the . . . grave error of depicting traditional Islam as more tolerant of Jews . . . thereby implying that Zionism was the cause of Arab-Islamic anti-Semitism," she writes.

Saad-Ghorayeb is hesitant to label Hezbollah's outlook anti-Semitism, however. She prefers the term "anti-Judaism," since in her terms anti-Semitism is a race-based hatred, while anti-Judaism is religion-based. Hezbollah, she says, tries to mask its anti-Judaism for "public-relations reasons," but she argues that a study of its language, spoken and written, reveals an underlying truth. She quoted from a speech delivered by Hassan Nasrallah, in which he said, "If we searched the entire world for a person more cowardly, despicable, weak and feeble in psyche, mind, ideology and religion, we would not find anyone like the Jew. Notice, I do not say the Israeli." To Saad-Ghorayeb, this statement "provides moral justification and ideological justification for dehumanizing the Jews." In this view, she went on, "the Israeli Jew becomes a legitimate target for extermination. And it also legitimatizes attacks on non-Israeli Jews."

Larry Johnson, a former counterterrorism official in the Clinton State Department, once told me, "There's a fundamental view here of the Jew as subhuman. Hezbollah is the direct ideological heir of the Nazis." Saad-Ghorayeb disagrees. Nasrallah may skirt the line between racialist anti-Semitism and theological anti-Judaism, she said, but she argued that mainstream Hezbollah ideology provides the Jews with an obvious way to repair themselves in God's eyes: by converting to Islam.

IV—"THE LOGIC OF WAR"

One day near the end of my stay in Lebanon, I visited Sayyid Fadlallah, Hezbollah's spiritual leader, at his home in the Dahiya. Fadlallah, who is sixty-seven, is a surpassingly important figure in Shiism, inside and outside Lebanon. As many as twenty thousand people pray with him each Friday at a cavernous mosque near his home. He is a squat man with a white beard, and wears the black turban of the sayyid, a descendant of the Prophet Muhammad. Fadlallah has long denied any official role in Hezbollah. Some experts take him at his word; others believe that he is dissembling. However, intellectually Fadlallah has taken an independent course, and people close to him told me that he privately scorns Hezbollah's most important patron, Ayatollah Khamenei, as a mediocre thinker and cleric.

Several attempts have been made to assassinate Fadlallah. He believes that the C.I.A., working with Saudi Arabia, tried to kill him by setting off a bomb near his apartment building in 1985, an event cited in Bob Woodward's book "Veil: The Secret Wars of the C.I.A. 1981-1987," which, Fadlallah told me, he has read carefully and repeatedly. His offices are well guarded by men who have apparently been assigned to him by Hezbollah. My briefcase was taken from me for ten minutes and thoroughly searched by the guards. A man carrying a pistol sat in on our interview, along with three translators: Fadlallah's; mine (a Christian woman from East Beirut, who had been required to wear a chador for the occasion); and Abdo Saad, Amal Saad-Ghorayeb's father, who had arranged the interview.

Fadlallah entered the meeting room slowly and deliberately. He sat in a plush chair, the rest of us on couches near him. The room was lit with fluorescent light; as always, a picture of Khomeini stared down from the wall.

Fadlallah framed the core issues in political, not religious, terms. "The Israelis believe that after three thousand years they came back to Palestine," he said. "But can the American Indian come back to America after all this time? Can the Celts go back to Britain?" He said that he has no objection to Jewish statehood, but not at the expense of Palestinians. "The problem between Muslims and Jews has to do with security issues."

Like many Muslim clerics, he holds romantic, condescending, and contradictory views of the historic relationship between Jews and Muslims. He is aware that for hundreds of years, while Jews were persecuted and ostracized in Christian Europe, they were granted the status of protected inferiors by the caliphs, and subjected only to infrequent pogroms. Yet, despite his assertion that the dispute between Jews and Muslims was political, he made the theological observation that the Jews "never recognized Islam as a true religion." I asked him if he agreed with this passage from the Koran: "Strongest among men in enmity to the believers wilt thou find the Jews and Pagans." Yes, he said. "The Jews don't consider Islam to be a religion."

I tried to turn the conversation to Islamic beliefs—in particular, the rationale for suicide attacks. In the early nineteen-eighties, Fadlallah was accused of blessing the suicide bomber who destroyed the U.S. Marine barracks in Beirut in 1983, a charge that he heatedly denied to me. He pointed out that he was among the first Islamic clerics to condemn the September 11th attacks, though he blamed American foreign policy for creating the atmosphere that led to them. He has, however, endorsed attacks on Israeli civilians. Suicide, he said, is not an absolute value. It is an option left to a people who are without options, and so the act is no longer considered suicide but martyrdom in the name of self-defense. "This is part of the logic of war," he said.

On the killing of Israeli civilians, Fadlallah said, "In a state of war, it is permissible for Palestinians to kill Jews. When there is peace, this is not permissible." He does not believe in a peaceful settlement between two states, one Palestinian, the other Israeli; rather, he favors the disappearance of Israel.

I thought about Saad-Ghorayeb's argument that many in Hezbollah consider all Jews guilty of conspiring against Islam, and I asked Fadlallah if it was permissible to kill Jews beyond the borders of Israel, the West Bank, and Gaza. Hezbollah and its Iranian sponsors are considered by the governments of Israel, the United States, and Argentina to be responsible for the single deadliest anti-Semitic attack since the end of the Second World War: the suicide truck-bombing of the Jewish community center in Buenos Aires, in 1994, which left more than a hundred people dead. As in the case of other accusations of terrorism, Hezbollah and Iran say that they

"Sh-h-h—sitting very quietly is part of the pickling process."

were not involved in the attack. “We are against the killing of Jews outside Palestine,” Fadlallah said. “Unless they transfer the war outside Palestine.” When I asked if they had, Fadlallah raised an eyebrow, and let the question go unanswered.

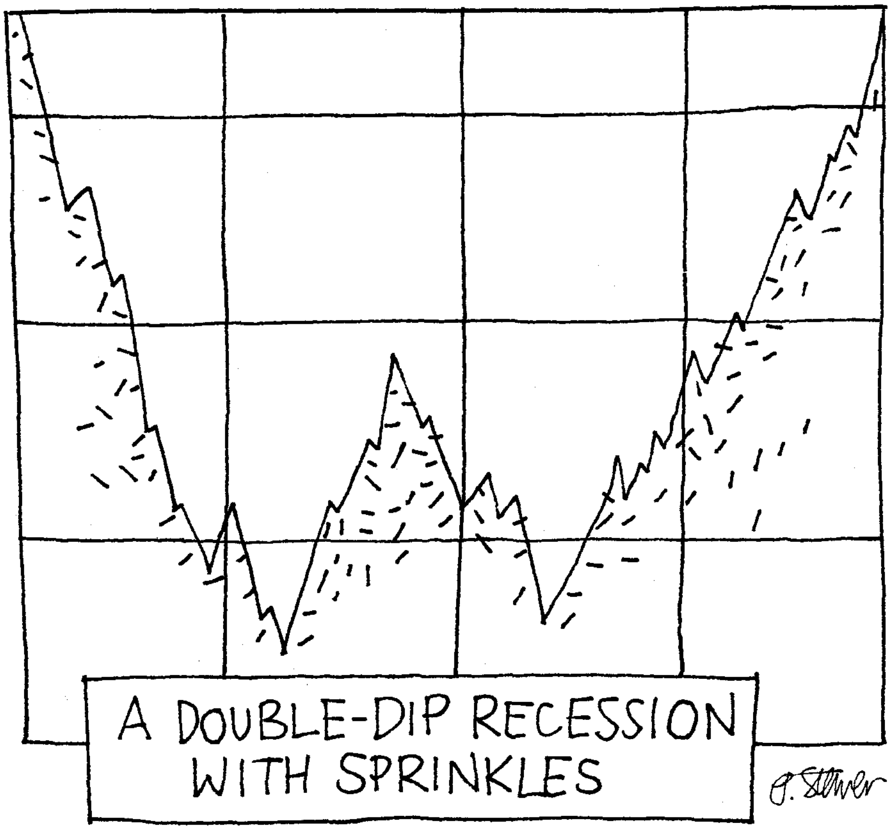
Major General Benny Gantz is the chief of the Israeli Army’s Northern Command, which is responsible for defending Israel from Hezbollah and Syria and any other threats from the north. Until recently, Gantz was the commander of Israeli forces in the West Bank.

When we met this summer, at an air-base outside Tel Aviv, he seemed pleased to have left behind the moral and strategic ambiguities of service in the West Bank. Gantz is forty-three, tall, lean, and cynical. Much of his career has been spent dealing with the Lebanon question. Before serving in the West Bank, he was the top Israeli officer in Lebanon in the days leading up to the withdrawal. A helicopter was waiting to carry him north to the border after our meeting. Gantz is almost certain that he will soon wage war against Hezbollah and Syria. “I’ll be surprised if we don’t see this fight,” he said.

The Israelis believe that in South Lebanon Hezbollah has more than eight thousand rockets, weapons that are far more sophisticated than any previously seen in the group’s arsenal. They include the Iranian-made Fajr-5 rocket, which has a range of up to forty-five miles, meaning that Israel’s industrial heartland, in the area south of Haifa, falls within Hezbollah’s reach. One intelligence official put it this way: “It’s not tenable for us to have a jihadist organization on our border with the capability of destroying Israel’s main oil refinery.”

Hezbollah officials told me that they possessed no rockets whatsoever. But one reporter who has covered Hezbollah and the South for several years said he believes that Hezbollah has established a “balance of terror” along the border. The reporter, Nicholas Blanford, of the Beirut English-language newspaper the *Daily Star*, said that he is “pretty certain” that Hezbollah has “extensive weaponry down there, stashed away.” He added, “Their refrain is, we’re ready for all eventualities.”

Blanford, who has good sources in the Hezbollah leadership, said, “They seem to be convinced that sooner or later there’s going to be an Israeli-Arab conflict. In the long term, Israel cannot put up with this threat from Hezbollah.” It seems clear that in ordinary times Israel would already have moved against Hezbollah. But these are not ordinary times. Intelligence officials told me that Israel cannot act preëmptively against Hezbollah while America is trying to shore up Arab support for, or acquiescence in, a campaign to overthrow Saddam Hussein. To do otherwise would be to risk angering the Bush Administration, which needs Israel to show restraint. One Israeli Army officer I spoke to put it bluntly: “The day after the American attack, we can move.”


A DOUBLE-DIP RECESSION WITH SPRINKLES

Both Israel and the United States believe that, at the outset of an American campaign against Saddam, Iraq will fire missiles at Israel—perhaps with chemical or biological payloads—in order to provoke an Israeli conventional, or even nuclear, response. But Hezbollah, which is better situated than Iraq to do damage to Israel, might do Saddam’s work itself, forcing Israel to retaliate, and crippling the American effort against an Arab state. Hezbollah is not known to possess unconventional payloads for its missiles, though its state sponsors, Iran and Syria, maintain extensive biological- and chemical-weapons programs.

If Hezbollah wants to provoke Israel, it has other options. Early this year, it tried to smuggle fifty tons of heavy Iranian weapons—including mines, mortars, and missiles—to the Palestinian Authority aboard a ship called the Karine A. The Israeli Navy seized the ship in the Red Sea. Intelligence officials believe that the operation was under the control of a deputy of Imad Mugniyah, the Hezbollah security operative. According to a story in the London-based Arabic newspaper *Al-Sharq al-Awsat*, King Abdullah of Jordan told American officials that Iran was behind attempts to launch at least seventeen rockets at Israeli targets from Jordanian territory. Hezbollah, meanwhile, is working with Palestinian groups, including Islamic Jihad, which, like Hezbollah, is sponsored by Iran, and which, like Hezbollah, is searching for the means to deliver a serious blow to Israel.

There is no affection for Saddam Hussein among the ruling mullahs in Iran, which lost a vicious war to Iraq in the nineteen-eighties, with hundreds of thousands of Iranians dead; or in the office of President Bashar al-Assad, in Syria. But some American analysts think that both regimes are alarmed by the prospect of Saddam's overthrow. Dennis Ross, the Clinton Administration's Middle East envoy, told me that American success against Iraq would legitimatize American-led "regime change" in the Middle East. It would also leave Iran surrounded by pro-American governments, in Kabul, Baghdad, and Istanbul. "They see encirclement," Ross said. "This explains the incredible flow of weaponry to Hezbollah after Israel left Lebanon."

Ross said that Bashar al-Assad's interest in forestalling an American attack on Iraq by igniting an Arab-Israeli war is more subtle, but still present. "Bashar realizes that if we go ahead and do this in Iraq he runs an enormous risk" by continuing to support terrorist organizations. The State Department lists Syria as a sponsor of terror. Ross also believes that Bashar, unlike his late father, is not thoughtful enough to grasp the cost of a war with Israel. "He still thinks that Israel will stay within certain boundaries," Ross said. "He needs to hear from us that, if he provokes a war, don't expect us to come to your rescue. He's playing with fire." Indeed, in April this year the Bush Administration had to intervene with Syria to halt Hezbollah rocket attacks on Israel.

General Gantz told me that if Hezbollah uses rockets against Israel his forces will be hunting Syrians as well as Lebanese Shiites. Lebanon may be the battlefield, he said, but the twenty thousand Syrian soldiers in Lebanon will be fair targets. "Israel doesn't have to deal with Hezbollah as Hezbollah," he continued. "This is the Hezbollah tail wagging the Syrian dog. As far as I'm concerned, Hezbollah is part of the Lebanese and Syrian forces. Syria will pay the price. I'm not saying when or where. But it will be severe."

The Syrian Army, which used to have the Soviet Union as its patron, is no match for Israel, Gantz said. "I think the Syrians can create a few problems for us. But it's very hard to see in what way they're better than us. I just don't know how Bashar is going to rebuild his army after this. Assad, the father, was a smart guy. He knew how to walk a tightrope. His son is trying to dance on it."

"You've got a green light—use it!"

• •

In conversations with people in Beirut, and especially in the Christian areas to the city's north, I found great anxiety about an Israeli counterstrike against Lebanon. Hezbollah understands that the Lebanese have grown used to peace, and that they fear an Israeli attack; many Lebanese would hold Hezbollah responsible for the devastation caused by an Israeli attack. Among some of Lebanon's religious groups, particularly the Maronite Christians and the Druze, there is a feeling that the Syrians have overstayed their welcome in the country. These groups fear Hezbollah, too, but they do not express it; after all, Hezbollah is the only militia that is still armed, long after the end of the civil war.

Israel's foreign minister, Shimon Peres, mentioned these constraints when I spoke to him recently. "Hezbollah must not appear to be the destroyer of Lebanon," he said. Peres noted, however, that Hezbollah is an organization devoted to jihad, not to logic. "These are religious people. With the religious you can hardly negotiate. They think they have supreme permission to kill people and go to war. This is their nature."

When I met with Prime Minister Hariri, he alluded to some of these worries. Hariri, a Sunni, is a billionaire builder who made most of his money in Saudi Arabia. We spoke in a building that he constructed in Beirut, with his own money, to serve as his "palace"; it seems to be modelled on a Ritz-Carlton hotel. Hariri has tense relations with Hezbollah, which has accused him of trying to thwart development in poor Shiite areas. Hariri understands that Israel will make the Lebanese people suffer for any attacks that are launched from Lebanese territory. He loathes and fears Ariel Sharon, and said to me that Sharon was "no different" from Hitler in his belief "in racial purity." The people of southern Lebanon do not want the Israelis provoked, Hariri said. "Look around the South," he said. "Look at all the building."

In recent weeks, the borderland has become even more unstable. An Israeli soldier was killed last month when Hezbollah fired on an Israeli outpost in Shebaa; and the Lebanese government, with the endorsement of Hezbollah, announced plans to divert water that would otherwise be carried by the Hatsbani River into Israel. Israel has said that it will not allow Lebanon to curtail its water supply. General Gantz assumes that internal political considerations will not trump its desire for jihad. As he prepared to board his helicopter and fly to the border, he said, "I was the last officer to leave Lebanon, and maybe I'll be the first one to return." ♦

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

FICTION

THE BEES, PART I

BY ALEKSANDAR HEMON

THIS IS NOT REAL

Many years ago, back in Sarajevo, my sister and I went to see a movie with our parents. The film was about a handsome young man who goes on a treasure hunt, where he meets a beautiful young woman. Our mother fell asleep instantly; motion pictures often had that effect on her. Our father had a different response. By the end of the first scene, he was snorting derisively. "This is stupid," he whispered in my ear. Then he turned to the people around us, imploring them conspiratorially, "Comrades! Don't believe this! This is not real!" The hero, by this point, was dangling upside down over a pit of ravenous crocodiles, and the audience did not respond warmly to my father's interruptions. My sister and I pretended to focus on the screen. An usher appeared and tried to silence him. Our mother, woken up by the ruckus, found herself in the middle of an embarrassing scene, which ended with our father storming out, dragging my sister and me with him, as she apologized to the audience behind us. I took one last look back at the screen, where the hero and the dishevelled (yet fair) damsel were riding a comical pair of mules through a jungle teeming with villains.

MY LIFE

In the spring of 1979, Father came home with a Super-8 camera that he had borrowed from one of his co-workers (Božo A., who had a black belt in karate and a budding brain tumor—he died before my father returned the camera). The camera was small, but it possessed a kind of technological seriousness, as if only important things could be recorded with it. Father announced that he was going to make a film that would not lie. My mother asked what the movie would be about. "The truth," he said. "Obviously."

He had spent a week writing the script before he revealed that the movie would tell the story of his life. The filming was scheduled for the middle of June, when we would be in the country, visiting his parents. We would shoot, as they say, "on location." I was cast to play the young him, and my sister to play his sister (he didn't say which one—he had six). My mother was supposed to be his assistant director, but she resigned from her position almost instantly; she wanted to spend her vacation reading, she said.

Father refused to show us the script and was entirely unmoved when we pointed out that actors normally get to rehearse: he wanted life itself to be our inspiration, because, as he frequently reminded us, this film was to be *real*. Nevertheless, during our regular inspection of his desk, my sister and I found a copy, which we read to each other several times with a mixture of awe and hilarity. Here it is:

My Life

1. I am born;
2. I walk;
3. I watch over cows;
4. I leave home to go to school;
5. I come back home. Everybody's happy;
6. I leave home to go to university;
7. I'm in class. I study at night;
8. I go out for a stroll. I see a pretty girl;
9. I go back home to see my parents with the pretty girl;
10. I marry the pretty girl;
11. I work;
12. I have a son;
13. I'm happy;
14. I keep bees;
15. I have a daughter;
16. I'm happy;
17. I work;
18. We are at the seaside;
19. We are happy;
20. My children kiss me;
21. I kiss them;
22. My wife kisses me;
23. I kiss her;
24. I work;
25. The End.

FAREWELL

The first (and only) scene we shot was Scene 4. The location was the slope of the hill below my grandparents' house. I, in the role of my father at age fourteen, was supposed to walk downhill, away from the camera, with a bundle hanging from a stick on my shoulder, whistling a plaintive melody, then turn and stare back past the camera, to the home I was leaving, and wave, bidding it farewell.

The first take failed because I didn't wave with enough emotion. My hand, my father said, looked like a limp, plucked chicken.

The second take was interrupted when my father decided to zoom in on a bee that happened to land on a flower nearby.

Two of my aunts suddenly appeared in the third take, just as my father was panning from my touching goodbye to the house. They stood, grinning, paralyzed by the lens for a moment, then they casually waved at the camera.

Each time, I walked back uphill to my starting position. My legs hurt, I was hungry and thirsty, and I could not help questioning my father's directorial wisdom: Why wasn't he/I taking a bus? Didn't he/I need more stuff than could fit in a bundle? Didn't he/I need some food for the road?

During the fourth take, the camera ran out of film.

The fifth take was almost perfect: I walked away from home, my shoulders slouching with sorrow, my pace appropriately hesitant, the bundle dangling poignantly from the convincingly crooked stick. I turned and looked back at the house I was about to leave forever. It was white with a red roof; the sun was setting behind it. Tears welled up in my eyes as I waved at the loving past, my hand like a metronome counting out the beats of the saddest adagio. Then I

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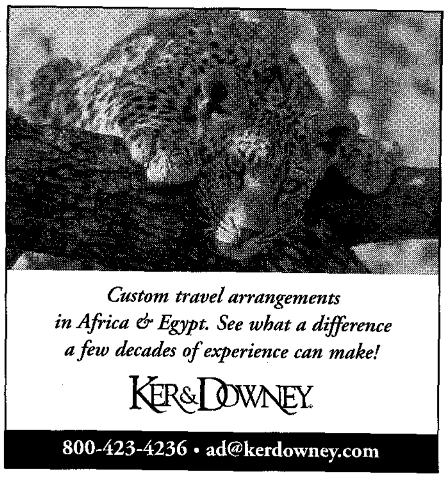
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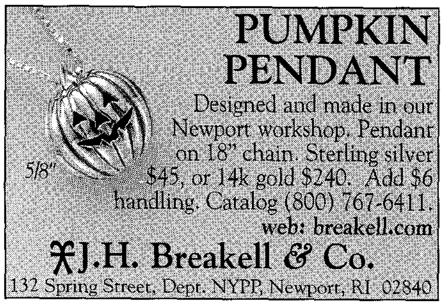
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heard a bee. It was buzzing around the back of my neck. My metronome hand switched to allegro as I flicked it around my head, trying to defend myself. The bee would not go away. I dropped the stick and started running frantically, first uphill, toward the camera, then downhill, my heels kicking at my butt. The bee pursued me relentlessly, and I was more terrified by its determination than I was by the thought of the inevitable sting. I hollered, threw my arms in the air, lunged ahead at breakneck speed, but the bee would not quit. And the more I ran, the further I was from any help. Then, just as I realized that the bee was actually caught in my hair—that my attempt to escape was futile—I tripped and tumbled. I felt the sting as I fell, rolling toward the foot of the hill, where I was stopped by a thornbush.

Need I say that my father didn't stop filming? There I am, onscreen, flapping my arms as if trying to take off, a clueless Icarus leaping ever farther from the sky, while a cow watches with sublime indifference—as if to suggest that God and his innocent creatures will never give a flying fuck about the fall of man. Then I tumble and hit the bush of thorns, and my father—with his cold, directorial presence of mind—fades me out.

OTHER WORKS

To my father's artistic biography I should add his woodworking proclivities. More than once I witnessed him caressing or kissing the wood he was about to transform into a shelf, a stool, or a beehive frame. He often forced me to touch and smell a "perfect" piece of wood, to appreciate its smooth knotlessness, its natural scent. For my father, the world consisted of objects that you could hold in your hand. He built all kinds of things—tool boxes, beds, chairs, and structures to hold my mother's plants—but his masterpiece was a nailless kitchen table, which he spent a month putting together. He paid a price. One afternoon, he emerged from his workshop with his hand sliced open by a chisel, the blood gushing from the center of his palm, as if from a well—a detail worthy of a Biblical miracle. He drove himself to the hospital, and the car, afterward, looked like a crime scene.

He also liked to sing. One evening, I found him in front of the TV, with a notebook and a sharpened pencil, waiting to transcribe the lyrics of his favorite song at the time, "Drop, You Traitor Tear," which was about to be featured on a musical show. For days afterward, he sang "Drop, You Traitor Tear" over and over again, humming through the parts where he couldn't remember the lyrics, preparing for future performances. He sang at parties and family gatherings, and sometimes accompanied himself on a badly tuned guitar, playing the same three chords (Am, C, D7) regardless of the song. He seemed to believe that even a severely mistuned guitar provided "atmosphere," while the harmonic simplification would enhance the emotional impact of any song. And, truly, it was hard to deny the power of his baritone against a background of discordant noise worthy of Sonic Youth, a tear glimmering in the corner of his eye as he contemplated its possible betrayal.

His photography merits a mention, too, even if its main intent was to record the merciless flow of time. The composition of almost all his photographs is identical: my mother, my sister, and I face the camera, the passing years measured by the emergence of my mother's wrinkles and gray hair, the width of my sister's beaming smile, and the thickness of my smirk.

One more thing: He once bought a notebook, and on the first page wrote, *This notebook is for expressing the deepest thoughts and feelings of the members of our family.* Perhaps he intended to use those thoughts and feelings as material for a future book, but in the end there were only two entries: a cryptic note from my mother, who had probably just grabbed the notebook while on the phone and wrote, *Friday / Healthy children / Thyme;* and a line from my sister, in her careful and precise prepubescent handwriting: *I am really sad, because the summer is almost over.*

RESTING

Versa, April 27, 1916

Who will come with me through the fields

The sunlight is scattered in diamond
drops of water
over the supple grass

I am surrendered
to the leanings
of the limpid universe

The mountains open out
in deep drafts of lilac shadow
and row with the sky

Up in the light vault
the spell is broken

And I plummet into myself

And go dark in my nest

—*Giuseppe Ungaretti*
(Translated, from the Italian, by Andrew Frisardi.)

THE REAL BOOK

My father believed in whatever conveyed reality. He was suspicious of the television news, which relentlessly listed the triumphs of socialism, but he was addicted to the weather forecast. He read newspapers, but trusted only the obituaries. He loved nature shows, because the existence and the meaning of nature were self-evident—there was no denying a python swallowing a rat, or a cheetah leaping on the back of an exhausted, terrified gnu. But nothing insulted him more than literature. The whole concept was a scam. Not only was it all made from words—whose reality was precarious at best—but those words were used to render *things that had never really happened.* His dislike of literature may have been strengthened by my intense interest in it (for which he blamed my mother) and my consequent attempts to interest him. For his forty-fifth birthday I unwisely gave him a book called "The Liars"—he never got past the title. Once, I read my father a passage from a García Márquez story in which an angel falls from the sky and gets locked up in a chicken coop, and he became seriously concerned about my mental capacities. In time, he began casually mentioning his plan to write a *real* book.

Writing such a book would not be a particularly trying task, he suggested—provided one didn't get carried away with self-indulgent fantasies and stuck to what had really happened. All he needed was a few weeks off. But he could never find the time: there was his job, and the bees, and things to be built, and the necessary, replenishing naps. One afternoon I found him snoring on the couch with his notebook on his chest and a pencil on the floor beside him, the only words written: *Many years ago.*

THE WRITER'S RETREAT

My father truly began writing in Canada, in the winter of 1994. He and my mother and sister had settled there, after a couple of years of refugee roaming, years that I'd spent work-

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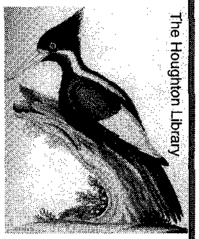

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ing low-wage jobs in Chicago and pursuing a green card. They had left Sarajevo on May 1, 1992, the day before the siege began. There had been some shooting, and trouble was clearly brewing, but the main reason for their departure was my father's devotion to beekeeping. If he hadn't had to do the spring work in his apiary—clean up the hives, merge the weak hives with the strong, and so on—they might not have left Sarajevo at all. In any case, they spent a year at his deceased parents' house in the country, on a hill called Vučjak, living off the food they grew in the garden, watching as truckloads of Serbian soldiers passed by on their way to the front. My father occasionally sold honey to the troops, and toward the end of the summer he started selling mead, too, although the soldiers preferred to get drunk on slivovitz. My parents secretly listened to radio broadcasts from the besieged Sarajevo, and they feared a knock on the door in the middle of the night. Then my mother got a gallbladder infection and nearly died, so they went to Novi Sad, where my sister was trying to complete her college degree. They applied for a Canadian immigration visa, got it, and arrived in Hamilton, Ontario, in December, 1993.

My father began to despair as soon as he set foot on Canadian soil. From the window of their fifteenth-floor unfurnished apartment he could see piles of snow, the smokestacks of the Hamilton steel mills, and a vacant parking lot. It was all black and white and gray, like the kind of bleak existentialist Eastern European movie my father, without exception, found both unreal and morbidly boring. He didn't know where he was, how they were going to pay for food and furniture; he didn't know what would happen if one of them got sick. And it was perfectly clear to him that he would never learn the English language.

My mother, on the other hand, maintained her stoicism—partly to counterbalance my father's fears, and partly because she felt so defeated that nothing really mattered. She yielded herself to the tragic flow of things. I can still see her, patiently and unfalteringly twisting a Rubik's cube while watching a television report about a Sarajevo massacre, completely unfazed by the fact that she wasn't and would never be anywhere close to solving the puzzle.

She filled the apartment with the used furniture her English teacher had given her, but the place still looked hollow, devoid of all those crumbs of a lived life that had once led my parents home: the Earth-shaped clock with Sputnik hands that my father had brought back from the U.S.S.R.; the picture of me as a boy, sitting in a cherry tree, smiling (an instant before I fell and broke my arm); the bathroom pipe with a moisture stain that looked like an unshaved, longhaired Lenin; the badly framed reproduction of a Cézanne still-life; the honey jars marked "Real Honey," on whose labels little bees flew.

My father dropped out of his English class, furious at a language that randomly distributed meaningless articles and insisted on having a subject in every stupid sentence. He made cold calls to Canadian companies and, in unintelligible English, described his life—which had included being an engineer who brought light to big cities—to perplexed receptionists who put him on indefinite hold. He nearly got sucked into a venture set up by a shady Ukrainian, who convinced him that there was good money to be made by smuggling Ukrainian goose down into the country and selling it to the Canadian bedding industry.

I'd call from Chicago and my father would pick up the phone.

"So what are you doing?" I'd ask.

"Waiting," he'd say.

"For what?"

"Waiting to die."

"Let me talk to Mom."

And then, one day, when his woe became so overwhelming that his soul literally hurt, like a stubbed toe or a swollen testicle, he began to write. He wouldn't show his writing to my mother or my sister, but they knew that he was writing about bees. In the early spring of 1994, I received a manila envelope, on which was written, in a dramatic cursive, "The Bees, Part 1." My hands trembled while I flipped through those twenty-one pages, as if I were unrolling a sacred scroll rediscovered after a thousand years. (My sense of sanctity was somewhat diminished by a sticky honey stain on page 6.)

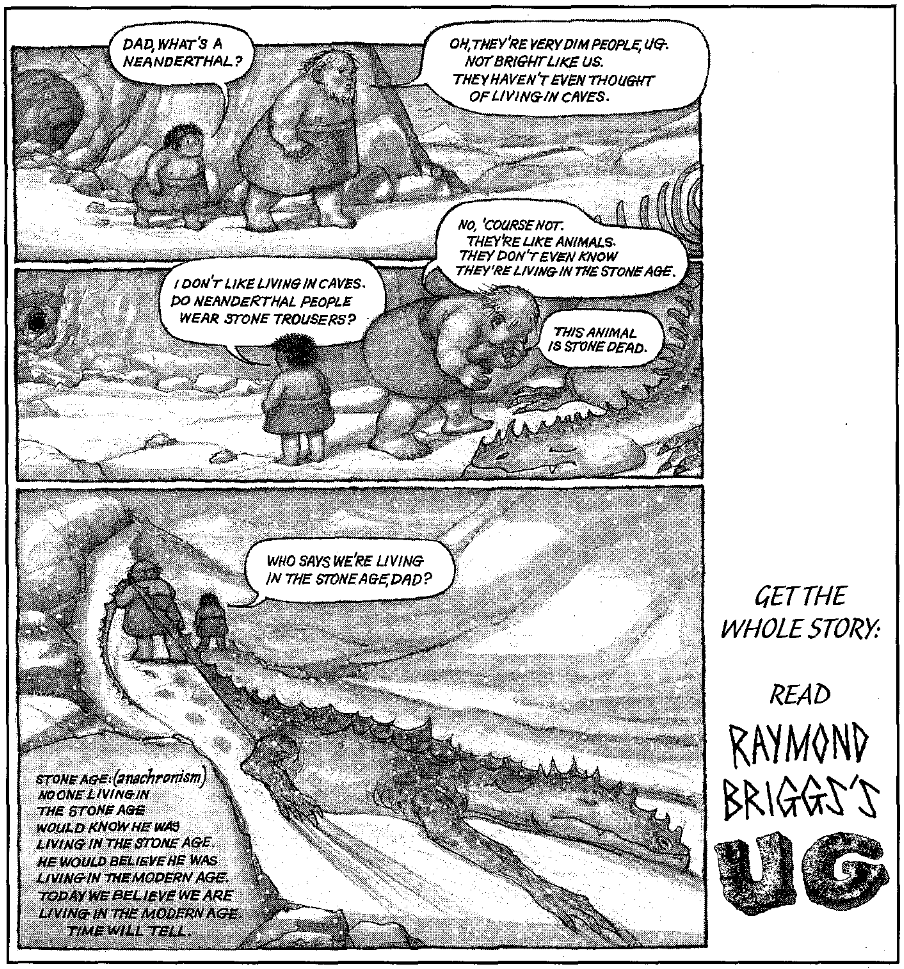
THE BEES, PART I

There is something faithfully connecting our family and bees is how my father's narrative begins. *Like a member of the family, the bees have always come back.*

Until his grandfather, my great-grandfather Teodor, first brought civilized beekeeping to Bosnia, in 1912, my father writes, the natives had kept their bees in straw-and-mud hives and killed them with sulfur—*killed all of them*—to get the honey. He recounts the story of the few hives that travelled with his family from the hinterlands of Ukraine to the promised land of Bosnia. (The only thing promised then was plenty of wood, which enabled them to survive the winters.) Those hives multiplied quickly, unimpeded by the First World War. Teodor's son, my grandfather Ivan, who was twelve when he arrived in Bosnia, later became the first president of the Beekeeping Society in Prnjavor. In a photograph of the society's founding picnic, Ivan stands at the center of a group of peasants, with a fashionably long mustache and a dandyish cocked hat. Several of the other members proudly exhibit faces swollen with bee stings.

Sometimes there were interesting mischieves with bees, my father notes, without conveying the actual *mischieves*. Throughout the text, he wavers between ominous weighty phrases, establishing the historical context—*War was coming down that dirt road* or *The gods of destruction pointed their irate fingers at our honey jars*—and highly technical descriptions of the revolutionary architecture of the hives his father built. He goes from a discussion of the horrible death a bee suffers when it stings (and the philosophical implications thereof) to a lyrical description of hawthorn in bloom and the piping of the queen bee, audible the night before the swarm leaves the hive. He devotes almost a page to the first time he recognized a queen bee. *A hive contains about fifty thousand bees and only one queen. She's noticeably bigger than the other bees, who dance around her, swirl, and move in peculiar, even worshipful ways.* Seeing that first queen bee, on a frame heavy with honey, he says, *was like reaching the center of the universe;* the vastness and the beauty of the world were revealed to him, *the logic behind it all.*

The most successful period of our beekeep-


DAD, WHAT'S A NEANDERTHAL?
OH, THEY'RE VERY DIM PEOPLE, UG. NOT BRIGHT LIKE US. THEY HAVEN'T EVEN THOUGHT OF LIVING IN CAVES.
NO, 'COURSE NOT. THEY'RE LIKE ANIMALS. THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW THEY'RE LIVING IN THE STONE AGE.
I DON'T LIKE LIVING IN CAVES. DO NEANDERTHAL PEOPLE WEAR STONE TROUSERS?
THIS ANIMAL IS STONE DEAD.
WHO SAYS WE'RE LIVING IN THE STONE AGE, DAD?
STONE AGE: (anachronism) NO ONE LIVING IN THE STONE AGE WOULD KNOW HE WAS LIVING IN THE STONE AGE. HE WOULD BELIEVE HE WAS LIVING IN THE MODERN AGE. TODAY WE BELIEVE WE ARE LIVING IN THE MODERN AGE. TIME WILL TELL.
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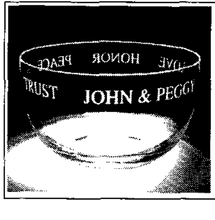
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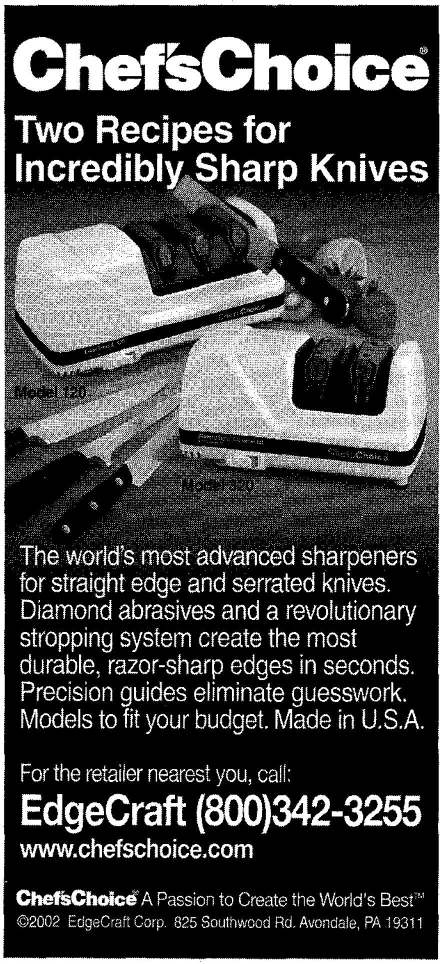
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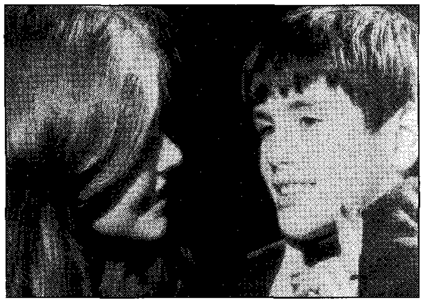

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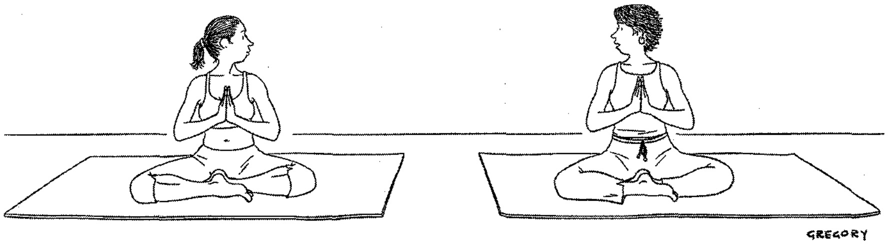


"I just found an Eastern philosophy that's very accepting of S.U.V.s."

• •

ing, which began in the twenties with the founding of the Beekeeping Society, ended in 1942, during the Second World War, when we for the first time lost our bees, he writes. The loss was a major catastrophe for the family, but my father tries to maintain perspective—there were many tragedies in besieged Sarajevo then. *There are worse things that can happen to you. A whole family, for example, can perish without a trace. We didn't perish, which is good.*

On the next page, he drew a map of the tiny village of Vučjak, and the town of Prnjavor, six kilometres away. He placed little stars around the page to represent other villages and people in the area. *It was a truly multinational place,* he notes wistfully. *Germans, Hungarians, Czechs, Poles, Ukrainians, Slovaks, Italians, Serbs, Muslims, Croats, and all the mixed ones.* There were seventeen different nationalities in all—even a Japanese man, who was a tailor in Prnjavor. In 1942, my father explains, lawlessness was rampant. There were roaming gangs of Serbs and of Croatian Fascists, and of Tito's partisans, too. One day, two *semisoldiers* showed up at the door of my father's house. They were his neighbors, ordinary peasants, except for their rickety rifles and their caps with the Chetnik insignia (an ugly eagle spreading its wings) on the front and the partisan red star on the back—they reversed the caps as they deemed necessary. There was going to be a great battle, the peasants said. *They said we would be well advised to leave.* They offered to padlock everything, and *they showed us a huge key, for which it was clear no padlock existed.* They suggested, touching the knives at their belts as if inadvertently, that we take only what we could carry. *Father begged them to let us take a cow; my mother, my six sisters, and my two brothers wept. Winter was around the corner. Perhaps it was the weeping that made them take pity on us and let us take a cow, although it was the sick one—her shrunken udder would not provide any milk or solace. And we left thirty beehives behind.*

In the next paragraph, my father's writing becomes unstable; a couple of sentences are crossed out. Beneath a shroud of fierce scratching, I can make out a few words and phrases: *raven, urine, belonging to,* and *skin, scythe.*

I was six years old, he continues, *and I was carrying a meat grinder.* His mother was carrying his youngest brother—*he clung to her chest like a little monkey.* Only after a few months did *all the details of the pillaging and pilfering done by the neighbors come to light.* After the peasants had emptied the house and the attic and the barn, they finally got to the bees. They wanted the honey, though there was little of it—just enough to help the bees survive the winter. They opened the hives and shook the helpless bees off the frames. It was late October, it was cold, and the bees couldn't fly or sting. They dropped to the ground in absolute silence: *no buzz, no life; they all died that night.* When the family finally returned home, my father found a mushy pile of rotting bees. *Before they died, they had crawled closer together to keep warm.*

Two of the hives had been stolen by another neighbor, Tedo, who was also a beekeeper. My grandfather Ivan knew that Tedo had them, but he never asked for them. Tedo came by one day and, unable to look Ivan in the eye, claimed that he had just been taking care of the bees while the family was away. He offered to give them back. *I remember going with my father to retrieve our bees. We went on a sleigh and we had to be careful not to shake the two hives, lest the bees unfurl their winter clusters, which kept them warm.* My father sat between the hives, holding them steady. It was a cold night, *with stars glit-*

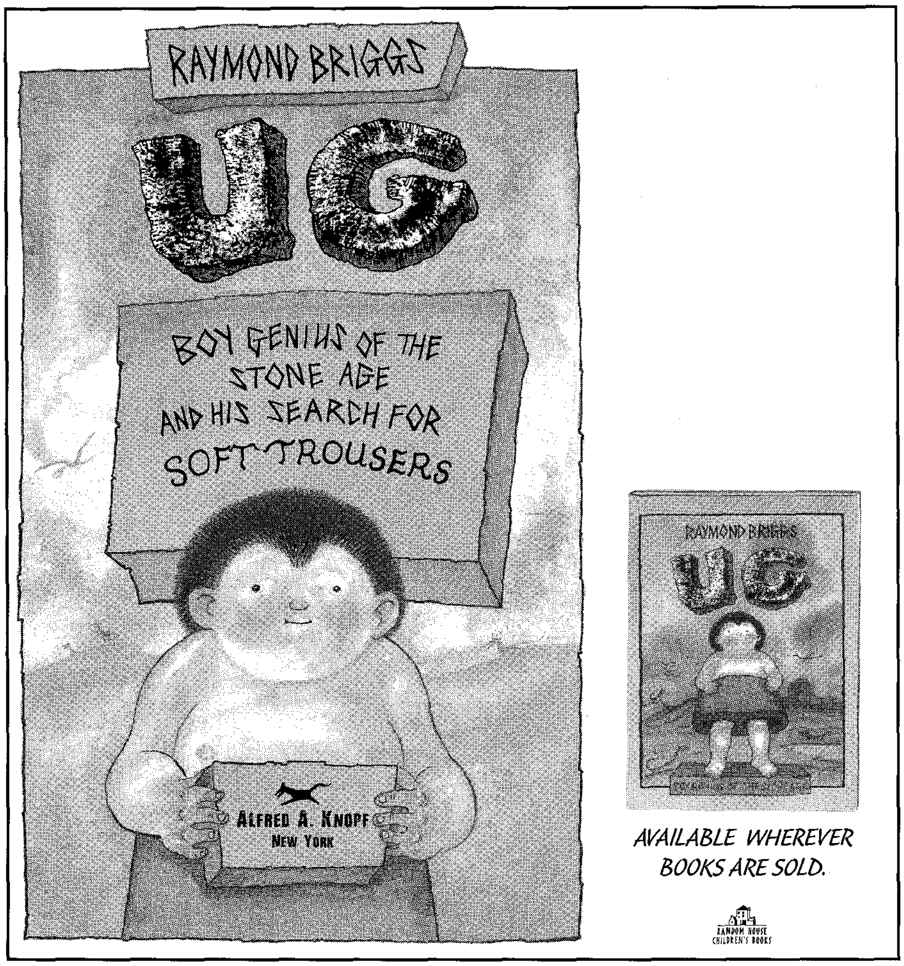
tering like ice shards. If they were careful and patient, Ivan told him, these two hives would breed many more. The following year they had six, and then twice as many, and in a few years they had twenty-five.

THE CONDITIONS OF PRODUCTION

Out of respect for my father's desire—his need—to produce a true book, I must append a few paragraphs on the conditions of his truth production. I wasn't there while he was writing it, so I have to use the accounts of a reliable witness (my mother). Thus: he wrote mainly in the afternoon, with a pencil, on filler paper, in long, slanted engineer's cursive. He sat on his bed, with the bedside table between his legs. He sharpened his pencil with a Swiss Army pocketknife (a duty-free present from me years before), littering the bedroom floor with shavings. The pencils came from a ninety-nine-cent store, and their tips frequently broke. He snapped several of them, infuriated. Over the phone, I listened to elaborate laments and his retroactive appreciation of "our" pencils, pencils you could trust. Sometimes he just sat there hissing at the pigeons on the balcony, as they pecked at the bread crumbs my mother left for them. He'd often interrupt his reflections to get himself a slice of bread with butter and honey. Eventually, he'd start writing, and he sometimes kept at it for as long as forty-five minutes—an eternity for someone as impatient and miserable as my father.

I'm holding his manuscript in my hand right now, and I can see the ebbs and flows of his concentration. I can decode the increase and decrease of his back pain: in the smooth, steady handwriting, say, at the top of page 10, which then meanders on page 11; in the random words written in the margins (*Branko*, *horsemen*, *watermelon*, *slaughter*); the adjectives accompanying lonely, arid nouns (*stinky* wafting around *feet; classic* alongside *theft; golden* melting over *honey*). There are midsentence breaks, with syntactical discrepancies that suggest his thoughts splintering. Sometimes a sentence simply ceases: *We know*, then nothing; *It must be said*, but nobody knows what.

On page 17, my father is in the mid-



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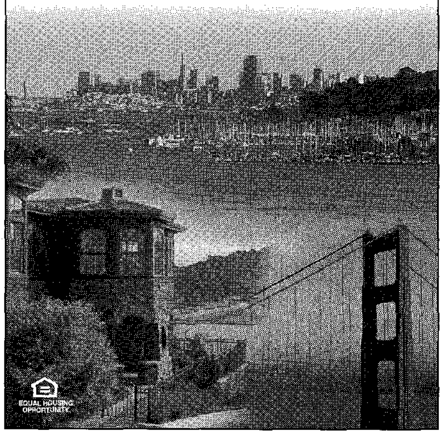

dle of conveying a humorous story about another neighbor, a man named Branko. By this time, Ivan's hives had been confiscated by a socialist collective and he had been put in charge of the co-op apiary, overseeing about two hundred hives—far too many to keep productively in one place, *but an order is an order.* My father, thirteen at the time, is helping him. *The day is gorgeous; the birds are a-twitter; there is an apple tree in the center of the apiary, its branches breaking with fruit.* They work in complete silence, interrupted only by the occasional thud of a ripe apple falling to the ground. A swarm of bees is hanging from one of the branches, and they need to get it into a hive. Ivan suggests that he shake the branch while my father holds the hive under it; when the swarm hits the hive, he says, it will just settle in, following the queen. *But,* my father anticipates, *I might be too weak to hold the hive and if the swarm misses it the bees might fall on me. I know they don't sting when they're swarming, but if they fall with their stings down they might still hurt me. What's more, we'd have to wait for them to gather again.* Here comes Branko, clearly up to no good. He hates bees, because he's been stung many times, but he still offers to help, probably hoping to steal something. So Branko stands under the swarm instead of my father, looking fretfully up at the bees, trotting around in a small circle, trying to center the hive. As he is still moving, Ivan shakes the branch with a long, crooked stick and the swarm falls directly onto Branko. Before a single sting breaks his skin, Branko is already screaming and shaking his head as if possessed by a host of demons. He bursts out of the apiary, crashes through a hedge, and throws himself into a mud puddle, whose proprietress, an enormous sow, studies him lethargically. My father is rolling on the ground with laughter; a twitch that could be a smile surfaces on Ivan's face, then quickly vanishes. The paragraph breaks off.

In the next paragraph, in a cursive so tense and weak it seems evanescent, my father writes about an epidemic that attacked the co-op's hives, spreading quickly because they were so close together, and decimating the bee population. He describes the harrowing sight of *a thick layer of dead bees glimmering in the grass.* Ivan squats despondently, leaning on a tree, surrounded by rotting apples that beckon hysterical flies. *This is life,* my father concludes, *struggle after struggle, loss after loss, endless torment.*

FATHERS AND DAUGHTERS

It took me some time to find out what had happened between the paragraphs: A month passed, at the beginning of which my father received a call from Nada, the daughter of his cousin Slavko, who had emigrated alone and ended up in Lincoln, Nebraska, where she went to college, majoring in library science and minoring in theology. Slavko and my father had grown up together—they were the same age—but Slavko had died recently, an accomplished alcoholic. Nada had called my father, she said, because her father had told her stories about their childhood together. My father was delighted to hear from her, said she could call anytime—because "family is family." But phone calls were too expensive, for both Nada and my father, so they started exchanging frequent letters. Instead of writing "The Bees," my father reminisced at length to Nada, fondly recalling his and Slavko's childhood *mischieves.* His letters were rife with bees and apples and family get-togethers, where everybody sang and hugged and licked honey from their fingertips. My mother told me that if Nada hadn't been a relative she would have thought my father was in love. He had someone now for whom he could paint the picture of his life, to whom he could tell the *true* story.

Nada's letters, however, were often rants, bemoaning the fact that her father had ended up a weak, bitter man, and her mother was overly receptive to the attentions of other men. She hated America and Americans, their provincialism, their stupid, rootless culture. She was clearly wretched, my mother said, but my father was, by and large, oblivious to that. Then Nada didn't write for a while. But one night my parents were woken up by an avalanche of paper slithering out of their fax machine. In a sixty-five-page fax, Nada's father was upgraded to a child molester, her mother to a cheap prostitute. America had become a filthy inferno of idiocy and nothingness, run by the Jews and the C.I.A. Her roommate (a Latina whore) was trying to kill her; her professors discussed her with her classmates, showing secretly taken pictures of her naked body while frat boys masturbated. Her doctor had tried to rape her; in the I.N.S. office, where she went to apply for her green card, the woman who interviewed her had hooves instead of feet; and somebody was changing the words in the books she was studying—every day they were full of new *lies, lies, lies.* At first she had believed that she was being persecuted by jealous people, who hated her for her purity, but now she knew that God had become evil and begun purging the innocent. *The only hope I have is you,* she wrote. *Could you come and take me from this pit of hell?* In the last few pages, she warned my father about me, reminded him of the Oedipus myth and of the fact that I lived in the United States, which meant that I was corrupt and untrustworthy. *Keep in mind,* she wrote, *that God preferred sons to fathers and daughters.*

A DIFFERENT STORY

My father kept calling Nada, receiving no answer, until her murderous roommate, Madrigal, picked up the phone and told my father that Nada had been "institutionalized." He did not understand the word, and could not pronounce it for me to translate, so I called Madrigal. "She just went nuts," Madrigal said. "In the library. She heard voices coming from the books, spreading rumors about her."

My father was devastated. He called someone at the University of Nebraska and asked them in his Tarzan English to visit Nada at the institution and tell her that he had called. "We don't do that," the anonymous Nebraskan said. Father sat at his desk, frantically sharpening his pencil (but not writing) until it was reduced to a stump he could barely hold between his fingers. He called every member of the family, as if they could all pool their mental waves and send Nada a telepathic remedy. He called me almost every day and then demanded that I call him back, as he could not afford the calls. He gave me reports of his futile attempts to reach Nada, and finally he asked me to go to Lincoln and track her down. I couldn't do it. "You've become American," he said. But that's a different story.

THE MESSAGE

After the break, his story trickles away. He flies through an incident in which Ivan was stung by hundreds of bees and spent a few days in what must have been a coma. He devotes a paragraph to beekeeping in the sixties and seventies, *which could be considered the second golden age of family beekeeping, even if Father was going completely blind.* When Ivan lost his sight, the bees slowly died off, and by the time he was dead there were only three hives left. My father couldn't help. *Travelling around the world, mainly in the Middle East and Africa, I could barely manage to see my parents three times a year, and there was no way I could devote any of my time to the bees. Shortly before his death, Father summoned me and my brothers for a meeting of the family beekeeping tradition. His message*

And there "The Bees, Part 1" ends, no message delivered, though it isn't hard to imagine what it might have been. My grandfather died, my grandmother, too, and my father and his brothers kept the bees. They (the bees) survived an epidemic of Varroa mites, a drought, and the beginning of the war in Bosnia. When my family emigrated to Canada, they left behind twenty-five hives. Shortly after their departure, a horde of their neighbors, all drunken volunteers in the Serbian Army, came at night, kicked the hives off their stands, and when the bees feebly tried to escape (once again it was a cold night and they crept on the ground) threw a couple of hand grenades and laughed to see the dead bees flying round as if alive. They stole the heavy frames, and left a trail of dripping honey in their wake.

THE WELL

My father found a job in a factory, doing equipment maintenance. The factory was hot in the summer, cold in the winter, and when he worked night shifts he would sometimes fall asleep waiting for a green light at the wheel of a decrepit Lincoln Town Car. He hated the job, but he had no choice. One day, surveying the classifieds in search of a perfect garage sale, he found an ad for homemade honey. He called the number and told the man outright that he had no money to buy the honey, but that he would love to see his bees. Because there is such a thing as beekeepers' solidarity, the man invited him over. He was a Hungarian, a retired carpenter. He let my father help him with the bees and gave him old copies of *Canadian Beekeeping*, which my father tried to read with the insufficient help of my mother's dictionary. After a while, the Hungarian gave him a swarm and an old hive to start his own apiary. He admonished my father for refusing to wear overalls and a hat, or even gloves, but my father contended that stings were good for all kinds of pain. I still can't figure out what language they spoke to each other, but it almost certainly wasn't English.

My father has twenty-three beehives now and collects a few hundred pounds of honey a year, which he cannot sell. "Canadians don't appreciate honey," he says. "They don't understand it." He wants me to help him expand into the American market, but I assure him that Americans understand honey even less than Canadians.

He recently decided to write another true book. It already has a title: "The Well." There was a well near his home when he was a boy. Everybody went there to get water. Sometimes there were "interesting incidents." Once, he remembers, a mule escaped and came to the well, sensing water there. But its head was tied to its leg—which was how people forced mules to graze then—and it was unable to drink. It lingered around the well, banging its head against the water trough, dying of thirst with water inches away. It brayed, in horrible pain. *It brayed all day*, my father says. *All day and all of the night.* ♦

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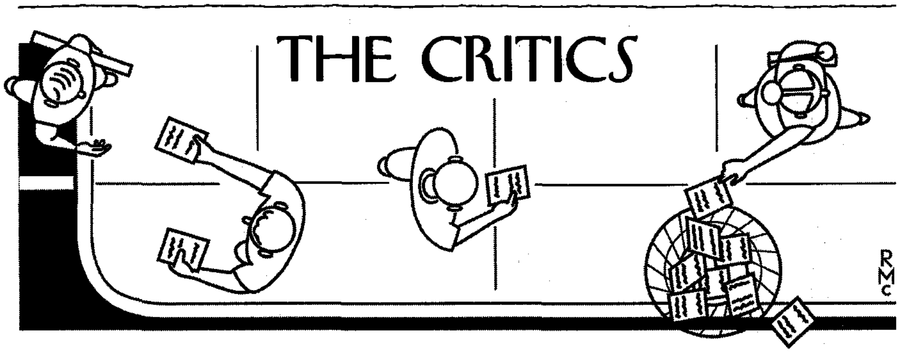


BOOKS

THE LOST MARINER

The self-confidence that kept Columbus going was his undoing.

BY ELIZABETH KOLBERT

In August, 1498, three months into his Third Voyage, Christopher Columbus found himself sailing toward the nipple of the world. He had just spent several weeks navigating off what he believed to be an island in the Far East but was actually Venezuela, and during that time he had noticed several curious phenomena. Great quantities of fresh water were flowing into the ocean; the climate seemed unusually temperate for a region so close to the equator; and the North Star was wandering from its course. Putting all this together, Columbus reasoned that the world was shaped like a ball with a breastlike protuberance. He felt himself not just crossing the ocean but going *up* it, his whole ship being lifted gently toward the sky. Had he reached the very tip of the protuberance, he concluded, he would have sailed straight into the Terrestrial Paradise. He found this theory so compelling that two months later he sent news of it in a long letter to his patrons, King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. What they made of it was not recorded.

Columbus was one of history's great optimists. When he read in Marco Polo that the palace of the Japanese king had floors of gold "two fingers thick," he accepted it as fact. Cuba, he was convinced, was part of the Malay Peninsula; things of value were more plentiful in the south; and the riches of the Orient—or, barring that, the rewards of Paradise—were always just around the corner. On all of these points, of course, he was wrong, and should have been fatally so, except that he was also fantastically lucky.

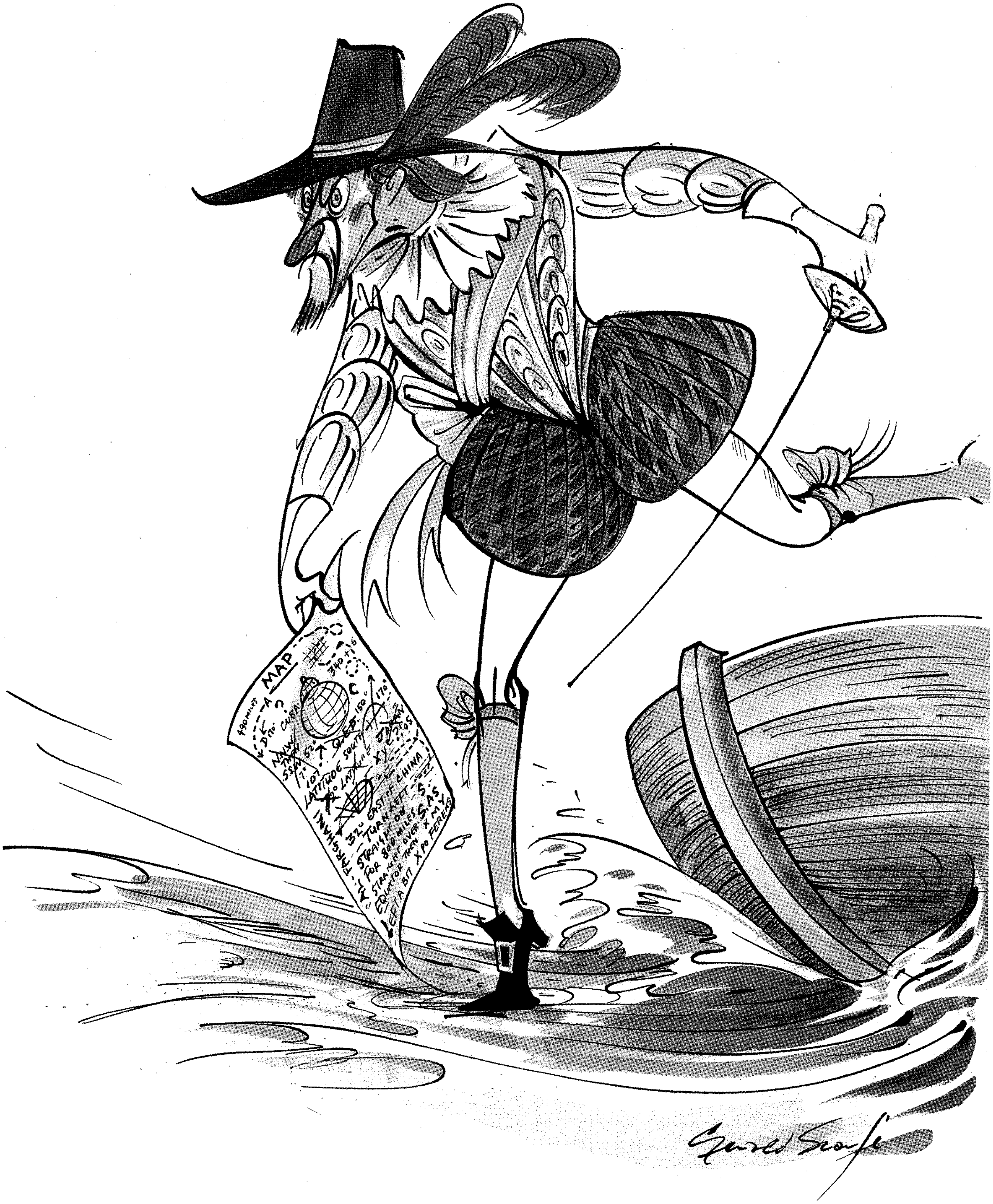
Columbus made four round-trip voyages from Spain to the New World, each of which was a stunning feat of seamanship. To sail west across the Atlantic, a ship needs to find the easterly trade winds; to sail east it has to find the less consistent westerlies, and can easily end up becalmed. Several times, Columbus almost didn't make it back. Returning from his First Voyage, he ran into a storm so ferocious that he decided his best hope for posterity was to write up an account of his discoveries, seal it in a barrel, and toss the whole thing overboard. (This manuscript was "found" four centuries later, in a wonderfully clumsy fraud.) But Columbus kept squeaking by and, in keeping with his general view of things, interpreted his good fortune as a sign that he had been singled out by God. In his later years, he assembled a book of Biblical passages showing that his discoveries were a prelude to the Day of Judgment, and took to signing his name with an elaborate Christological cryptogram. By this point, he may or may not have been mad.

The version of Columbus's life that most of us grew up on was invented in the early nineteenth century. Probably the most famous "fact" about Columbus—his insistence, against overwhelming scholastic opposition, that the world was round—was the work of a fabulist, Washington Irving, who wrote the first modern biography of the explorer. (Irving concocted the "fact" to back up his thesis that Columbus's journeys expressed a bold, proto-American rationalism.) Subsequently, Columbus was taken up by Irish and Italian immigrants, who saw his story, or what passed for it, as proof that Catholicism was no bar to patriotism. The four-hundredth anniversary of his discovery of the New World, in 1892, prompted a yearlong national celebration that included, among scores of tributes, the creation of Columbus Circle in Manhattan. In 1985, Congress established the Christopher Columbus Quincentenary Jubilee Commission, apparently assuming that the five-hundredth anniversary would proceed along similar lines. But by then nearly everything about Columbus, starting with the very notion of discovery, was being reëvaluated.

Among the few quincentenary projects to reach a satisfactory conclusion is a twelve-volume series called, somewhat portentously, the Repertorium Columbianum. The series, produced by U.C.L.A.'s Center for Medieval and Renaissance Studies, features new English translations of the most important documents associated with Columbus's voyages, including his "Book of Prophecies," transcripts of his logs, and the earliest accounts of his arrival in the New World. Some forty scholars collaborated on the project, which took fourteen years to complete; this fall, a decade behind schedule, the twelfth volume will finally appear. The series goes a long way toward explaining, if inadvertently, why the quincentenary turned into a fiasco. In his writings, Columbus reveals that the flip side of his optimism was a casual greed and cruelty. He appears to have been dishonest with just about everyone he encountered and, most of all, with himself, as he forever tried to rationalize his idiosyncratic preconceptions. If we are, indeed, always refashioning history to suit our self-image, then what are we to make of the fact that the Columbus who emerges from the Repertorium is evidently a quack?

Cristoforo Colombo was probably born in 1451, and almost certainly in the city of Genoa. Little is known about his early life, a gap that, over the past five centuries, has been filled with all sorts of speculation; it has been variously claimed that Columbus was Spanish, Corsican, Portuguese, French, German, Greek, Armenian, and even Jewish. According to contemporaries, he was tall, with red hair, blue eyes, and a ruddy complexion. Bartolomé de las Casas,

GERALD SCARFE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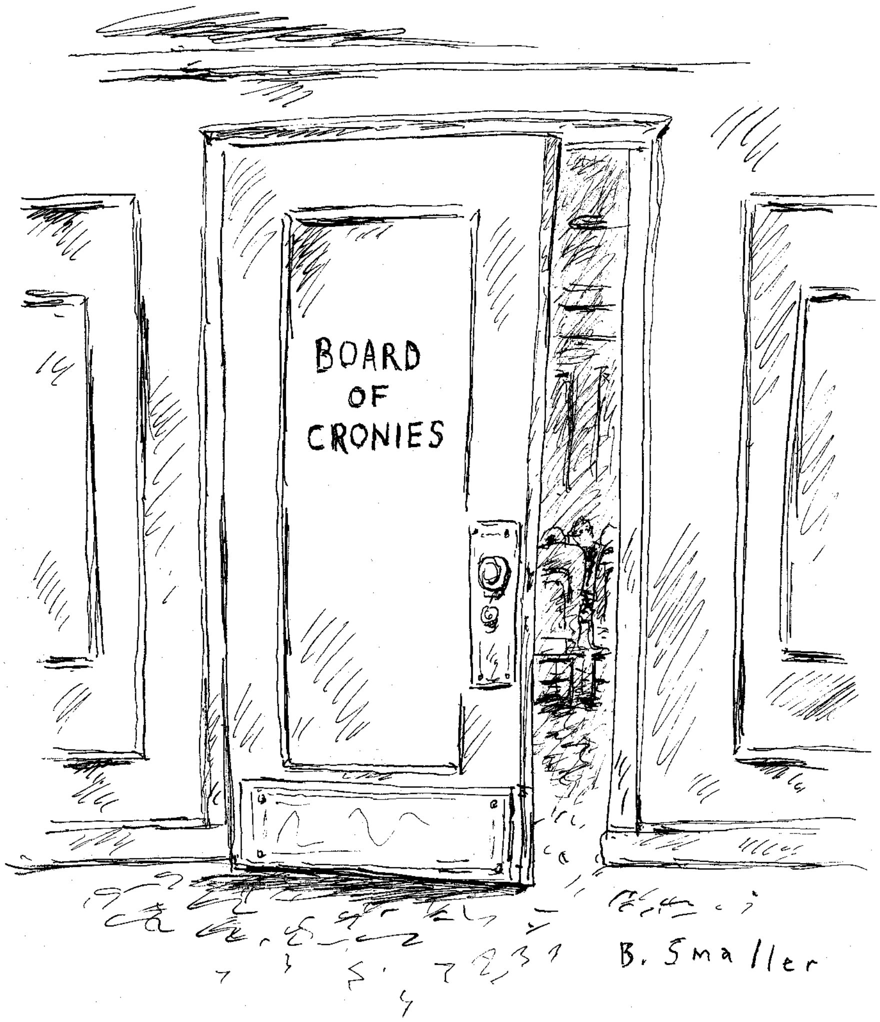
Gerald Scarfe

Columbus was one of the few men of his age willing to entertain the notion that the world was not spherical.



whose father sailed with Columbus on his Second Voyage and who was himself one of the earliest Spanish settlers of the New World, wrote what might be called the first biography of Columbus, "History of the Indies." In it las Casas characterizes the explorer as "dignified and circumspect, affable with strangers." Gonzalo Fernández de Oviedo, the author of the competing "General and Natural History of the Indies," had also met Columbus. He describes him as "amusing when he wished to be; furious when he was angered."

Columbus's father and grandfather were both weavers, and he probably worked as a wool carder in the family business before heading out to sea. In 1476, while he was a crew member on a Genoese commercial fleet, his ship was attacked and sunk off the coast of Portugal; he survived by grabbing an oar and swimming ashore. For the next several years, he sailed out of Lisbon. Columbus reported that on one voyage, in 1477, he visited Iceland, which is plausible, and that he saw the tides there rise and fall fifty feet, which is not. He claimed that as a young man he had once duped some craven shipmates into facing a battle by convincing them that they were sailing north when, in reality, they were heading south. Even Samuel Eliot Morison, whose celebrated 1942 biography of Columbus, "Admiral of the Ocean Sea," is generally adulatory, finds this claim a stretch: "There is no record in all marine literature, to my knowledge, of such a hoax being pulled on seamen."

Just how Columbus came up with the idea of sailing west to get to the East—or, more to the point, why he became so fixated on the notion—is unclear, and was a matter of contention even in his lifetime. Oviedo, in his "General History," writes at some length about a rumor that Columbus had been given secret information on a "strange land" from a Spanish captain who was blown off course; Oviedo adds that he himself considers this rumor to be false. What was novel about Columbus's proposition was not, as generations of schoolchildren, following Washington Irving, have been taught, his position on the shape of the earth; as the nipple of Paradise demonstrates, Columbus was actually one of the few men of his age willing to entertain the notion that the world was not altogether spherical. Rather, what was innovative about Columbus's scheme was his calculations.

In Columbus's day, most geographers still relied on Ptolemy, who posited that the "known world" stretched a hundred and eighty degrees from east to west; the rest was water. This was a gross overstatement: the real span of what Ptolemy meant by the "known world"—Eurasia and Africa—was only about a hundred and twenty degrees. Still, even Ptolemy's calculations left far too much ocean to be traversed in an eighty-foot boat. Columbus rejected Ptolemy in favor of Pierre d'Ailly, an early-fifteenth-century French astrologer, who maintained that land extended for two hundred and twenty-five degrees, water for only a hundred and thirty-five. From there, Columbus argued that the travels of Marco Polo proved that China stretched farther east, that Japan was thirty degrees east of China, and that, because he planned to embark from the Canary Islands, he could subtract nine more degrees of water. When all this was not sufficient, he argued that d'Ailly had been too conservative all along.

By now, Columbus had succeeded in shrinking the ocean down to just sixty degrees. Yet still he was not done. In one last, Panglossian twist, he chose to follow not the standard—and roughly accurate—measure of a degree developed by the Greeks but a slightly lower figure, which had been put forward by the ninth-century Arab astronomer Al-Farghani. Conveniently, he also decided that Al-Farghani's calculations had been done in Roman miles as opposed to nautical miles, which are a fifth longer. On the basis of these and other manipulations, Columbus concluded that the distance from the Canary Islands westward to Japan was less than twenty-seven hundred miles. It was really thirteen thousand miles.

Columbus first presented his plan to King João II of Portugal in 1484. João, according to las Casas, found Columbus to be a "big talker," and was unimpressed by his reasoning. The following year, Columbus travelled to Spain, apparently leaving behind a string of unpaid debts. Ferdinand and Isabella, preoccupied with driving the Moors out of Granada, occasionally granted him an audience, and a small stipend, but mostly they seem to have ignored him. In 1490, a royal commission officially rejected Columbus's plan, on the ground that, in the words of las Casas, "his promises and proposals were hollow" and "could not be fulfilled." Two years later, the proposal was turned down again. Columbus was on his way to France, to try his luck there, when Ferdinand and Isabella, at the urging of one of their privy counsellors, had a change of heart.

Nothing survives to indicate what the Taino made of Columbus when he landed on the island of Guanahani, now called San Salvador, on October 12, 1492. Columbus, for his part, marvelled at the beauty and gentleness of the natives he encountered. In his log he wrote:

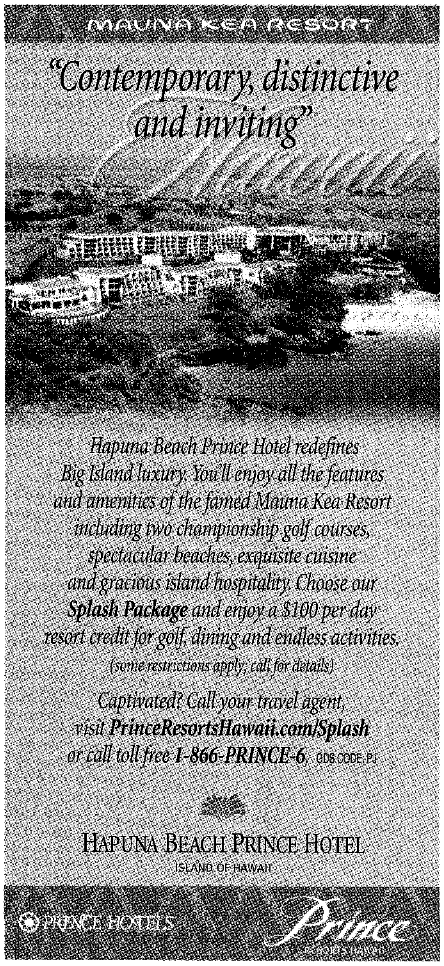
> I gave some of them red caps and glass beads that they put around their necks and many other things of little value with which they were very pleased, and they remained so entirely ours that it was a wonder. . . . All of those whom I saw were young men—for I saw no one of an age greater than thirty years—very well made, with very handsome and beautiful bodies and very pleasant features. . . . They do not bear arms, nor do they know them, for I showed them swords, and out of ignorance, they took them by the edge and cut themselves.

Within days, Columbus had come up with a use for these gentle souls: on October 14th, writing in his log again, he addressed himself to Ferdinand and Isabella: "When your highnesses should so command, all of them can be brought to Castile, or be kept captive on their own island, for with fifty men you will keep them all in subjugation and make them do anything you wish."

The charge of genocide is generally assumed to be a late-twentieth-century indictment of Columbus, but it was first levelled nearly five hundred years ago, by las Casas. Originally a slaveholder himself, las Casas spent a decade in Hispaniola—the island now occupied by Haiti and the Dominican Republic—before undergoing a conversion. He devoted the next fifty years—he lived to be ninety-two—to trying, in vain, to defend the New World's indigenous peoples. His "History of the Indies" is at once sympathetic to Columbus as an individual and frank about his culpability. Referring to a Taino prisoner whose ears were chopped off during the Second Voyage, las Casas writes, "This was the first case of injustice perpetrated here in the Indies on the mistaken and vain assumption that what was being enacted was justice. It marked the beginning of the spilling of blood, later to become a river of blood, first on this island and then in every corner of these Indies."

Columbus continued to express his fondness for the Taino—"They are a people very generous of spirit, so that they give everything that they are asked for with the best will in the world," he wrote—even as he devised new and more grotesque employments for them. The ostensible purpose of his Second Voyage was to convert the natives of Hispaniola; the real goals were to establish a permanent settlement there and to find gold, of which Hispaniola has very little. Columbus arrived on the island in the fall of 1493, with a fleet of seventeen vessels carrying some twelve hundred men. He then sailed on to explore Cuba. Most of the settlers, meanwhile, turned their attention directly to rape and extortion. Returning to Hispaniola in the fall of 1494, Columbus found the island in chaos, and decided to rectify the situation by further punishing the victims. He shipped five hundred Taino off to the slave market in Seville, then raised an army that marched across the island murdering villagers with guns, swords, and dogs. (Using pack hounds to rip the natives apart was, las Casas wrote, an innovation "thought up, invented, and put into effect by the Devil.") Finally, Columbus imposed a system of tribute under which each adult was required to supply the Spanish with enough gold dust to fill a "Flanders hawk's bell" every three months. It has been estimated that between mistreatment, imported diseases, and outright slaughter, more than a third of the indigenous people of Hispaniola had been killed by 1496.

Columbus's administration of Hispaniola was recognized, even by his patrons, to be a disaster. On his Third Voyage, confronted with a rebellion among his own men, he instituted a system, later known as *encomiendas*, under which each Spaniard was granted a large piece of cul-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tivated land and all the natives who lived on it. Evidently still convinced of his own righteousness, Columbus appealed to the King and Queen for a judge to be sent to the island. In response, Ferdinand and Isabella dispatched a knight named Francisco de Bobadilla. He arrived on August 23, 1500, and was greeted by the sight of seven Spaniards dangling from a gallows; Columbus had had them executed for plotting against him. De Bobadilla immediately had Columbus imprisoned and shipped back to Cadiz in chains. It did not take more than two generations for the entire native population of Hispaniola to be essentially wiped out.

At least among scholars, the art of celestial navigation was already quite advanced in the late fifteenth century, and, naturally, Columbus liked to portray himself as an expert in it. The evidence suggests otherwise. He probably didn't even know how to use an astrolabe, and many of the measurements he made with his quadrant—a simple instrument for measuring latitude—were wildly off base (hence his belief in a breast-shaped earth). On a pitching ship in the middle of the ocean, mistakes with a quadrant are understandable, but Columbus made them even on dry land. During his first stay in Cuba, for example, he calculated his latitude to be forty-two degrees north—the latitude of Cape Cod. Instead of being disturbed by this perplexing figure, three weeks later he reaffirmed it.

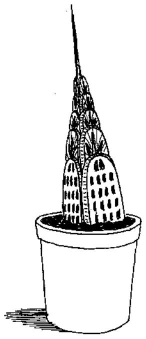
Columbus's deficiency as a celestial navigator means, presumably, that for eight Atlantic crossings he relied on dead reckoning, which is to say, on nothing more than a chart and a compass. Columbus had to calculate the distance he had travelled by estimating his velocity, then multiplying it by the number of times the sand had run through his hourglass. Not surprisingly, the figures he came up with this way were also often wrong. On his First Voyage, he famously kept two sets of logs, one set for his men and the other for himself. In the former, he deliberately understated the distances travelled, so that the men wouldn't become nervous about sailing so far from home. But in his own logs Columbus mistakenly overestimated the distances, so that the "fake" logs ended up being more accurate.

It's hard to see how, if Columbus had not possessed such confidence in his own abilities—a confidence bordering on self-delusion—he could have imagined embarking on his first journey or how he could have pressed on through so many dangers, forever hoping to find China and the Grand Khan. As is so often the case, however, the same qualities that kept him going eventually proved his undoing.

After returning to Spain in irons, Columbus had to wait six weeks before anyone bothered to have him set free. He was now forty-nine, and, in addition to possible mental illness, was suffering from arthritis and vision problems. Around this time, he composed a long, rambling letter to the governess of the prince, Don Juan, in which he complained that he had arrived at "such a condition that there is no one so vile that he does not think of insulting me." He spent the next year and a half in Granada and Seville, nursing his grievances.

During this period of enforced leisure, Columbus composed his "Book of Prophecies." In it, he argues that the discovery of the Indies was not just divinely inspired but foretold by Scripture. "Finally, what Jesus Christ Our Redeemer said and had previously said through the mouths of his holy prophets came to be," he writes. Once again applying his talent for creative math, he concludes that there are only a hundred and fifty-five years left until "the world must come to an end." At last, in 1502, he was granted permission to undertake his Fourth Voyage, according to one school of thought, because the royal family had grown tired of having him around. This time, he made it all the way to Panama, only to end up marooned on Jamaica, with a worm-eaten boat, for nearly a year.

As part of his original agreement with the Spanish crown, Columbus had asked for, and—extraordinarily—been granted, a ten-per-cent cut of the proceeds from his journey. The agreement had been



made on the assumption that he would be setting up trading posts, not discovering whole new continents. The crown never lived up to the full terms of the agreement, and in his later years Columbus was constantly insisting on his rights, drafting and redrafting a set of petitions that have become known as the "Book of Privileges." At one point, the King hinted that he would offer Columbus an estate in Castile in return for dropping his many claims, but Columbus, with characteristic pigheadedness, declined. He was, it appears, well aware of the toll that colonization had taken on the Taino; toward the end of his life, he complained that he had heard that six out of every seven natives in Hispaniola had died since his departure. What concerned him, though, was not the deaths themselves but how they had cut into his revenues.

Before Columbus, no one had made a discovery—if that's the right word—to rival his, and, until someone encounters little green men, probably no one will. Yet what finally distinguishes Columbus as an explorer is his reluctance to acknowledge the magnitude of what he had found. In four trips across the ocean, he never, for obvious reasons, came upon anything remotely like what he had expected: not only were the people novel and strange; so were the geography, the topography, the flora, and the fauna. Still, to the end of his days Columbus insisted that Cuba was part of China, and that he had arrived at the gateway to Asia. He didn't want to have discovered someplace new; he wanted to have reached someplace old, and, as a result, was blind to the real nature of the world he had stumbled onto. He spent his final months trailing after the Spanish court, first to Salamanca and then to Valladolid, in despair over not receiving the recognition he felt was his due. When he wasn't travelling, he was confined to his bed by crippling arthritis.

Columbus died on May 20, 1506, by all accounts a bitter man. Las Casas saw a kind of justice in this. Turning Columbus's theology against him, he argued that it represented the will of God. Anyone who knows the history of Hispaniola, las Casas wrote, "will be in a position to understand that all the misfortunes and adversity, grief and suffering that later befell him came about as a proper reward and punishment for the crimes he had committed." ♦

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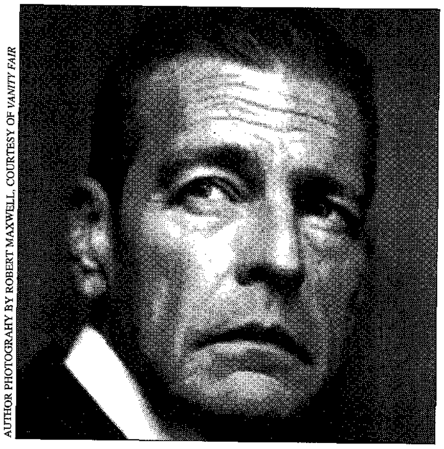

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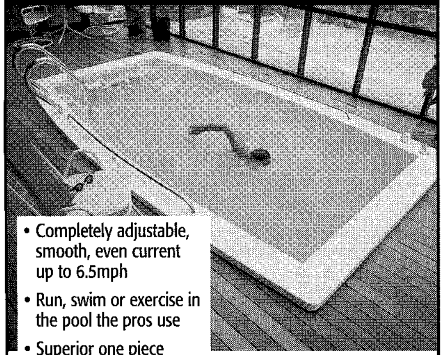

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BOOKS

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

How the metric system conquered the world—almost.

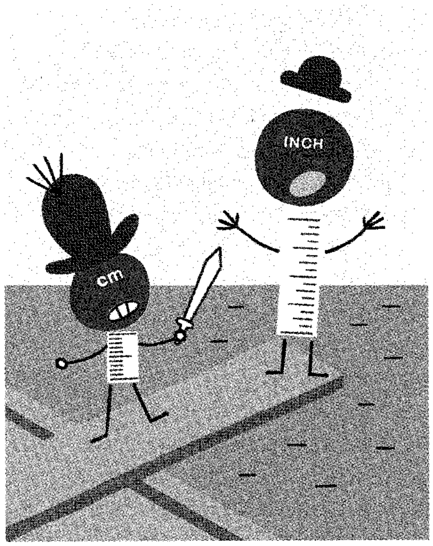
BY DAVID OWEN

Early on the morning of September 23, 1999, engineers at NASA's Jet Propulsion Laboratory lost contact with a Dumpster-size probe called the Mars Climate Orbiter. According to a news-service report, the mission's increasingly anxious flight-operations manager "alternated between staring at his monitor, staring at flight plans and pulling at his wedding band." A few days later, investigators found the problem: the orbiter reported its thruster firings in newtons, the metric system's unit of force, while navigation software at ground control used pounds. The cumulative error was small—roughly a hundred miles on a journey of more than four hundred million miles—but it pushed the orbiter irretrievably close to the Martian surface, into which it probably crashed.

The accident deeply embarrassed NASA, but metric-system advocates exulted. Here, finally, was proof that America's failure to abandon its version of the English system of weights and measures had become an unsustainable folly. Lorelle Young, the president of the U.S. Metric Association, blamed Congress, which she said had cut the space program's budget to the point where NASA couldn't afford a complete metric conversion.

Luckily, people who hated the metric system were able to blame Congress, too, since the whole mess might never have occurred if our nation's legislators hadn't decided, with the Metric Conversion Act of 1975 and the Omnibus Trade and Competitiveness Act of 1988, to nudge America toward full metrication. The problem, in other words, could be attributed to either measurement system, since the disaster had required contributions from both.

Like most unmetricated Americans, I suspect, I've usually sided with the pounds-and-ounces crowd in such disputes. I know that Olympic events are measured in metres, and that dietary fat and cocaine are both reckoned by the gram, but for a long time I vaguely assumed that the metric system was a bust. I also assumed that the metre was a modern invention, and that the world's interest in it must have crested in the early seventies, when I studied it in school. (The relevant chapter in our math book was called something like "Oh, No! The Metric System!")



Metre vs. yard: Is there room for both?

PHILIPPE PETIT-ROULET

But the metric system is neither new nor a failure. It was invented more than two hundred years ago, and most nations now use it, at least officially. Proponents frequently claim that just three countries have failed to adopt it: the United States, Liberia, and Myanmar. In truth, though, we are the only significant holdout. And our intransigence is incomplete, as the items on our grocery shelves prove. If the metric system's linguistic equivalent had caught on to a comparable extent, most people in the world today would be speaking Esperanto.

The metric system was as much a political creation as a scientific one; it was devised in France in the seventeen-nineties, a product of the same historical forces that gave us the guillotine. As Ken

Alder relates in a new book called "The Measure of All Things" (Free Press; $27), French citizens of that era employed thousands of confusingly inconsistent measurement units. The length of an aune—the old French yard, used for measuring cloth—depended on which type of cloth was being measured, which town the cloth was being measured in, and whether the cloth was being sold wholesale or retail, among other factors. In many regions, a pound (livre) of bread weighed less than a pound (livre) of iron; the volume of a tankard of *bière* depended on the local interpretation of the *pinte*.

Similar disparities existed throughout Europe, making commerce difficult and fraud irresistible. In 1790, the French National Assembly, which was feeling restive anyway, decided that the time had come to seek rationality not only for France but also, by enlightened example, for the rest of the world. Very quickly, the Paris Academy of Sciences created a system that closely resembled the one in use today. In one version or another, it included decimal-based divisions, a uniform series of Greek and Latin prefixes (kilo-, deci-, milli-), and a short list of basic units, of which the most basic was the metre. All that needed to be done—except for persuading people to use it—was to settle on the metre's length.

Basing the metre on a measurement unit then current in Paris, an early idea, was dismissed as impractical. "For instance," Alder writes, "the Paris toise—which equalled, by definition, six times the length of the royal pied (foot)—was actually a bar of iron mortised into the wall at the foot of the staircase of the great Châtelet courthouse. Yet, as everyone knew, the original bar had become badly bent as the building settled and had been replaced in 1666." The great statesman Charles-Maurice de Talleyrand urged the Assembly to look instead to an unchanging standard, taken from nature. He suggested giving the metre the same length as that of a pendulum swinging at the rate of one beat per second. Serendipitously, that length is a little more than thirty-nine inches, or approximately an aune.

This brilliantly simple idea was rapidly adopted. But there was a complication: the period of a pendulum is affected very slightly by its latitude, altitude, and proximity to certain topographical features, meaning that a single spot would have to be chosen as the world's reference point. Where? Talleyrand was drawn to the outskirts of Bordeaux; Thomas Jefferson, who had recently devised a system strikingly like the metric system in the hope of introducing it in the United States, felt the Monticello area was more favorably situated; the British preferred London.

Partly because of such disagreements, the French abandoned the pendulum and turned to a competing proposal, which was to base the metre on a set fraction of the earth's circumference; they reasoned that the best way to make the earth's new measure truly universal was to derive it from the earth itself. Our planet's dimensions had been known with some precision for several centuries, and French scientists had no difficulty determining that if the distance between the equator and the North Pole was divided by ten million (an auspiciously round and decimal-friendly number) the result would be very close to an aune. Two esteemed astronomers, Jean-Baptiste-Joseph Delambre and Pierre-François-André Méchain, were enlisted to make the most accurate possible measurement of a significant portion of a quarter meridian, so that the full length could be extrapolated, then minutely partitioned. It was decided that the ideal longitudinal segment for this study was the one that transected Paris on its way between the northern and southern ends of France—a choice that later impeded international acceptance of the system but made glorious sense to Parisians at the time. According to the chemist Antoine-Laurent Lavoisier (who was soon to be guillotined for reasons unrelated to the metric system), calculating the exact length of this roughly seven-hundred-mile-long imaginary line was "the most important mission that any man has ever been charged with."

Alder indirectly suggests that he agrees with Lavoisier; a great deal of "The Measure of All Things" consists of what sometimes seems to be an hour-by-hour recounting of the progress of the measurement parties, which were supposed to complete their work in a year but somehow took seven. (Alder

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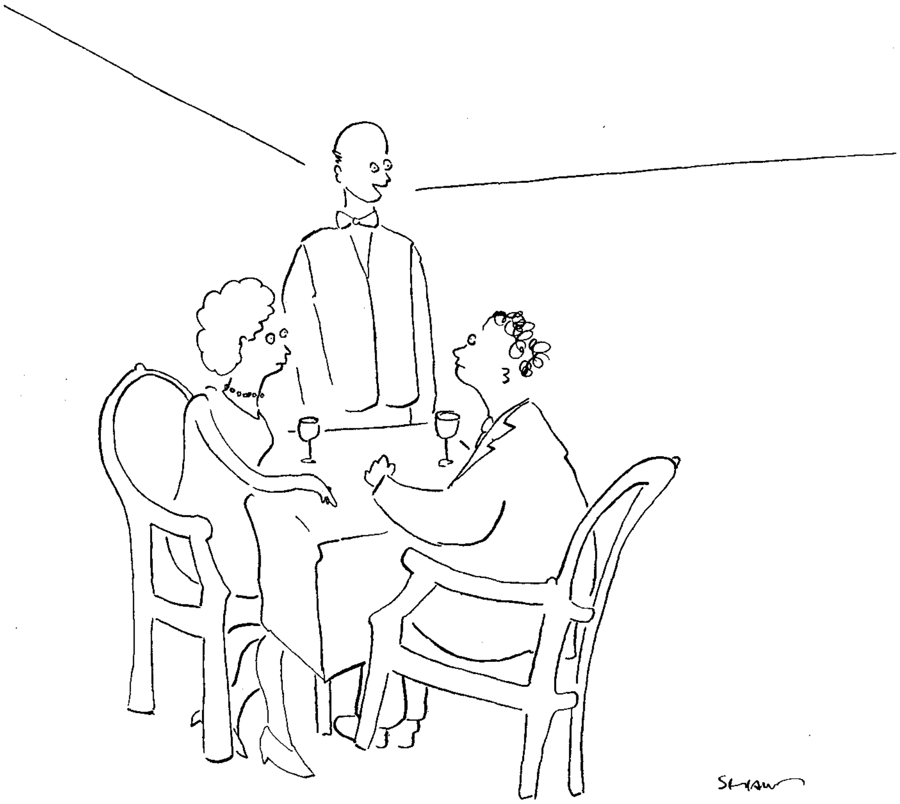
had both the good and the bad fortune to gain access to a huge cache of primary documents; he has made thorough use of it.) Although there were moments of real drama—the astronomers' equipment made them look like spies at a time when authorities tended to behead first and ask questions later—the measuring is the least interesting part of the story.

Alder makes much of the fact that Méchain's calculations contained a "secret error"—a slightly divergent latitude reading, which Méchain suspected but covered up. The mistake threw off other calculations, drove Méchain to the brink of suicide, and made the final, official metre short by something less than the thickness of a fingernail. But error of some kind was unavoidable, as scientists understood even at the time. The earth is an imperfect sphere, and the measurement methods available to these two eighteenth-century Frenchmen, though ingenious, were crude. (Two of the most important readings were made by repeatedly laying a quartet of two-toise platinum rulers end to end along two fairly straight, fairly flat roads.) After seven years of toil, the astronomers' carefully calculated metre turned out to be less "accurate" than the Academy's preliminary, back-of-the-envelope estimate—which the French, to the annoyance of many, had promoted in the interim as a provisional unit.

Because the definition of any measure is ultimately arbitrary, Méchain's mistake did no harm to the metric system. (Today, the metre is defined as the distance light travels through a vacuum in 1/299,792,458 of a second. For Americans, that's roughly 39.37 inches.) Perversely, though, the time-consuming quest for precision almost certainly did harm. In 1790, the United States was ripe for conversion. The government was shopping for a uniform system of weights and measures, had a President (Washington) and a Secretary of State (Jefferson) who were favorably disposed to the metric idea, and had just departed from Old World convention by introducing decimal-based coinage. And in 1792, before word of the meridian project had reached America, a Senate committee actually recommended adopting Talleyrand's pendulum standard. Alder, for reasons he doesn't really explain, thinks that the United States eventually would have spurned the metre in any case. ("It is hard to imagine that anything could have saved Americans from two hundred years of fruitless debate," he writes. Then he blames Congress.) He may be right, but the French, by choosing a thoroughly parochial method of defining the metre's length, and then spending seven years chasing a chimera, destroyed any likelihood of American acceptance. The British and the Germans, equally peeved, rejected the metre as well.



"We use only free-range chicken and suicidal veal."

Then, remarkably, the French rejected it, too. The most thought-provoking parts of Alder's book are the (too brief) ones in which he explains why the metric system represented not just standardization but "a revolutionary rupture" in the fabric of French society and "a crucial stage in the education of modern *Homo economicus*." The old French units of measurement were inconsistent in part because they were meant to be variable. Two old land measures, the *homme* and the *journée*, for example, were based not on fixed dimensions but on the amount of labor a peasant could perform in a day. Their size could vary from plot to plot and worker to worker, and it was subject to negotiation. Cloaked within the new set of unvarying units was the end of a form of social organization that, whatever its defects, had sustained itself for centuries. A square kilometre, unlike a *journée*, was unchanging and impersonal, and the common people of France resisted the change for decades. The metric system didn't truly become the law of the land in France until 1840.

In the beginning, the metre's inventors assumed that the system's charter adopters would be their fellow-revolutionaries in the United States; two centuries later, metric evangelists view our defiance as yet another example of our well-known scorn for playing by other people's rules. But the real explanation may simply be that what the metric system offered the French we were uniquely situated to acquire by other means.

As Andro Linklater writes in another new book, "Measuring America" (Walker; $26), our European forebears, upon arriving on this continent, first felt a "sense of almost spiritual awe at the beauty of the country," quickly followed by a "sharp consideration of the profit it represented." In America, in other words, "modern *Homo economicus*" came into existence all by himself. Waves of settlers, after annihilating most of the continent's previous occupants, simply divvied up the real estate and overlaid it with a measured grid of straight lines and permanent boundaries. There were no fiefs or demesnes or benefices or escheats to impede the largest sustained land-grab in the history of the world. Widespread individual ownership of precisely defined parcels of land—one of the radical concepts lurking behind the metric system—was easy to grasp.

Early Americans, like eighteenth-century French bakers, employed a full complement of inconsistent and confusing measurement units. But in the United States those units, without interference from feudal influences, eventually sorted themselves into a codified system, which continues to serve us well—the Mars Climate Orbiter notwithstanding. An inch in New York is exactly as long as an inch in Los Angeles, and our befuddlement about how other nations measure things has not prevented us from remaking the world in the image of our own motley culture. If fully adopting the metric system would have made the United States a more successful global economic force, as metric proponents often argue, then the rest of the world should probably be grateful that we didn't take it up.

Paradoxically, some of the staunchest metric proselytizers—the sort who derisively refer to our current system as WOMBAT (Way of Measuring Badly in America Today)—are themselves partly responsible for the metre's failure, thus far, to conquer the United States. One of the metric system's greatest strengths has always been its graceful internal symmetry. The units line up in logical rows and columns: micrometre, millimetre, centimetre, decimetre, metre, kilometre, and so on. But this stark orderliness is also one of the system's weaknesses, to the extent that metricators have valued consistency irrespective of utility. From the start, utopian scientists in France imperilled the metre's survival by insisting on what Alder calls a "hyperrational system," from which all non-metric traces had been eliminated. For a brief period in the early seventeen-nineties, the French

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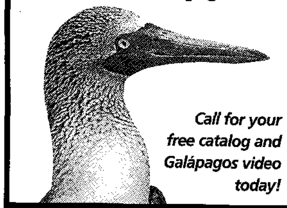

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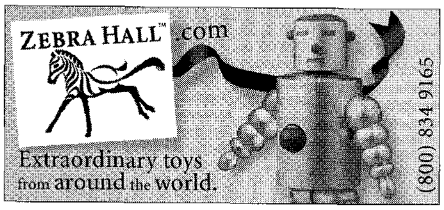

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actually toyed with ten-day weeks, ten-hour clocks, and four-hundred-degree circles—unpopular measures that were eventually abandoned, to the benefit of the system.

Today, similarly, there are otherwise reasonable people who fret that if the United States ever does adopt metric road signs for its highways, speed limits will be posted in kilometres per hour rather than in metres per second—in their view a tragedy, because metres and seconds are two of the seven "base units" of the metric system, while kilometres and hours are merely multiples of them and therefore less theoretically pure. Farther out on the radical fringe are those who remain annoyed that the second, which was invented by the Babylonians, is part of the metric system at all. They dream of a day when the world's clocks will tick the way those old French clocks did, with a hundred metric seconds to the metric minute, and a hundred metric minutes to the metric hour.

The truth, though, is that the world's very non-metric system of measuring time is already everything the metric system has ever dreamed of being: it's universally used and universally understood, and it requires next to no translation from culture to culture. Changing the second's length might quell the frustration of theoretical zealots, but it would create global chaos. Train schedules, lawyers' fees, the pacing of sitcoms, and everything else would have to be recalculated and relearned. Metricating the passage of time would make the world less orderly, not more so.

In fairness, throwing out the clock is a priority for just a lunatic few. But the same urge for consistency at any cost is often evident among wholly rational metric advocates, who seldom acknowledge that there could be situations in which coldly logical metric units work less well than quirkier alternatives. An example is carpentry. The units in which American building materials are measured are idiosyncratic in the extreme—they include gauges, penny sizes, nominal dimensions, and a host of other anachronistic absurdities—but the overall system works well, in part because it arose organically from human activity instead of being imposed from above by theoreticians. The standard metric measuring tape was clearly not designed by anyone who regularly worked with wood: a millimetre is smaller than the tip of a builder's pencil and narrower than the blade of a saw, and the closely packed, uniform gradations on the tape are hard to make out at a glance except in bundles of five. In contrast, a customary American tape—with its easily distinguishable divisions of sixteenths, eighths, quarters, halves, inches, feet, and sixteen-inch framing intervals—is harmoniously suited to the way in which it is used. The American building industry will probably adopt the metric system someday, but American carpenters are not idiots or Luddites for continuing to use a system that works.

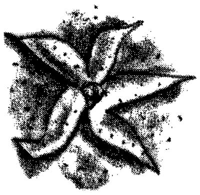
In cases where using metric units has made life easier for either sellers or buyers—the lengths of extra-long cigarettes, the sizes of wine bottles, the displacements of automobile engines—Americans have usually gone metric without a fuss. In cases where it hasn't, they haven't. (I've noticed Celsius temperature readings on the clocks of banks for twenty or thirty years without acquiring more than the vaguest feel for metric hot and cold.) This is true even in countries where the metre is the official standard. In a British pub, beer is still measured in imperial pints rather than in some briskly efficient round number of millilitres, to the continuing exasperation of (mostly non-British) metric sticklers. But there's no reason that pub pints and cubic metres can't coexist. Nor is there any reason that Americans, once fully metricated, should feel compelled to stop measuring large expanses in football fields.

The loss of the Mars Climate Orbiter wasn't caused by either pounds or kilograms; it was caused, as most big accidents are, by a compounding series of unnoticed errors. The most important error was a failure by engineers to pay sufficient attention to what they were doing—a type of mistake that will still be with us even if the world does go fully metric. In the meantime, the metric system would catch on a lot faster in the United States if its promoters were more flexible about deviations from tyrannical consistency. Just because the French invented the thing doesn't mean that the rest of us have to embrace their legendary preference for theory over practice. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

The Piano Tuner, *by Daniel Mason (Knopf; $24).* Forty-one-year-old Edgar Drake seems an unlikely protagonist for a bildungsroman. Happy with his wife of eighteen years and his reputation as one of the finest piano tuners in late-nineteenth-century London, he is "a man whose life is defined by creating order so that others may make beauty." Transformation comes in the form of a summons to a remote outpost in Burma: a maverick British officer there has imported a vintage Erard grand into the jungle, where the humidity has caused it to lose its temperament. Drake's journey to the Far East is a kind of anti-"Heart of Darkness," as he opens himself up to the uncertainty and wonder of human experience. In this début novel, Mason proves himself equally adept at scenes of wry humor and moments of rapture; most remarkable, he has written a profound adventure story with an unexpected climax, as the mild piano tuner finally becomes the hero of his own life.

The Lost Garden, *by Helen Humphreys (Norton; $23.95).* "Afterimage," the author's previous novel, described the life of a maidservant employed in the hectic household of the photographer Julia Margaret Cameron. In this measured, lyrical book, the locus is once again a large house deep in the English countryside—but now it's 1941, and Gwen Davis, a desperately lonely botanist employed by the Royal Horticultural Society to investigate canker in parsnips, has signed up to direct young women agricultural volunteers on an estate requisitioned for the war effort. Humphreys is a metaphysical novelist; for her, intricate emotional content finds specific analogues in the made world—an astonishing photograph or, as here, an overgrown garden that, once cleared, reveals its consoling secrets.



The Great Tax Wars, *by Steven R. Weisman (Simon & Schuster; $27).* Taxes put the touch on us all, but (unlike their brother in inevitability, death) they are generally considered unpromising material for exciting narrative. Thanks to Weisman, a seasoned *Times* correspondent who now serves on the paper's editorial board, this view requires revision. Weisman uses the income tax as a spotlight to illuminate American political and economic history from Abraham Lincoln's Administration through Woodrow Wilson's, and the result is a riveting story, peopled by extraordinary characters. (William Jennings Bryan, for example: those who know him only as a populist blowhard turned fundamentalist clown will be in for a few surprises here.) As it turns out, the battles over taxes that have dominated American politics since Reagan's Presidency were also waged throughout the latter half of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth—and in uncannily similar terms.

The Unfinished City, *by Thomas Bender (New Press; $30).* This collection of essays takes as its central theme the idea that New York is a city whose "very essence is to be continually in the making." New Yorkers have tended to resist elaborate city planning, and yet top-down decision-making has been responsible for some of the city's great treasures (like Central Park). The tension between those two approaches to urban life—between, as it were, Jane Jacobs and Robert Moses—has shaped New York since the eighteenth century. Bender has an omnivorous intellect, and, whether he's writing about Thomas Edison, the history of Washington Square, or modernist conceptions of the city, he has a knack for finding the telling anecdote and putting it in context. The political essays at the book's end are disappointingly vague, but on balance this is a nuanced, convincing history, attuned to the difficulties and pleasures of city living.

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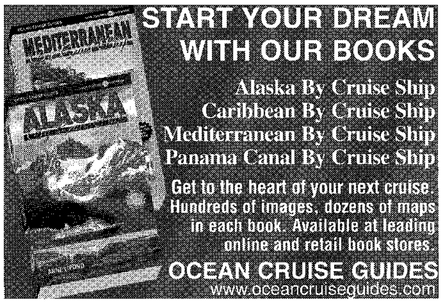

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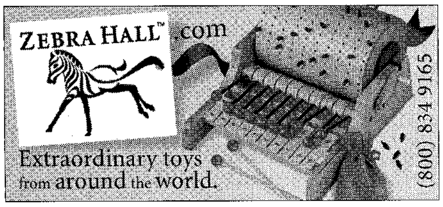

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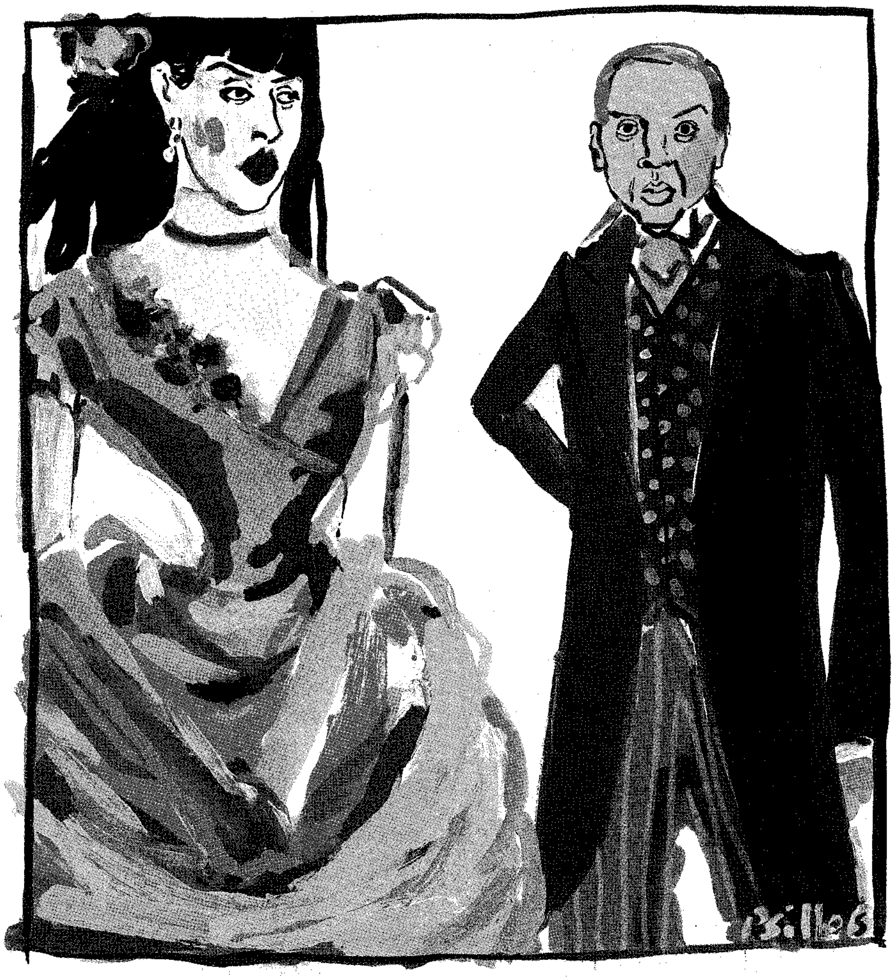

Gina McKee and Damian Lewis as the doomed Forsytes in the new adaptation.

DEMETRIOS PSILLOS

As Irene Forsyte, in the new, eight-part Masterpiece Theatre version of "The Forsyte Saga" (based on the first two books of the trilogy by the Nobel Prize-winning novelist John Galsworthy), Gina McKee calls the term "Galsworthian pale" to mind. It's an invented phrase, but apt, when it comes to describing both the coolness of McKee's temperament and the white, white skin that she wears like an alabaster shield—to protect her against the brutal physical and psychological demands of her husband, Soames Forsyte (Damian Lewis). McKee, who played Hugh Grant's wheelchair-bound ex-girlfriend in the 1999 film "Notting Hill," and a waitress in search of love in the same year's "Wonderland," must have exercised an extraordinary amount of discipline to flatten and mute her colorful modern edge; here she delivers a masterly performance as a woman trapped in the upper-class fiction of Victorian respectability, dying for the truth. She is just what Galsworthy (whom Virginia Woolf once called a "stuffed shirt") must have been getting at when he first envisioned Irene. In his cooked-up prose, he writes, "The gods had given Irene dark brown eyes and golden hair, that strange combination, provocative of men's glances." He goes on, "The full, soft pallor of her neck and shoulders, above a gold-colored frock, gave to her personality an alluring strangeness." In McKee, that "strangeness" comes out in her rare, slow, and deliberate enunciation; her internal life, her search for love outside her empty marriage, keeps her mostly silent as she watches desperately for an escape route. You sense that if she were to open her mouth she'd start to scream and never stop.

When we are first introduced to Irene in "The Forsyte Saga"—the first installment aired on PBS on October 6th—she is living with her stepmother, Mrs. Heron (Joanna David), in Bournemouth. Irene is a middle-class provincial girl with few prospects for a successful marriage (she does not have an impressive dowry). She has been trained, as many young women at the time were, to be "at home." Her natural intelligence, sensitivity, and wit all go into her efforts to perfect her skills as a pianist. The rest she blocks out: her grief over her father's death, her stepmother's dreary clucking about cash and position, and, eventually, the unwelcome attentions of a young London solicitor, Soames Forsyte. Stiff-necked, stiff-lipped, and with stiff red hair, Soames is the beloved child of the Forsyte family and the heir apparent not only to its fortune but also to its long-standing imperialist ideals—maintain order at all costs, bear your burdens lightly, and keep the class distinctions clear. His cousin Young Jolyon (the sweet-faced Rupert Graves), who is first in line to the Forsyte throne, has been virtually disinherited, having left his wife and his daughter, June, for June's governess, Helene (Amanda Ooms). Soames's sister, Winifred (Amanda Root), has married a bounder and a cad named Montague Dartie (the suitably creepy Ben Miles). In the huge extended family, then, Soames is the only truly "correct" Forsyte.

The melodrama of Galsworthy's trilogy filled twenty-six episodes in the first adaptation of "The Forsyte Saga," which aired in the United States in 1969, and was, at the time, the most ambitious series of its kind. Its power, as I recall, lay in its ability to persuade American viewers to give in to their closet Anglophilia. Since then, however, Americans have picked up another white man's burden—Tony Soprano's—and the flushed cheeks, the rustlings of silk, the tinkling of servants' bells that adorned the decline of an Empire would make precious little sense now if the producer of the new series, Sita Williams, had not incorporated some critical distance into the enterprise. Without sacrificing narrative—or the superficial thrill to be got out of simply examining the gleaming objects on Irene Forsyte's dressing table—the "Saga" has been adapted to our times, by Jan McVerry and Stephen Mallatratt, who have given it a distinctly feminist slant.

From the first, we're made to feel both Irene's disgust and Soames's neurotic need to possess what he cannot have—Irene's love. Soames's idea of marriage is based on what he sees as his mother's devotion to his father, a man whom she never loved, but whom she tolerated and made a home for. Why, he wonders, is Irene unwilling to do the same? It is his right, after all—he has bought and paid for a wife, and isn't it her duty to love him in precisely the way his imagination and experience dictate? But the world order, as Soames has known it, is crumbling. There is the Boer War, and there is Irene. He has installed her in some of the most tastefully decorated rooms in London, but she wanders through them like a ghost who will never be at rest. And when she is forced to grant Soames his "conjugal rights" her pale face turns even whiter. Foreplay, tenderness—all this is beyond Soames. In one awful scene, Soames, drunk and sick with rage, rapes Irene; after another encounter, we watch her stumble to the bathroom to wash his semen off. Whether Irene submits to his rough advances or doesn't, Soames remains resolute in his confusion and his frustration. The only person who truly recognizes Irene's pain is another woman, her housekeeper. But Irene, constrained by the rules of class, cannot even respond to the housekeeper's sympathetic looks.

This is not to say that Soames doesn't love Irene. He does. But for him love cannot be separated from conquest and possession. When his mother tells him that, as a boy, he had a kitten he loved so much that he overfed it, making it ill and nearly killing it, Soames cries out, in a voice loaded with self-pity, "But I loved it!" (Damian Lewis is at his most effective when he lets us see

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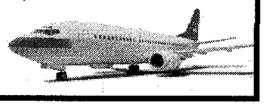

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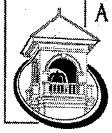

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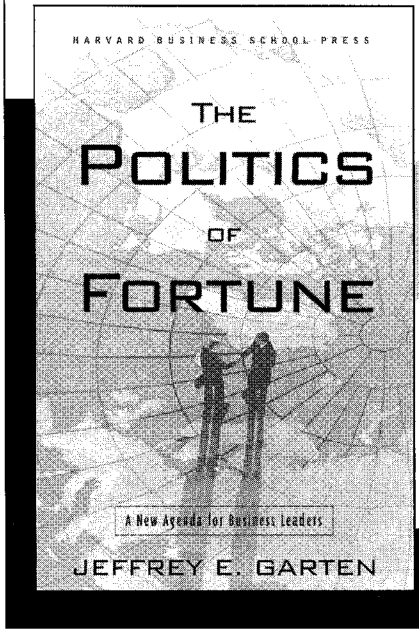

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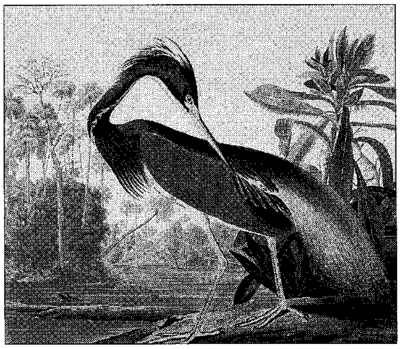

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the little boy beneath the air of entitlement and the plus-fours, rather than the man who is incapable of accepting the fact that the privilege he was born to is going to have to go through a few readjustments.)

In a further effort to turn Irene into a "proper" wife (and, perhaps, to get her away from embarrassing family gossip), Soames buys some property outside London. He plans to build a mansion there and hires as his architect Philip Bosinney (Ioan Gruffudd), the fiancé of his cousin June (Gillian Kearney). June, of course, is the daughter whom Young Jolyon abandoned when he took up with the governess, and who has been reared and protected by the Forsytes. Her grandfather Old Jolyon (Corin Redgrave)—the Forsyte family patriarch—will allow her to marry Bosinney if he can manage to bring in four hundred pounds a year. Soames pays him that and more, without realizing, at first, that Irene is falling in love with the penniless architect.

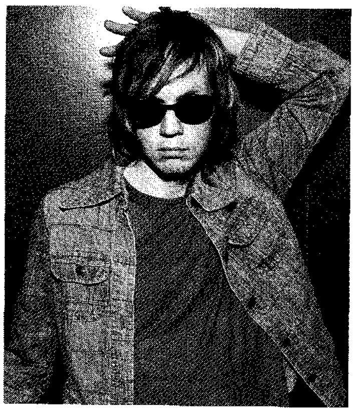
As a woman in love, McKee retains her cool, but then her love is something that she must lie about in order to protect it, just as she has had to lie to Soames in order to keep a roof over her head. It's the unravelling of one lie (her marriage) and the deepening of another (her pledge to protect Bosinney from Soames) that makes McKee's performance almost unbearable to watch. She projects nakedness and duplicity at the same time. In one pivotal scene, Irene wears a red dress to a ball. Her lover insists on dancing with her, and they waltz unaware through a sea of shocked red faces. The scene has the terrifying power of the ball scene in Vincente Minnelli's adaptation of "Madame Bovary." We see Irene and Bosinney in love, and we see tragedy heading straight for them, like the force of the sexuality that twirls them on and on. None of this can last. Bosinney must die, indirectly, by Soames's hand. That's the way imperialism works: it crushes the disenfranchised. And when he dies, leaving Irene without love, McKee is listless with grief. Her pallor becomes a shroud of skin. She is mourning her sex. She cannot be forgiven for the crime that neither she nor Soames nor any other Forsyte can name without averting his eyes: having been born a woman. ♦

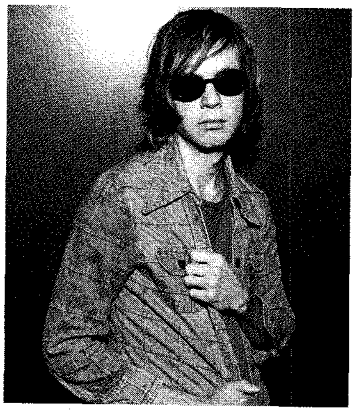
POP MUSIC

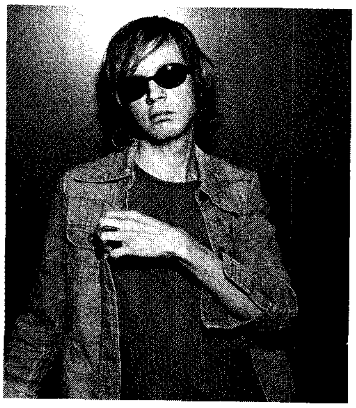
JUNK-YARD ANGEL

Beck comes clean.

BY ALEC HANLEY BEMIS







TOM MUNRO

In 1996, you could walk into almost any bar in downtown New York and, within a few minutes, hear a song from Beck's latest album, "Odelay." Chances were you'd like it. It didn't matter if you were into hip-hop, modern rock, or traditional blues—there was something about Beck's music that was urban and new and made you want to dance. The song "Hotwax" began with a deep blues-guitar lick. A second later, funky beats and distorted guitars kicked in, and then quirky hip-hop-style vocals with a country-and-Western lounge-lizard overlay:

Sawdust songs of the plaid bartenders
Western Unions of the country Westerns
Silver foxes looking for romance
In the chain smoke Kansas flashdance ass
pants

When Beck, who resembles a choirboy, with pale skin and a delicate frame, made a "shout out" to "two turntables and a microphone," the irony was clear. This was music for a short-attention-span generation brought up on hip-hop, noisy rock, and channel surfing, as comfortable with street talk as with TV-sitcom references.

"Odelay" proved that "Loser," Beck's anthemic 1993 single (with its plaintively tongue-in-cheek chorus "I'm a loser, baby, /so why don't you kill me?"), was not the product of a one-hit wonder. The album won two Grammys and sold more than two million copies. Geffen Records had found a pop star who could make party music that was marketable yet adventurous—the perfect antidote to the high angst of early-nineties grunge rock, whose popularity was beginning to wane.

Then, two years after "Odelay," Beck released "Mutations." On the album's cover, he poses with a serious expression on his face, draped in a transparent plastic sheath that he seems poised to remove, like a butterfly emerging from his chrysalis. The album itself was sober, sombre, and largely acoustic, drawing on psychedelic American and Brazilian folk-pop of the sixties. The arrangements were almost regal, and the songs

Few musicians active today deserve the title recording "artist" more than Beck.

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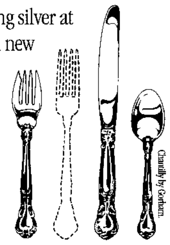

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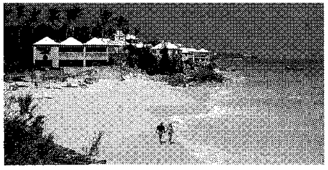

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had titles like "Nobody's Fault but My Own" and "Dead Melodies." The pop collagist looked as if he wanted to be Dylan. To confuse things more, Beck followed up "Mutations" with "Midnite Vultures," a postmodern minstrel show that borrows liberally from a century of African-American pop, paying tribute to black vernacular music that most white musicians would never dare to touch. His homage was goofy (lyrics like "Hot milk / Mmm . . . tweak my nipple"), and the album got written off as parody, mostly because critics couldn't understand why Beck would want to make it.

Of the musicians active today, few deserve the title recording "artist" more than Beck, although he would not use that term. He has a virtuosic musical talent, and is able to pull off credible impersonations of performers in virtually any musical genre. Born in 1970, Beck is the son of a lower-echelon Warhol Factory girl by the name of Bibbe Hansen and a Hollywood arranger and Scientologist named David Campbell. He was raised in and around the Silver Lake neighborhood of Los Angeles, which was a kind of racially mixed bohemian ghetto. His maternal grandfather was the artist Al Hansen, who was part of the Fluxus movement, a loosely organized collection of interdisciplinary artists devoted to finding "alternative channels" for art. Members included Yoko Ono and the "mail artist" Ray Johnson. Al Hansen's specialty was turning trash into art. He made thousands of images inspired by a prehistoric fertility icon named the Venus of Willendorf out of Hershey's wrappers and used matchsticks. When Beck was a child, Al enlisted him to walk up and down Sunset Boulevard collecting cigarette butts for use in his collages.

Thanks to this upbringing, Beck has always assumed that low culture and high art could go hand in hand; he must have figured that as a pop star he would be able to root through the detritus of twentieth-century music without having to pick up cigarette butts. But his combination of wide-ranging talent and formal diffidence raises a question: Does a musician have to commit himself to one sound to be taken seriously?

Over the last fifty years, rock and roll splintered into dozens of subgenres, all of which are categorized as "popular music." Traditionally, musicians make their name by choosing a genre and becoming associated with a sound that their fans get attached to. As Beck's new album, "Sea Change," demonstrates, he is making a point of refusing to choose. The title may overstate matters, but the album represents a considerable maturation. Lyrically, there are no pop-cult name checks, no linguistic detritus. No "flashdance." No "ass pants." On the album's best number, "Already Dead," Beck sings about the feeling of missing a lover on whom he'd grown dependent:

> Days turn to sand
> Losing strength in every hand
> They can't hold you anymore
> Already dead to me now
> 'Cuz it feels like I'm watching something
>   die
> Love looks away
> In the harsh light of the day

Not long ago, Beck broke up with Leigh Limon, a girlfriend he had been involved with since before his rise to fame, and "Sea Change" seems an effort to reconcile himself to this loss. The album may get at new emotional truths, but there are many albums about romantic loss. What's most interesting about this record is that it sounds as if Beck is still concerned more with sonic form than with lyrical content. You can hear the lessons he learned from the tightly constructed soundscapes of "Midnite Vultures." (Previous albums had foregrounded his songs' rough edges.) Though the melodies on "Sea Change" aren't remarkable, as pure sound the record is gorgeous. Like "Mutations," the album is largely acoustic, filled in with a womblike warmth: supportive electric bass; ethereal slide guitars; atmospheric pianos, clavinets, and keyboards; gentle drums that melt away under layers and layers of mid- and low tones. Even the glockenspiel makes an appearance.

The arrangements are lapidary and seductive, and the record feels cohesive, despite the fact that we can clearly identify Beck's influences. "The Golden Age," "Guess I'm Doing Fine," and "Lost Cause" have the Zen twang of cosmic country artists like the Flying Burrito

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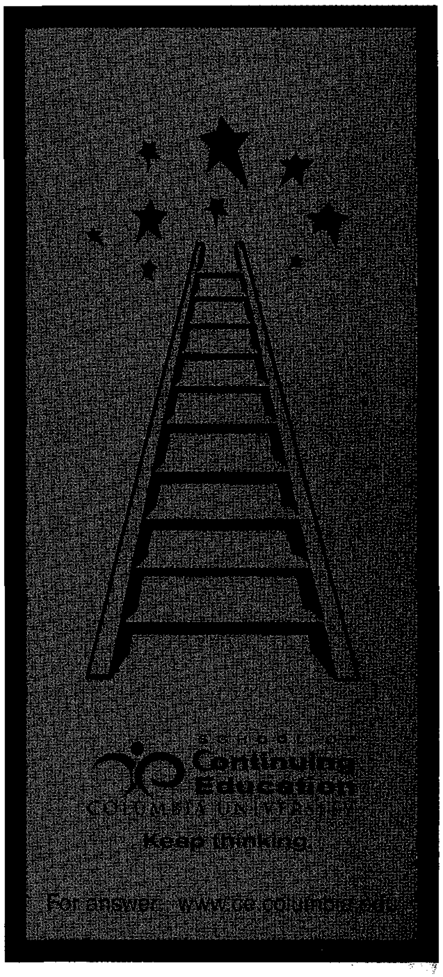
Brothers. The dynamic build and release of "Little One" are reminiscent of Nirvana's grunge rock. The arrangements of "Lonesome Tears" recall the symphonic R. & B. of Isaac Hayes's "Hot Buttered Soul." There are also echoes of the English folkie Nick Drake, especially in the finger-picked guitar of "It's All in Your Mind" and the moody vocals of "Round the Bend."

Beck offers no solution to the problem of loss, but he describes how tightly we grasp our illusions and misperceptions. "We're just holding on to nothing / To see how long nothing lasts," he sings in "Paper Tiger." Even in a reflective mode, he suggests that the meantime is all there is. This attitude and the songs' sprightly arrangements give the gloomiest lyrics a brighter spin. These are the best kind of loss songs—wistful, not pitiful; confident, not decadent; optimistic, not despondent.

Ever since "Mutations," we've been waiting for Beck to reveal his relationship to the music he alludes to, mimics, and steals. But, all along, he has been a garbageman with a magpie's eyes, picking over twentieth-century pop culture and making off with the shiny bits; he's the grandson of Pop art. "Sea Change" helps us hear that the content of his earlier records is closer to autobiography than their formal pastiche suggests. When you listen to "Loser" after hearing this record, it sounds like an awkward revelation of hard times and high jinks from Beck's bohemian adolescence: "So shave your face with some mace in the dark / Saving all your foodstamps and burnin' down the trailer park." By comparison, the sentiments expressed on "Sea Change" are universal emotional truths, not personal ones.

My hope is that Beck won't abandon his jokey cutups for soul-baring poetry. A song like "Loser" is harder to take seriously than Beck's new work, but it's also funnier and more original. After all, ninety per cent of pop music is about loss, but who else has sung about a world made up of cowboys and breakdancers? Still, "Sea Change" leaves you optimistic about Beck's future. He continues to make great formal leaps, and although he knows that pop music is disposable, he has finally realized that junk yards have their share of both trash and tragedy. ♦



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THE THEATRE

STEAK AND CAKE

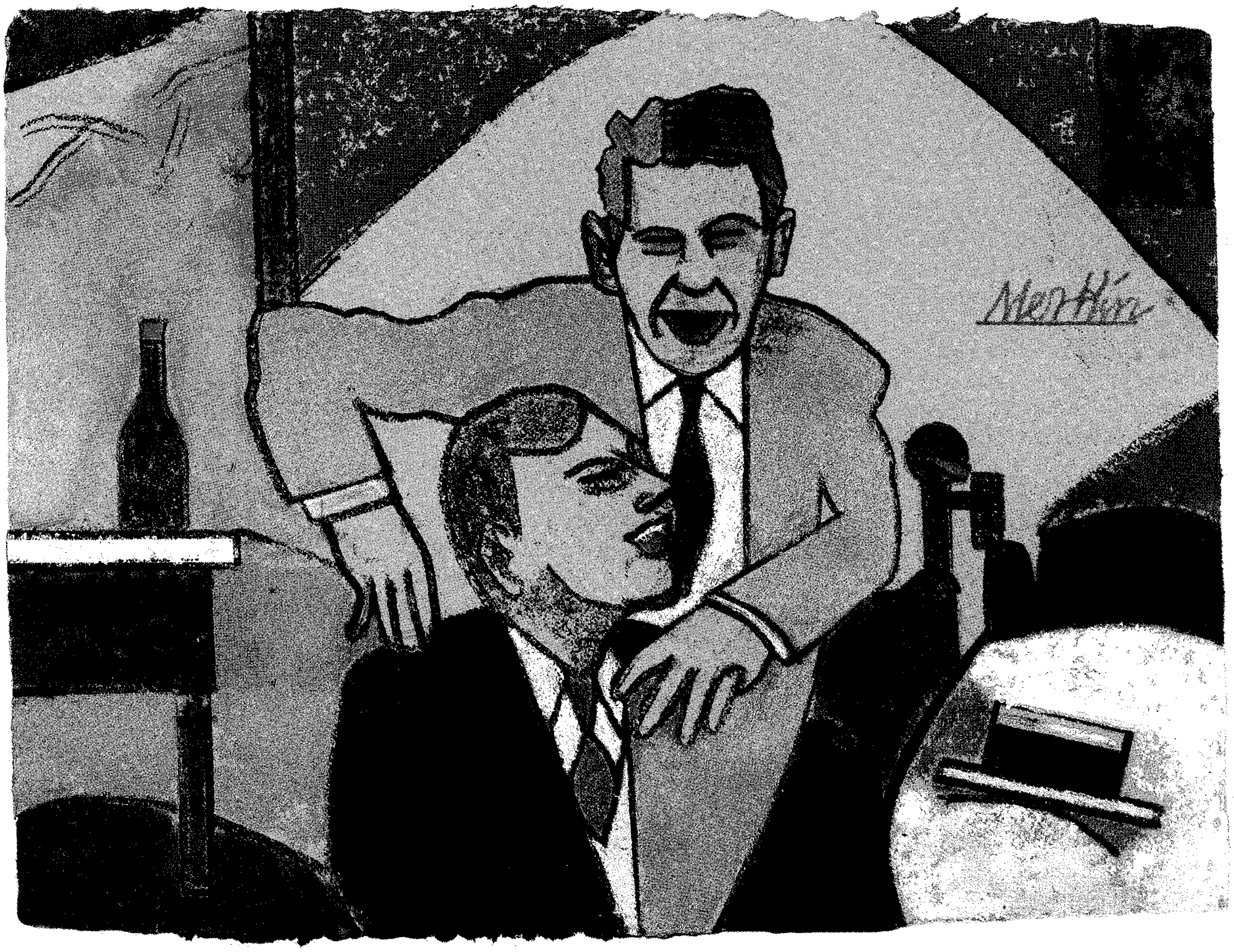
Guirgis and Kaufman Off Broadway.

BY JOHN LAHR

In an illustrious dramatic career that spanned four decades, George S. Kaufman wrote with Marc Connelly, Edna Ferber, Morrie Ryskind, Ring Lardner, and Moss Hart. Of his forty-five plays, forty-four were collaborations. (Kaufman explained his obsessive co-authorship as a case of "gelt by association.") "The Butter and Egg Man," which was written in 1925 and is being revived at the Atlantic Theatre Company, was Kaufman's only solo theatrical effort, and it taught him a valuable lesson: comedy needs company. As competitive as he was witty, Kaufman required the alchemy of contest to call out both his acerbity and his invention.

The hero of "The Butter and Egg Man," a starstruck hayseed and soi-disant sugar daddy named Peter Jones (the genial David Turner), is hustled out of twenty thousand dollars by two rapacious, penniless Broadway producers only to beat them at their own game. When he's stonewalled at the first post-production meeting of what is a bona-fide disaster, Jones literally pays to play. He buys the seasoned producers out, then fast-talks a vacant and voluminous assistant hotel manager, Oscar Fritchie (the delightful John Ellison Conlee), into investing. "I mean—even if it isn't awfully good. That isn't supposed to matter so much in New York, is it?" Jones says. And so it would seem. Somewhere between Acts I and II, Jones turns the theatrical turkey into a golden goose. And, with a plagiarism suit waiting in the wings, he unloads his hit at a profit that goes to prove, I guess, the old Broadway adage: hero today, gonif tomorrow.

The twists of Kaufman's plot have all the right cynical particulars, but he doesn't properly factor them out. How is it, for instance, that the two producers, who don't have a sou between them at the beginning of the play, can each come up with fifty thousand dollars at the finale to buy back the rights? How do the tyro producer and the secretary who is sweet on him manage to achieve the impossible by rewriting the show? In order to keep the wacky comic logic spiral-



"The Butter and Egg Man," George S. Kaufman's only solo theatrical effort, taught him that comedy needs company.

ling ever higher, the mature Kaufman would have addressed these implausibilities; the jejune Kaufman overlooked them. Although this bit of flimflam is swift and crowd-pleasing (well directed by David Pittu, with a droll set by Anna Louizos), there's something unsatisfying at its core. It's a smart cookie that doesn't quite rise. The plot doesn't snap; the wisecracks don't crackle; the tempo doesn't pop.

If "The Butter and Egg Man" 's buoyancy illustrates the bedrock optimism of the twenties by making the most improbable dream—money *and* goodness—come true, the drama of lamentation and longing acted out in Stephen Adly Guirgis's "Our Lady of 121st Street" (at the LAByrinth Theatre Company) speaks gorgeously to our own deracinated times. This play, which tells the story of a group of fractured souls who congregate at the Ortiz Funeral Home in Harlem for a wake that turns into a vigil—when the deceased nun they're mourning, Sister Rose, is stolen from her casket—is predicated on the conviction that dreams are something you wake up from. In fact, Guirgis's brilliantly drawn characters, most of whom were taught by Sister Rose as children and haven't met in years, have been so punished by life and so exhausted by grievance that they are way past dreaming. They are numb to others and to themselves, resigned both to entropy and to absence, which they manifest in sensational ways.

Like the stolen corpse, the characters' sense of loss is a fact of life that is both their tragedy and their own doing. An alcoholic detective, Balthazar, has lost a child; a d.j. named Rooftop has lost the love of his life, Inez; a building superintendent, Edwin, is lumbered with his subnormal brother, Pinky, who is all loss; and Father Lux lost his legs in Korea and his faith on 121st Street. In one terrific scene, the brokenhearted but feisty Inez (the scintillating Portia) turns her agitation on a passive, mousy white girl, Sonia (superbly played by Melissa Feldman), who sits almost unnoticed in a corner for most of the play. Inez asks her why she's at the funeral home. Sonia explains that her friend, who left hours earlier, was a niece of Sister Rose's. "And you're still here because?" Inez says. There's a pause. "I guess I'll go then," Sonia replies, and exits, leaving the shock waves of her aimless and spectral presence behind her.

RICHARD MERKIN

Guirgis's characters emerge full-blooded, sparkling with mysterious contradiction. The permanently furious Norca (Liza Colon-Zayas, having a field day), for instance, is a sort of sociopath, who can do nothing with her intelligence but berate the world for its indifference. In a brief interlude of connection and calm, Norca sits with Inez laughing and remembering the old days. Then the conversation takes a wild bounce:

Norca: You ain't never missed me after all these years?
Inez: You fucked my husband!!
Norca: I mean, besides that.
Inez: Norca—you fucked my husband!!!
Norca: How many times I gotta apologize for that?!
Inez: How about once?!
Norca: Awright, shit. I apologize, O.K.?

Norca's anger—Inez calls her a "no-ear pit bull"—is her defense against depression. She can't live with her persecuting guilt, so she persecutes the world.

Beneath the fireworks of his pitch-perfect dialogue and the cunning of his storytelling, Guirgis, it seems to me, is trying to say something about spirituality. Sister Rose's body, like the body of the Church itself, has been hijacked by events but isn't altogether lost. "What kinda fuckin' world is this?!" are the first words of the play; the penultimate line—spoken just after the characters learn that only part of Sister Rose's body has been and will ever be recovered—is "Do they have any idea why?" At once an exclamation and a question, "Our Lady of 121st Street" situates itself between outrage and bewilderment. The play is no treatise; burnished to a shine by Philip Seymour Hoffman's deft direction, it's a fever chart of the heart's deceptions. "How much can one remove and still have the composition be intelligible?" David Mamet asked recently, in an essay on minimalism and how it divides "those who can write from those who can really write." He went on, "Chekhov removed the plot. Pinter, elaborating, removed the history, the narration; Beckett, the characterization. We hear it anyway." Guirgis removes the theology, but it comes across loud and clear.

In the neon-lit waiting room, grace is present, but the characters can't, or won't, seize it. "Can I have a hug please?" Pinky (Al Roffe) asks his long-suffering brother, who as a child threw the brick that damaged his sibling's brain. Most of the characters harbor the sad little wish to be loved. But, separated by ego, by fear, by fragility, they can't embrace the moments of salvation that life serves up. Of these, perhaps the most fascinating is Inez's fifteen-year refusal to forgive Rooftop his trespasses, which she has used to rationalize her "bombed-out graveyard for a mothahfuckin' heart." Rooftop (the persuasive Ron Cephas Jones) has come seeking pardon—has even prayed for it with Father Lux—but, when they meet, Inez is deaf to his overtures. Rooftop calls her on it. "I lost you—dass my cross. 'Cuz you was my royal. And I killed it," he says, before leaving the room. "But if you wanna walk around all these years later still tryin' ta play dead, dass your waste, not mine . . . dass on you." When he returns, in the last beat of the play, bolting through the door, filled with expectation, Inez is already gone. He surveys the room as the light fades to black. That silent moment—a little existential snapshot of immanence and emptiness—hits like a punch to the heart. Sometimes, the play seems to be saying, the truth is not enough to save a soul.

I missed Guirgis's first play, "In Arabia, We'd All Be Kings," and I caught up with his hit "Jesus Hopped the 'A' Train" in London, well after its New York run. I won't make that mistake again. If he stays true to his craft, and to his questioning heart, it is my guess that an important new playwright has arrived to help us through these roiling times. ♦

From the Times.

Not only are Japanese drinking more coffee, they are anxious to serve it. Just as the number of sommeliers surged after the wine boom in the mid-1990's, many Japanese are now studying to become barristers, or those trained to make espresso.

Classes in torte law have also become quite popular.

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

DYING ART

"Red Dragon" and "White Oleander."

BY ANTHONY LANE

Going to the movies this week sounds like a trip to your local Ford dealership. "O.K., I'll take the used Thunderbird in Red Dragon with the White Oleander trim." Adapted from the novel by Thomas Harris, and directed by Brett Ratner, "Red Dragon" is sleek and oiled, offering a suspiciously comfortable ride. It marks the fourth appearance of Dr. Hannibal Lecter, and the part is offered once again to Anthony Hopkins, who duly swallows it whole, without blinking. The actor is older now, his eyes as wet as oysters, and he cannot disguise the slackened bulk of middle age, yet this story precedes that of "The Silence of the Lambs," and he plays a younger Hannibal. When we first meet him, he is still at large, in the high summer of his crimes, practicing psychiatry in Baltimore, rather than having it practiced upon him. We are given to understand that he has butchered, and lightly sautéed, a flautist in the city's symphony orchestra, purely on the ground that the man was fluffing his notes. Even I wonder whether that is taking the role of the critic a little too far.

Lecter is finally trapped by a young F.B.I. agent, Will Graham (Edward Norton), though each of them is punctured in the process. (This movie is not as savage as its predecessors, but there is an array of unorthodox weaponry on show, including arrows, a stiletto, and an old wooden wheelchair.) Graham goes off to Florida, an exemplary credit sequence whisks us through the intervening years, and we arrive at a fresh monster: the Tooth Fairy, who has slaughtered two unrelated families, and whose trademark is the shattering of mirrors. Graham is lured back by his old boss, Jack Crawford (Harvey Keitel), and the chase is on. All they know for sure is that the killer has a maniacal fondness for the poetry and drawings of William Blake. From where I was sitting, the case for locking up Harold Bloom looked stronger than ever.

All of Harris's killers—unlike his harassed sleuths or his galumphing shrinks—have the time and the means to cultivate their depravity. He has no regard for thugs, for blue-collar frustrations; the wretched tale of someone like Frederick West, the English brute who murdered drifters and family members alike, and whose motives, as far as they can be unearthed, strike one as primevally depressing, would fail to touch the fancy of the novelist, let alone that of the fastidious Hannibal. As "Red Dragon" unwound, I found myself wearying slightly of its homage to finesse; audiences get off on Lecter's disdain—the sniff of the wine bore, the bookishness of the pervert—because it lends them a chance to laugh at regular lives, not least their own. In Harris's work, the drones are called Graham and Crawford, while the names of the queen bees hum with puns. The Tooth Fairy is one Francis Dolarhyde (Ralph Fiennes), and from that we may conclude that he has private money, the urge toward transmutation, and, if you can stomach the archaism, a storehouse full of pain.

What will draw people to "Red Dragon"? Well, it is the climax of a franchise, and the audience giggled with recognition as Graham began the long march, first paced out by Clarice Starling, down the corridor toward Lecter's cell, in search of friendly persuasion. In fact, people giggled throughout the film, and not merely to vent their anxiety; Hopkins can hardly help presenting his

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character as a candy store of black comedy, doling out his bons mots like licorice, and once Philip Seymour Hoffman rolls up as a sleazebag reporter, why, there is no restraining our mirth. (His porcine mumbling of the phrase "Pleasure doing business with you" is perhaps the least pleasurable line reading in cinema history.) There is no punishment that can be inflicted on a journalist, it would seem, that can fit the crime of actually being a journalist. The only problem is, what happened to getting scared?

Emily Watson befriends Ralph Fiennes in the latest Hannibal Lecter movie.

ERIC PALMA

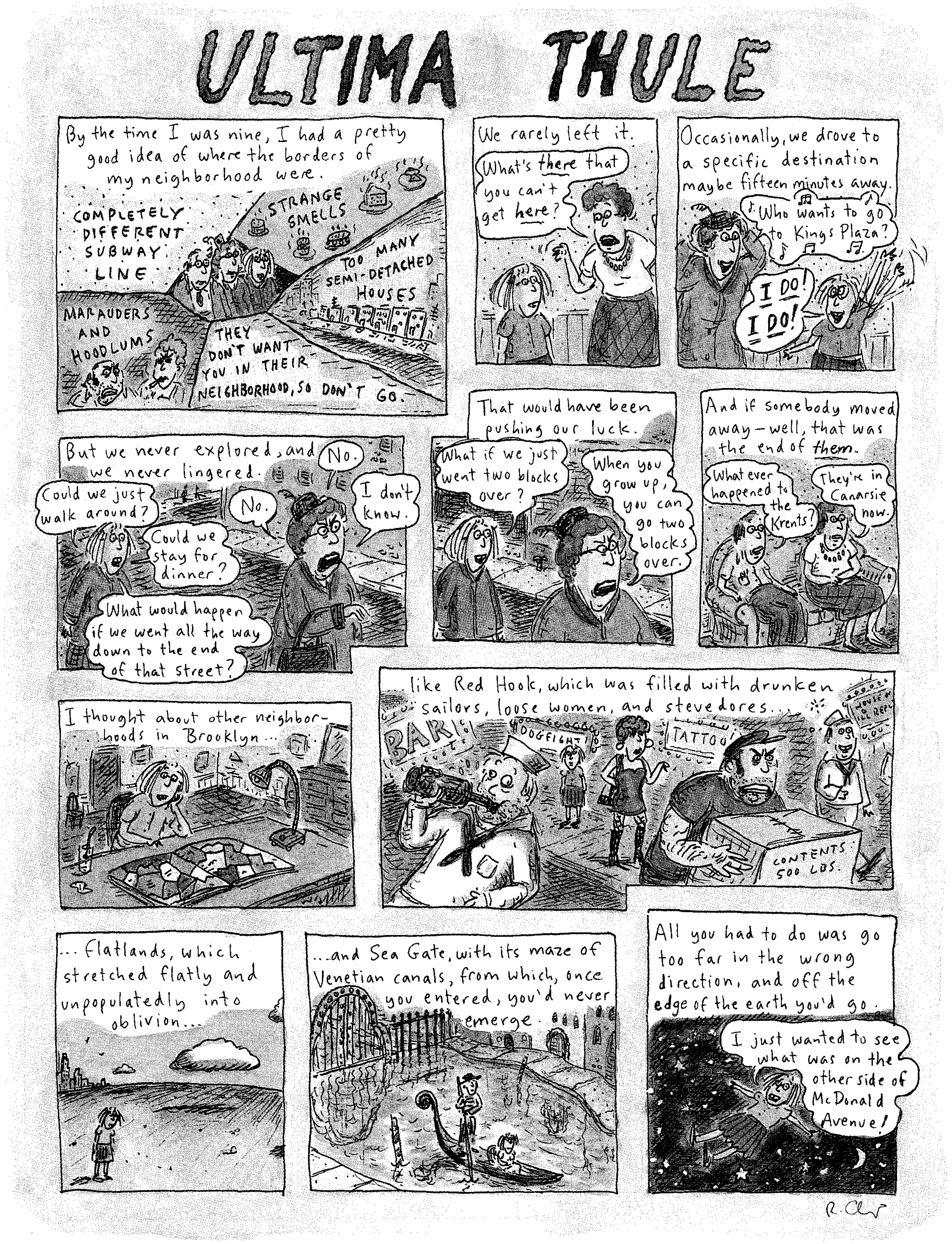
"Red Dragon" is not a frightener. There is no afterburn to the picture, and later you will sleep like a baby. None of the psychodramas that Lecter is invited to unpick—neither that of the Tooth Fairy, who leaves bite marks using false teeth, nor that of Buffalo Bill, who so baffled Starling—are half as entertaining, or as distilled, as the hellbrew of the doctor himself, and Dolarhyde's lethal touchiness about his facial disfigurement would be easier to take if he weren't played by one of the most handsome men in movies. Ralph Fiennes with a harelip is still Ralph Fiennes. For all the lunacies bared within this film, it has the tick and thrum of a solid studio machine, occasionally shocking but never surprising; it will be watched by everybody, but it feels as if it were made by nobody. The liveliest moment in two hours comes with a slice of backchat between Graham and Reba McClane (Emily Watson), who unwittingly befriends the villain. Reba is pretty, wide-eyed, and blind; she has the most uncomplicated sexuality of any figure in the Lecter landscape, and when Graham flirts with her you feel a short gust of identifiable feeling, blowing in from a world beyond the weird. That's why, for all the sombreness of Edward Norton, he is no rival for Jodie Foster; "Red Dragon," together with the rest of the Hannibalia, is about men becoming beasts, and what it needs is women with their feet on the ground.

Fool that I am, I was under the impression that Dr. Lecter would be making only one new appearance on our screens this fall. After the *amuse-gueule* of "Red Dragon," however, he returns for "White Oleander," played this time by Michelle Pfeiffer. It's a bold piece of casting, but do not be deceived by the blond, cascading hair and sky-blue eyes, or by the cunning sobriquet of "Ingrid Magnusson." Ingrid slays a man and goes to jail, from where, in the Hannibal vein, she continues to inject others with the poison of her personality.

The victims include her fifteen-year-old daughter, Astrid (Alison Lohman), who lurches from one foster home to another, and from pallid angel to deathly goth. Astrid's adventures in fosterland are not a success. Her first new mother, Starr (Robin Wright Penn), is a jealous born-again Christian, whose hot pants are in themselves an admission of sins, and who cracks the problem of Astrid's loveliness by shooting her in the shoulder. Then comes a spell in a school for unwanted teens, followed by a move to the placid household of Claire (Renée Zellweger), a period that is brought to a close by suicide. Finally, in a rather obvious bid to match the record for broken homes set a hundred and fifty years ago by D. Copperfield (Great Britain), Astrid is sent to work with Rena (Svetlana Efremova), a Russian entrepreneuse who sees no crisis that cannot be solved by money.

I must say, I'm with Rena on this one. Certainly, I will do anything to avoid taking the side of Peter Kosminsky's movie, which tenders the Lecter-like suggestion that art excuses all. Ingrid is a murderer, but she is also a painter, and we are nudged toward the view that her crime was testimony to some lifelong scheme of creative female empowerment. "We are both in our prisons, you and I, punished for our strength," she informs her daughter, adding later that "prison agrees with me—there's no hypocrisy here." Ah, yes, incarceration: what an agreeable and strengthening experience it is, like a nice hot cup of herbal tea, although, sadly, it is lost on Ingrid's cellmate, who has "a vocabulary of twenty-five words." This is truly pernicious—spiritual snobbery in which the sufferings of beautiful educated white women are nobler than those of minorities, or of those less blessed with gifts. There are a number of Latino and African-American women in "White Oleander," but they are loudmouths or serial single moms, whereas the Magnusson family, as Ingrid says, are Vikings, and we are left to imagine Michelle Pfeiffer in a horned helmet, crashing her longboat onto the shores of America.

The film is worth seeing for its wonderful blinks and gazes at the light of the California coast, and at the forest fires that ripple up the valleys. No less unstoppable is the blaze of acting that rages through the movie; even its best performances have the air of star turns, or kooky audition pieces, and that is why "White Oleander" belongs to its young lead, Alison Lohman, who shows up in almost every scene, and whose watchfulness is a rebuke to her elders and craziers. But is it fair, or legally defensible, that Ms. Lohman should be forced to deliver a voice-over about the "hauntingly distant prison collages" of her screen mother? "White Oleander" was adapted from the million-selling novel by Janet Fitch. Not adapted enough, I would say. ♦


ULTIMA THULE
By the time I was nine, I had a pretty good idea of where the borders of my neighborhood were.
COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SUBWAY LINE
STRANGE SMELLS
TOO MANY SEMI-DETACHED HOUSES
MARAUDERS AND HOODLUMS
THEY DON'T WANT YOU IN THEIR NEIGHBORHOOD, SO DON'T GO.
We rarely left it.
What's there that you can't get here?
Occasionally, we drove to a specific destination maybe fifteen minutes away.
Who wants to go to Kings Plaza?
I DO! I DO!
But we never explored, and we never lingered.
Could we just walk around?
No.
Could we stay for dinner?
No.
What would happen if we went all the way down to the end of that street?
I don't know.
That would have been pushing our luck.
What if we just went two blocks over?
When you grow up, you can go two blocks over.
And if somebody moved away—well, that was the end of them.
Whatever happened to the Krents?
They're in Canarsie now.
I thought about other neighborhoods in Brooklyn…
…like Red Hook, which was filled with drunken sailors, loose women, and stevedores…
BAR
DOGFIGHT
TATTOO
CONTENTS 500 LBS.
…Flatlands, which stretched flatly and unpopulatedly into oblivion…
…and Sea Gate, with its maze of Venetian canals, from which, once you entered, you'd never emerge.
All you had to do was go too far in the wrong direction, and off the edge of the earth you'd go.
I just wanted to see what was on the other side of McDonald Avenue!

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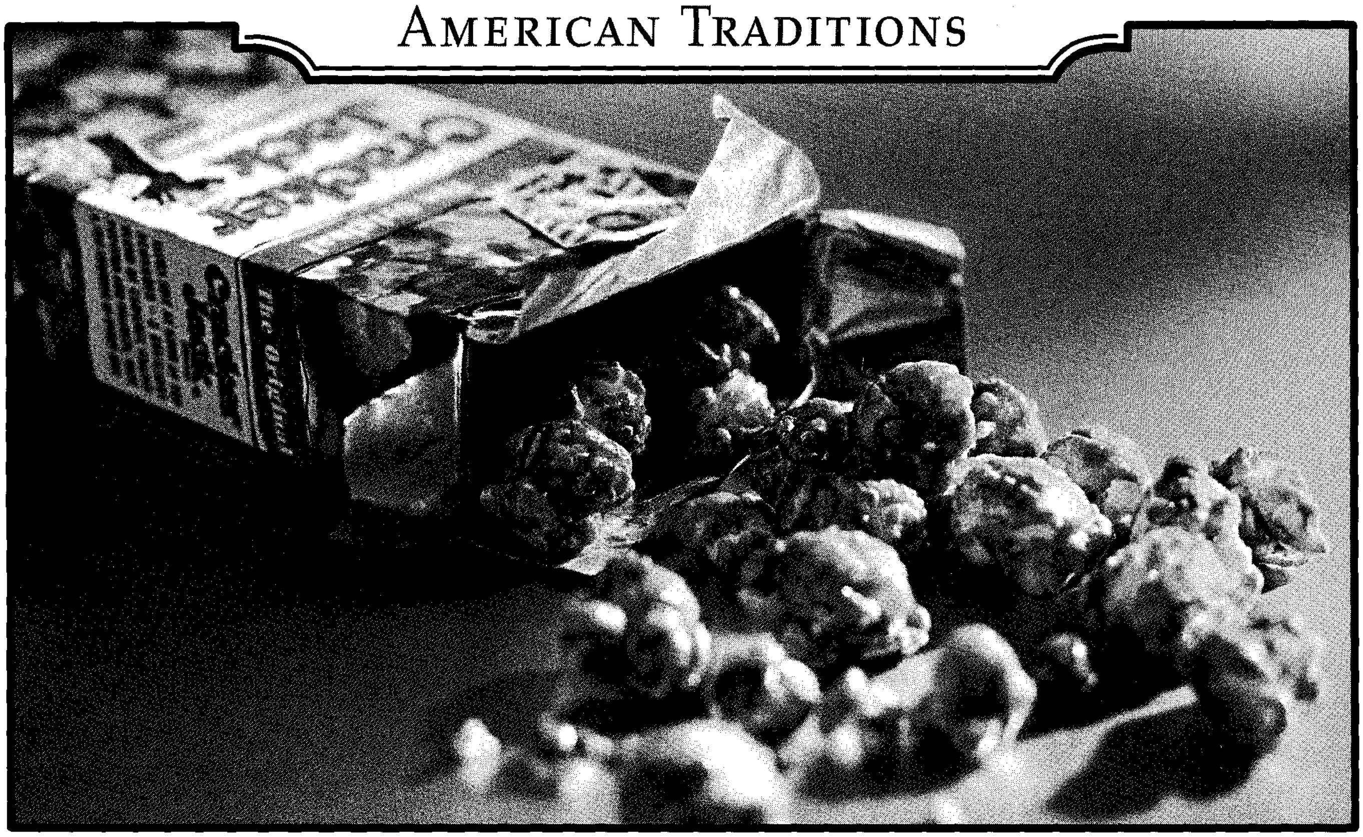

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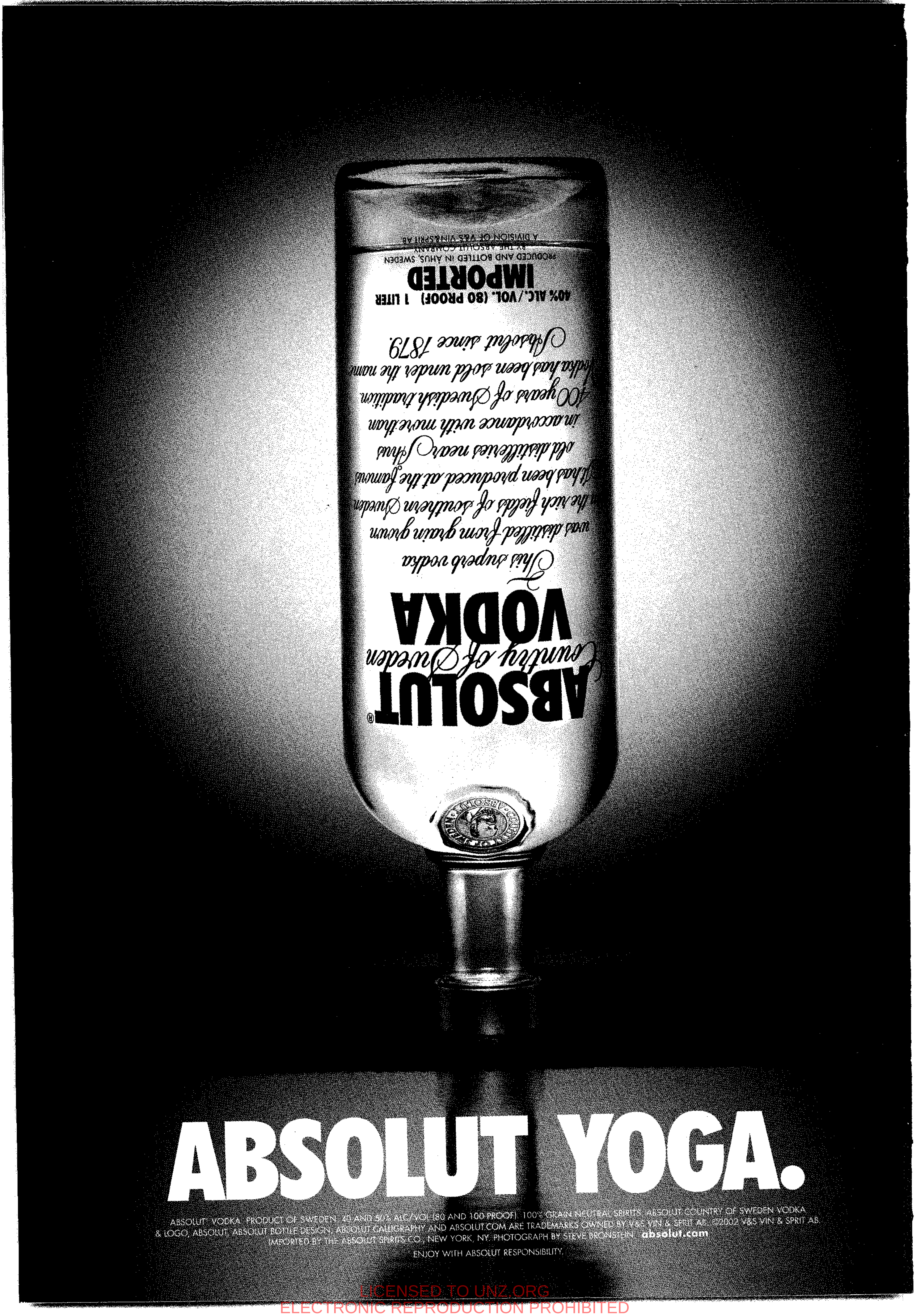
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